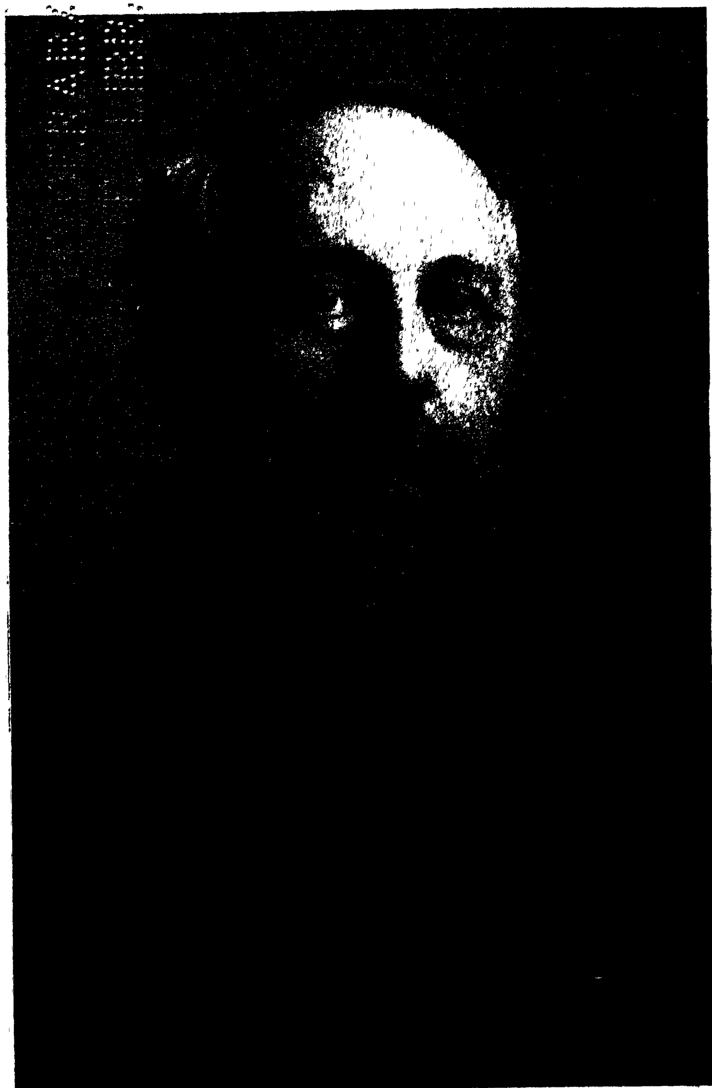
THE RECORD
OF AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE



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H. M. Hyndman

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BY

HENRY MAYERS HYNDMAN

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PREFACE

I HAVE been pressed by friends for many years to write a brief account of my life, and to put on record my remembrance of some of the interesting people I have met. As, except when I was roaming about the South Sea Islands, I never kept a diary, it was desirable I should do this as soon as possible, if I did it at all. But that was no easy matter for a very busy man. At last I have squeezed out the time necessary for the work, and now the book is finished I hope it will prove readable.

I am one of the very few left who knew both Mazzini and Marx well, and even the numbers of those who were active at the commencement of the organised Socialist movement in England are being rapidly reduced. I have made no attempt to deal with that movement in detail, though in the short personal sketches I have brought in events of much later date than are to be found in the main narrative. I hope, however, ere long to be able to carry my reminiscences farther.

Born into the stirring period when the armed uprising of oppressed Nationalities was the most hopeful feature of European development, I have lived to see the day when pacifism has reached such

a pitch among its more ardent votaries, that manful resistance to militarist aggression is regarded as a betrayal of democracy. This view is, to my mind, utterly pusillanimous and contemptible. I shall never cease to combat it so long as I can make a speech or hold a pen. A vigorous and persistent enemy of Capitalism and Imperialism all over the world, I, a Social-Democrat of more than thirty years' standing, hold that any nation which refuses to make the sacrifices necessary to maintain its influence and uphold its treaties abroad is unworthy, as it must remain incapable, of conquering for itself economic and social freedom at home. And this is specially true of my own countrymen.

A large portion of the book, however, is not concerned either with Socialism or politics, and it is this, perhaps, which will be of most interest to the general reader.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

9 Queen Anne's Gate,
London, S.W., *July* 1911.

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CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

THERE is every reason to believe I was born at 7 Hyde Park Square on the 7th of March 1842, though birth, being the most important incident in the life of men, is precisely that which none of them can remember, and I am, of course, no exception to the rule. I passed the house this year, just two full generations later, and it is the same alike in position and the character of its surroundings that it was then: there is no beauty or poetry about a birthplace in a London Square, and nobody can take the least satisfaction out of such an abode where he first saw the light.

My father, John Beckles Hyndman, was an Eton and Trinity Cambridge man, at which college, being then possessed of a very large income, he was a Fellow-Commoner. After taking his degree and having eaten his dinners at the Inner Temple he was duly qualified to exercise the legal profession and was called to the Bar. So far as I know he never had or tried to obtain a brief, but none the less he was entitled to call himself Barrister-at-Law, and remained a member of that highly-respectable and rigid Trade Union until the day of his death. He was, I have been told, popular at College and in the world, as men of good means and good temper generally are, and

laid up for himself treasure in Heaven by benefactions of which I, his eldest son, can scarcely in honesty say that I approve. My mother, Caroline Seyliard Mayers, was a good mathematician, a good classical scholar, and generally a woman of great ability and accomplishments, numbering the well-known Mary Somerville among her intimate friends. In those days really well-educated women were rarer than they are to-day.

I don't think there is any doubt that, going farther back, I come, like most well-to-do people of the upper middle class in this island, from a decent piratical stock. My forbears, whose name was Hyndeman, which means the headman of the hynde or hundred, lived in the North Country for many generations. They landed there as freebooters and homicides, and remained as farmers and raiders. When they got too thick upon the ground some of these Hyndemans of the Border thought it was high time to follow the example of their ancestors, and taking ship after the manner of their ancient progenitors they proceeded to remove from active life people in an adjacent island, whose farms and freeholds formed thereafter a convenient property for themselves. This was the honourable origin of the family known locally as "the Hyndmans of Ulster," a set of English marauders of that title having settled in the north of Ireland in the reign of James I., to the discomfort of the native stock, whom the new-comers evidently regarded as mere interlopers.

I know little or nothing of the history of these worthies myself. But my dear old friend Michael Davitt—what would the Hyndmans of old time have said of such friendship?—used laughingly to declare that they were beyond question Rapparees, which, I am told, constitutes in Ireland scarcely a claim to distinction, at any rate among Celts and

Catholics. Coming nearer to our own time I can state, with some legitimate satisfaction, that my great-grandfather took an active part in the unfortunately unsuccessful Protestant insurrection of 1798; which came to a bad end because Irishmen of diverse creeds, I understand, were unable to keep their fingers off one another's throats until they had left themselves a fair field for the settlement of their cherished differences by jointly expelling the common enemy. At any rate, my great-grandfather, having handsomely avoided a more elevated destiny, died comfortably in his bed, as all good revolutionists should, at the reasonable age of eighty-five.

My grandfather inherited, apparently, the roaming and appropriating spirit of the original marauders of his race. Leaving Ulster early in life, he had an exceedingly adventurous career, which ended in his accumulating a very large fortune. That this fortune must have been exceptional in magnitude I judge from the fact that I find people still coming back from the West Indies, where he gained his wealth, rejoicing in the euphonious patronymics of Hyndman-Jones, Hyndman-Brown, and Hyndman-Robinson, a tribute to my grandfather's eminence in expropriation, and conveyance to his own use, which I fully appreciate. As at one period of his life he was so sore put to it for ways and means of providing nourishment that he was compelled to play the violin in public-houses, in order to keep body and soul together, his later success in turning the labours of his negroes so considerably to his advantage must obviously have been the reward of quite unusual merit. It is, I venture to think, unfortunate for me, his grandson, that I have not inherited his faculty for rapid accumulation.

There is a story told of this respected Hynd-

man, who died in all the odour of wealth and its concomitant sanctity, which must ensure to him the regard and esteem of all high-toned money-getters. He was always kept well informed on matters which concerned his own individual advantage or afforded him the prospect of great gains; from which I judge that he was a bold and successful speculator who understood the art of remuneration and bribery. Very early news was brought to him that under the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain the Dutch were to surrender to this country part of Guiana, now known as Demerara or British Guiana; that also the Dutch planters, fearing that they would be deprived of their properties, were eager to sell at ridiculously low prices for cash, in order to save something out of the wreck of their fortunes. My grandfather at once saw his opportunity and proceeded to take advantage of it.

He went to his agents and bankers and asked for an immediate loan of £100,000 in cash. This was a very heavy demand, even in those days of ready money business in rich Colonies. The men of means, therefore, naturally demurred. "You are a very rich man, Mr. Hyndman," they said—his fiddling days were then over—"but this is a very solemn sum of money you call upon us for, and we do not see our way to letting you have it. What do you want it for?" "That last," he answered, "I cannot tell you, but it is all going into the hold of my schooner which is lying out there as you see." This frightened them more still, and hardened their hearts and tightened their money-bags. But the borrower was even more persistent and obstinate. "Very well, gentlemen, if that is your decision I shall be obliged to transfer my agency and account to your rivals Messrs. So & So, and they will let me have the

advance at once." At last he got his £100,000 on loan, placed it safely in the hold of his schooner, and sailed for Guiana, having possibly promised the accommodating lenders a share of his booty if realised.

Arriving in Guiana, with this large sum at his disposal and in the very nick of time, he bought most of the fine plantations in the Colony, slaves and all, at rubbish prices, but to the infinite satisfaction of the Dutch vendors, who congratulated themselves upon having thus saved a percentage of their hard-earned fortunes from the nefarious grip of the conquering British Government. My grandfather was equally pleased with the transaction, which promised him at that time an income of at least fifty per cent on his investment. Scarcely, however, had the deeds been signed, the lands transferred, and the titles registered, than official information arrived from England that the new government would under no circumstances interfere with the rights of private property; that the Dutch settlers would be left in undisturbed possession of their lands; and that the Dutch laws of inheritance and succession would be fully maintained. Thereupon the Dutch planters were as keen to repurchase the newly-acquired Hyndman estates as they had been just before to dispose of them at any sacrifice.

My grandfather, it is said, met their legitimate desires in the whole-souled spirit of the successful man of affairs. He struck, that is to say, a fair average between the utmost they were prepared to give and the least he was prepared to take: the balance naturally inclining to the former alternative. Thus it came about that he returned again to his own plantations with more than cent per cent profit on the transaction in cash, and still possessing two of the best properties in the Colony, the last

section of which I myself sold as my father's administrator. As to my grandfather, he kept open house for many years on the proceeds of this and other able strokes in the organisation of industry: the ordinary profits of his plantations being steadily forthcoming on a large scale from the beneficial toil of his well-nourished negroes. And here I may add that, bad as chattel slavery is from every point of view, the big plantations were not by any means bad places for the negroes in the times of my grandfather. They enjoyed a good standard of life, they were fairly educated, and they were not allowed by law to work more than forty-five hours a week. If I had my choice of being a negro slave on a well-kept estate in the West Indies, or a sweated free white wage-earner in one of our great cities for the whole of my life I know very well which lot I should prefer. It is interesting to compare the Blue Books dealing with the child slavery of the Manchester Liberationist manufacturers in their cotton mills with the official records of the lives of the children and old people on my grandfather's plantations.

These well-to-do planters were a free-handed folk, and tremendous collectors of old silver to decorate their tables at their great banquets. When my grandmother's house was burnt down at St. John's Wood, there was a quantity of this plate there, and the cellars, when the fire was over, were richer than the Potosi Mine with melted silver bullion. Though I have written in light vein about my grandfather, I believe he was really a very good fellow, generous, choleric, and open-hearted, with a financial faculty that was scarcely in harmony with his other characteristics.

My father himself early developed a turn for expenditure and charity, which, I regret to say, was not accompanied by a similar talent for acquisition.

He had neither the initiative and ability of his own father nor the revolutionary turn of the man of '98, being, in fact, I believe, a member of the Conservative Club, and a supporter of the Tory Party. He was likewise greatly addicted to religion which, like heavy port-wine drinking, was quite fashionable in his youth. He took the matter seriously, however, and was a really decent Christian and Anglican Churchman of the straitest sect of the Low Church variety, now forgotten but then known as Simeonites from their head the Rev. Mr. Simeon, whose successor at Cambridge in my day was a puritanical hot-gospeller of the name of Clayton. Being deeply imbued with these unattractive doctrines of ascetic life here, as necessary to avoid a ferocious hell hereafter, he was deeply moved by the death of his only and much-loved sister Catherine, though fully persuaded that she had only left this vale of tears in order to enter upon the exquisite felicity of Paradise. Partly at her deathbed request, therefore, he deemed it right to expend a very large sum, not less certainly than £150,000, upon building and endowing churches to her memory, the incumbents of which were always to be Anglican Low Churchmen as Low as Low could be. Though this money was spent for so pious a purpose that it would be unfilial to express regret, it is allowable to pity the successive congregations who have been compelled, on my Aunt's account, to undergo the frequent penance of listening for seventy years to Simeonite sermons.

I have only once tried to influence the appointment by the Hyndman Trustees to any of these livings. This was in the interest of a very worthy, hard-working curate in Kent, who seemed at the time to have very little prospect of preferment. The Trustees professed themselves to be exceedingly gratified, in the first instance, that the eldest son

of the Founder should take an interest in their choice. But when they discovered that the particular clergyman whom I thought qualified to undertake the duty at a Church and parish in one of the poorest parts of East London had serious doubts about the existence of a gruesome material hell, where severe physical torments would be inflicted on the vile bodies of all who had erred in this life, they decided with absolute unanimity that a man who held such notions as to the true Christian faith was quite unsuited to a cure of souls in that or any other locality which came within the purview of their Trust. I have not tried since to obtain for any clerk in Holy Orders an opportunity of deriving a stipend from the interest of my father's funds. But if ever the Church of England should be disestablished and disendowed, I hope rather than believe that at any rate a percentage of the values realised from my father's benefactions will pass to his eldest son.

By the way, how are we to account for the religious turn of mind or the contrary? Is heredity or environment the more determining factor in the tendency? The question baffles me. I cannot answer. I was born of strictly religious parents, indeed exceedingly devout. I was brought up in an atmosphere of the sincerest devotion, and was surrounded by prayer and praise to God and His Christ. Moreover, I believe in my way I am not devoid of religious feeling of a kind. Yet, somehow, even my mother, who was greatly disturbed at this peculiarity, was quite unable to get me to pray, and from then till now, though not, I hope, lacking in respect towards those who are worthy of it, I have never been able to accept the view that appeals to a personal deity could be anything more than a personal gratification of individual sentiment. My brothers and sisters, though not deficient in sagacity,

by no means shared my opinions on these points. They were true believers of a very ardent type, and conservatives in politics as well; my only surviving sister, Mrs. D'Albiac, being an active Primrose Dame. I had therefore a majority of four to one against me in my own family from my youth up. What ancestor I threw back to I don't know; but I imagine some old pagan forbear on one side or the other presided at my birth.

Wordsworth to the contrary notwithstanding, I take it that, as a rule, the recollections of childhood have in them very little that savours of immortality. At any rate, my recollections of London in the forties are confined to the gorgeous carriages and equally gorgeous footmen belonging to some City magnate who lived in our square, the ducks I used to feed in the Serpentine, the linkmen with their great flambeaux glaring through the fogs and frightening me with I know not what imaginings of bogeys to come, and, last not least, the glorious display of toys, all of which I wanted bought for me, at the old Soho Bazaar, then, strange as it may seem to-day, a very fashionable resort. I remember, too, an awesome work called *Bingley's Useful Knowledge*, to which I was told to go in search of truth when I sought it, but which led me to the shelf above, that happily chanced to be devoted to fiction. I recall, too, a discussion which gave me dreadful dreams as to some aggressive move of the Catholic Church in England, that portended the revival of the burnings alive in Smithfield; the remarks to this effect which I took in earnest being, of course, made in jest. A country scene is impressed more strongly on my memory. My father and mother then had Pendell Court near Bletchingley, an old Elizabethan house with a moat round it, belonging to a member of our family. I believe there were

ghosts, but I neither saw nor heard anything of them.

One cold afternoon in 1846, however, there came down the drive, leading to the porch, a large number of wretched-looking people, to my childish eyes quite a multitude. They were all of them miserable and ragged, and as they approached nearer to the house I was taken away to the back entrance and round to the nursery. With baby-like curiosity I wanted to see these strange folk again, and I managed to creep down into the hall and peer at them from under the footmen's legs. By this time they were standing in a semicircle in front of the house, and were passing round from hand to hand the platefuls of food which had been sent out to them. They ate voraciously and seemed almost fierce and I felt afraid when I looked at their rough faces as they stood there, sad and woebegone, men and women of a new species to me. I think my parents were a little uneasy too, for the gardeners and grooms on the place were all gathered in the doorway and those behind had sticks. After these people had eaten and drunk all that was to be had they went away peacefully enough, their rags fluttering in the wind behind them. It all made a great impression upon me, and I dreamed of these hungry and miserable tramps for long afterwards. They formed, in fact, the main feature of my favourite nightmare for months. That was sixty-five years ago and Free Trade was just being introduced as a remedy. Times were often bad then. Are they much better now?

When I was six, my mother having died at a very early age, to the deep grief of all her family old and young, I was sent from home to the school of a clergyman named Faithful, whose daughters afterwards played an active part in the beginnings

of the woman's movement, at Headley Rectory on the Surrey Hills, about three miles from Leatherhead. I don't think this was by any means bad for me, and I am quite sure it was a very good thing for the rest of the family. When, therefore, I hear nonsense talked about the hardship of removing young children from the unhealthy slums of great cities to decent homes on the countryside, and the monstrous interference this would be with proper parental responsibility, I think of my own case and similar cases in well-to-do households, and as an active man of sixty-nine wonder how much I have suffered from this removal from home life. But the next step taken was not so wise. My name had been down for seven years at Harrow and I ought to have gone there after my so-called dame-school period was over. But my female relations had somehow conceived a horror of public schools without having any fear of the drawbacks of private tutors. So I went through a training of the latter, which has the great disadvantage of leading boys to think themselves men before they have really ceased to be boys.

Two of the tutors who had me under their care are perhaps worth notice. The first gathered under his roof at Torquay as remarkable a set of lads as I suppose were ever found together within so small a number. There were never more than twelve or fifteen pupils during the two years and a half I was there, yet these comprised the present Lord Rayleigh; E. N. Buxton, one of the first Chairmen of the London School Board; Chester Macnaghten, for many years head of the Rajkumar College Rajkote Kathiawar, who successfully trained in cricket and other departments Ranjitsinhji and numerous young Indian princes; a distinguished General who gained a peerage; three

cricketers who were afterwards in the Cambridge University Eleven; two more who played for many years for their respective counties; Hamar Bass of "Sceptre" fame; and a Chilian named Abbott, who passed first in and first out of l'École Centrale and l'École Normale at Paris. I doubt if such a remarkable collection of young people was ever before found in so small a school. Nothing of the kind has occurred before or since at the same place.

On leaving Torquay I found myself with a clergyman at Stockport, who himself was addicted to whisky but who had a charming family. I was a pretty good cricketer in those days, and before I knew that this was scarcely a method of improving my knowledge of mathematics I found myself playing in the first eleven of the Manchester Club, and going about the country with the men of the team to the various matches, quite on my own account. This was in 1858, when the famous Ernest Jones stood as a candidate for Manchester against the two great representatives of capitalism, Mihner Gibson and John Bright. Jones was well beaten by working-class votes, in spite of the apparently overwhelming enthusiasm of the people in his favour. I remember hearing knots of workmen cursing the Free Traders for their treachery, and their own class for their folly, when they saw the Chartist leader and Socialist writer and orator at the bottom of the poll. I had then no grasp at all of the real issues at stake and could not understand their bitterness; though assuredly Stockport was a town in those days which ought to have impressed upon my mind the horrors of working-class existence. The conditions are not much better now, as I saw when I was there, for the first time for fifty-two years, a few months ago. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!*

And writing now so long afterwards with understanding of what was then going on, I must record my tribute of sincere admiration and respect for that noble band of Chartist agitators who worked so hard and to all appearance so fruitlessly on behalf of the emancipation of the toilers from the tyranny of capital and the misery of wage-slavery. Not even yet is their great work understood or the merit of their self-sacrifice recognised. In days to come, however, I venture to predict Jones and O'Brien, Harney and Vincent, Stephens and Ball will be regarded with sympathy and even adoration as the pioneers of the new period who were born before their time. Had the workers of Great Britain followed the lead of these men, instead of giving ear to the fraudulent phrases of the profit-mongers and political hacks of the dominant class, the condition of the mass of the English people would be very different indeed from what it is to-day.

From the smoke and dirt of Stockport to wandering alone up the valley of the Rhine and making solitary excursions through the beautiful country, then wholly unspoiled by factories, mining and the great industry generally, was a delightful change; and while staying with an uncle, a Colonel who went yearly to Wiesbaden, I heard the talk of the Austrian and Prussian officers from the double garrison then quartered at Mayence, and thus learnt a good deal, apart from the language, which was useful to me long afterwards. I would gladly have remained and enjoyed myself in that glorious Rhine country; but there was the university careeŕ to be thought of, and luckily I was not my own master, though I at times pretended to myself I was.

And so I went off, on my return home, to another and last tutor whose memory I have

always cherished with regret and affection. This was the Reverend Alexander Thurtell, Rector of Oxburgh Rectory in Norfolk. His early career had been a very difficult one. He had fought his way up to Cambridge against many drawbacks and disadvantages, when a blow fell upon him that would have crushed a weaker man. The murder of Mr. William Weare is still remembered as one of the most cold-blooded crimes ever committed in this country. It stirred the whole country with horror from end to end, and the name of the murderer was as widely execrated as that of Burke or Hare. This name was Thurtell, and the criminal was my old tutor's own brother. The prejudice aroused was terrible. The young student just going up to Caius College, Cambridge, was seriously advised even by his own family to change his name, and to this no objection would have been raised. He refused to do this, and unfortunately suffered a great deal both openly and secretly in consequence. He worked the harder for the prejudice, read hard and steadily, overcame the difficulties which he encountered, took his degree as third wrangler in quite an exceptionally good year, became fellow and tutor of his college, was universally esteemed in that and other positions, and going down to a satisfactory Caius living became as good a parson as was to be found in the county; maintaining at the same time most friendly relations with the Catholic priest who had a little flock in the village, the old Catholic family of Bedingfield being its leaders.

I have always regarded the two years and a half I spent at Oxburgh as the most useful portion of my educational life, for though I rode to hounds and played cricket, I worked at mathematics most assiduously and read hard in other directions too. My fellow-pupils there were the present General

Sir Frederick Maurice, so well known for his writings on strategy, and Edward Abbott of Salonica, who, poor fellow, was battered to pieces by the Turks with iron staves torn from palings at the beginning of the Turco-Servian War. Cigarette smoking, now so popular, was then almost unknown, and Abbott, who always smoked the finest Turkish tobacco which he rolled up into cigarettes for himself, was the first devotee of this habit I encountered.

Norfolk, it is needless to say, was and is a sporting county, and the race of fox-hunting parsons had not then died out. Thurtell did not ride to hounds, but he was a very good shot and was on excellent terms with all the strict game-preserving landowners and squires in the neighbourhood, who not unfrequently came to dine with him. It was on one of these occasions that a very dramatic and amusing incident befell. The old gentleman had two splendid cats of exceptional size and beauty, one black and the other white, which went by the name of "Gown" and "Surplice." During dinner a guest had been reproaching the rector for the depredations which he accused these favourite cats of making upon the game. The imputation was stoutly repudiated by their owner, when to his horror and confusion, but to the irrepressible laughter of his friends, "Surplice" carefully deposited a fine hen pheasant at the window. Those two handsome marauders fell victims to gamekeepers shortly thereafter. Thurtell could scarcely complain after this.

There were two stories of an old parson of the great sporting period which Thurtell was very fond of telling, and which return to me now. They related to a Rev. Mr. Hewitt who held a fat college living—there were fat college livings in those days—near Cambridge. Mr. Hewitt was

devoted to sport of all kinds, and his assiduity in this respect led him to take a very easy view of his cure of souls. His flock was well supplied at need with port wine and other spirituous aids to physical regeneration, but spiritual consolation both in and out of church was a little hard to come by. One Sunday, so the tale went, a friend of his came from Cambridge to attend service in the morning and called upon Hewitt intending to go with him to church. It was a very cold winter day and the snow lay thick upon the ground. To his astonishment and horror he found Hewitt in his study arrayed in his surplice, a white night-cap on his head, engaged in carefully chalking the barrel of his gun. "Why, Mr. Hewitt," he said, "what are you doing? It is just eleven o'clock and the people will all be in church. We must start at once." "My dear fellow," was the reply, "there will be no service this morning. In such cold weather as this my parishioners will be far more comfortable by their own firesides than sitting in that draughty church. I myself intend to worship the Creator in the midst of His works, and by the help of the Lord I shall shoot a few ducks!"

The result of this neglect of his duties and addiction to sport was that the irreligious condition of the parish became a bye-word in the district, and one of the young Fellows of Caius, who felt he "had a call," persuaded Mr. Hewitt to allow him to bring the light and warmth of Christian truth to bear upon the people. This he did for some time with earnestness and success. The parishioners became devout and attentive, the women and children were visited and taught, the church was filled each Sunday with a reverent and attentive congregation. One of Mr. Hewitt's friends congratulated the old rector upon this change, and said something in praise of the zealous

cause for the first time we came into more than sensuous contact and our minds sought expression.

Now you must understand that the world of thought in those days was in the strangest condition, it was choked with obsolete inadequate formulæ, it was tortuous to a maze-like degree with secondary contrivances and adaptations, suppressions, conventions, and subterfuges. Base immediacies fouled the truth on every man's lips. I was brought up by my mother in a quaint old-fashioned narrow faith in certain religious formulæ, certain rules of conduct, certain conceptions of social and political order, that had no more relevance to the realities and needs of everyday contemporary life than if they were clean linen that had been put away with lavender in a drawer. Indeed, her religion did actually smell of lavender; on Sundays she put away all the things of reality, the garments and even the furnishings of every day, hid her hands, that were gnarled and sometimes chapped with scrubbing, in black, carefully mended gloves, assumed her old black silk dress and bonnet and took me, unnaturally clean and sweet also, to church. There we sang and bowed and heard sonorous prayers and joined in sonorous responses, and rose with a congregational sigh refreshed and relieved when the doxology, with its opening "Now to God the Father, God the Son," bowed out the tame, brief sermon. There was a hell in that religion of my mother's, a red-haired hell of curly flames that had once been very terrible; there was a devil, who was also *ex officio* the British King's enemy, and much denunciation of the wicked lusts of the flesh; we were expected to believe

and inquired his way to the sexton's, where he might get the keys of the church, which he wished to see. Having learnt this the Bishop went his way and found the sexton's wife seated at her door knitting. "Where is your husband, the sexton, my good lady? I want him to bring the keys of the church with him and show me round." "I'm very sorry, your reverence, but he is not at home, and he took the church keys with him when he went out, as he means to come back that way when he has finished a bit of ratting." And the Bishop returned to lunch in the inn.

This Bishop, by the way, was of a very different character from one of his brethren of an earlier date who sat on the episcopal throne of Ely. He was remarkable for the unblushing manner in which he contrived to secure all the best livings in the diocese for his sons and sons-in-law. These near relatives were persons of low and disorderly life, quite unbeseeming to their station as rectors of parishes and clerks in Holy Orders. The thing became a terrible scandal, which was not lessened when a brilliant preacher in the great Cathedral took for his text, before a full congregation, the words, "Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial," and proceeded to enlarge upon the drawbacks of improper behaviour on the part of the relations of high-placed men of God, and the evil example such conduct set to the people in general. The which if not true is well invented.

I worked hard at mathematics at Oxburgh, and, when I left to go up to Trinity, Mr. Thurtell thought I was quite safe to take a very high degree, saying I could then be in the first ten wranglers and ought to be safe to get into the first three. I saw him a few years later, and he kindly told me it was the disappointment of his life that I didn't. As a matter of fact, I read

everything but what I ought to have read at Cambridge, and gave up too much time to amusement of various kinds during the whole of my University life. Those three or four years, whatever you may do with them, leave a profound impression on the mind. They are long remembered, and the events of that time are so keenly felt that even the smallest incidents can be brought back to mind. Thus I remember, as if it were yesterday, my tutor, poor W. G. Clark, who ended his life by walking himself to death up and down the platform of York Station, comparing the ghost of Clytaemnestra, hovering round Orestes at the altar, in the *Eumenides*, to the ghost of Banquo rising at the table to confront Macbeth; as well as a little contretemps when one of the mathematical lecturers actually forgot the demonstration of the mathematical problem he was illustrating to his class on the black-board. So great is the influence of their University career upon some men that they are always harking back to those three or four years as if that period alone were supremely important. This sometimes takes a silly shape; but there is no escaping from the fact, and I confess to feeling something of the same sentiment myself, though, as said above, I took but little advantage of the opportunities afforded me, and have always regarded my college career as the complete failure it really was.

It is very odd, and I don't pretend to account for it at all. I have myself led a very active and adventurous life. I have had my turns of popularity and success as well as my periods of the most harassing worry and disappointment conceivable—enough, one would think, to obliterate finally matters of passing interest from nineteen to twenty-two. Yet having been in the "sixteen" at Cambridge and playing for years in the Sussex County team

I declare that I feel at this moment, fifty years later, my not playing for Cambridge against Oxford in the University Cricket Match as a far more unpleasant and depressing experience than infinitely more important failures have been to me since. Nay, when but the other day I heard that two famous cricketers of that time, chatting over the men of our year at a Club, both declared that I ought to have been in the eleven in my first year and every year thereafter I felt quite a little glow of satisfaction. Very funny that, I consider. It shows how seriously one may take quite useless games in this country, and how our whole educational system gives far too much importance to such matters. I remember hearing my father, who was an Eton boy himself, say, "The captain of the boats at Eton is next to the King," and at the Universities the President of the University Boat Club and the Captain of the Eleven were quite on a level with the Senior Wrangler and the Senior Classic of the year. It is very absurd when you come to think of it. But so it was in my day, and so it appears to me it is now.

I was very unlucky, like all men of my time, in never seeing the Cambridge University boat row first past the winning post for eleven years—from 1861 to 1872, that is to say. I have no doubt myself that the character of the two rivers used for training made all the difference, as the boats got lighter and lighter, and I do not believe any change for the better would have taken place but for the transfer of the practice first to the stretch of water below Ely and afterwards to the Thames, coupled with the admirable coaching of George Morrison, himself a famous Oxford oar. In my first year as an undergraduate I was walking down the bank with my old friend, John Chambers, who had been captain of the boats at Eton and was

afterwards captain of the University Boat Club. The University boat rowed by. It looked very pretty indeed, and to my untutored eye seemed a very good boat. "Is that a good boat?" I asked. "Yes," said Chambers, "it is not a bad boat." "Has it any chance against Oxford?" I went on. "Not a ghost of a chance," replied Chambers. "Why not?" "Because they have no stroke." "But can't they make a stroke?" inquired I in my innocence. "No," was the answer, "I have often heard of a stroke making a boat, but I'm damned if I ever heard of a boat making a stroke." How many times I have quoted that simple saying against the empty-headed fools of democracy who imagine, or pretend, that because men should be socially equal therefore leadership and initiative and in a sense authority become unnecessary. Show me the stroke and, other things being equal, I can judge of the boat.

As I have begun also to talk about cricket, I cannot leave the subject without a word or two. It is the fashion nowadays to say that the play is much better than it used to be. I am not so sure about that. As to the grounds, there is no comparison, and the "boundary" for hard through hits saves the batsman greatly as compared with running them out. Otherwise, I see no great improvement, while certainly batsmen play more at the pitch and less at the ball. Consequently, I observe that when there comes a little continuous bad weather and the ground at all approximates to the sort of wicket we used often to have even in County Matches, the scores, good pitch and all, are then no longer than they were forty or fifty years ago; while nothing like the same risks are taken, as a rule, in order to finish the game out one way or the other. The only two men I ever saw who played almost equally well on bad grounds and on

good were Ranjitsinhji and W. G. Grace. The former was a genius: the latter had worked up batting to an exact science. The first time I had the misfortune to play against "W. G." he was only a lad of eighteen. The match was the Gentlemen of Sussex against the Gentlemen of Gloucestershire. Grace went in first and took the first ball which I bowled. He scooped a gentle catch into Harry Brand's mouth at mid-off. Brand let it trickle down his chest and stomach comfortably to the ground. "W. G." made 276 thereafter. Years later Brand, then Lord Hampden, came to see me on an important matter of business. No sooner did his eye light upon me (he did not know he was going to meet me) than he walked up to me and said, "Have you ever forgotten that catch I dropped off you from 'W. G.'?" I never had. We laughed then: we didn't laugh at the time.

As to bowling, that is certainly straighter on the whole than it used to be, though I think Alfred Shaw would have held his own, even on that point, with any of the men of to-day, and the straightness is partly to be attributed to the raising of the arm in delivering the ball well above the level of the shoulder. But the greatest bowler I ever saw or batted to was of the long ago—a drunken old chap named William Buttress at Cambridge. He would now be called, in the slang of the day, a bowler of "googlies." But he could do what he liked with the ball and he bowled at batsmen's weak points to an extent and with a precision I never saw equalled. The spin he put on was amazing. At the end of the match the ball itself was all cut about with the imprints of his nails. In fact he was the only really scientific bowler I have ever known. I remember in one match the captain of the University Eleven, one

"Peter" Bagge, was in. It was almost impossible to get him out on a slow wicket and he was a hard hitter too. Buttress tried every possible device to induce Bagge to let go. Nothing would tempt him and he had scored over sixty runs. On a sudden Buttress threw up his hands and cried "that's got him." Sure enough, Bagge could not resist having a try for a big hit and was caught at deep square leg. He bowled for that catch as other men bowled for a wicket. The difficulty was to keep Buttress sober. The United All England Eleven contrived to do so in one match at Lord's against the All England Eleven, for the first day, and he actually bowled Hayward, Daft, and George Parr, the three greatest batsmen of their time, out in one over. For the next forty-eight hours he was in a state of hopeless imbecility. Buttress was a genius, and I wonder nobody has ever studied and practised his methods. I was a member of the Marylebone Club for more than thirty years and I never saw any bowler try to do so.

I was at Trinity in the same year as the late King and I knew several of his intimate friends very well. Nobody thought him brilliant, though he did say that "at the time when it comes to my turn to be King of England thrones will be going by competitive examination." He was regarded as a good-natured common-sense man, rather strictly looked after, who wished to enjoy life and didn't like losing at games. That he would become a popular and dexterous monarch none imagined. Among my own intimate friends and acquaintances at Trinity I numbered several who have since distinguished themselves and three or four who have reached the top of the tree in their professions. Only one of them, however, Lord Rayleigh, has made any important additions to the knowledge

of mankind, has materially helped on the progress of the race, or will be remembered after his death. His undoubted success in science, however, was not due to his University training.

Close friendships made at this time of life are very enduring. No matter how widely men may differ afterwards and how far apart their careers may lie the remembrance of intimacy in those early years always binds them together. That has certainly been the case with me. One of my brothers having been at Magdalen College, Oxford and my other brother at St. John's I knew Oxford almost as well as I knew Cambridge, and my close friends of those years are my close friends now. I doubt indeed whether anyone ever makes very intimate friendships after the age of twenty-five. There is so very much unknown on both sides later and character has formed.

When I had taken my degree I came to London, had rooms in Bury Street, was an original member, and on the Committee, of the New University Club, ate my dinners at the Temple—digestion at that time rendering examination unnecessary—and read for the Bar in Chambers, playing cricket in the summer and whist and billiards in the winter. My legal training, in consequence, was as imperfect as my University career had been useless. The famous Judah P. Benjamin, whom I knew well, and listened to in three great arbitration cases, told me if I would seriously follow my profession I should certainly attain to the front rank. I was quite ready to believe him; for genial appreciation is always grateful, even when it takes the shape of good-natured flattery. But I disliked the idea of battering out my brains over disputes about other people's property, I took little interest in whether criminals of varying degrees of turpitude were condemned or acquitted, and the atmosphere

of the Courts was as unwholesome to me physically as legal shop was unpleasant to me mentally. In fact, I was lazy and as I had just sufficient income to render hard work at what I didn't like unnecessary, I was content to follow my bent of the time. I am now paying for my disinclination to drudgery as a young man by doing a portentous amount of work for nothing as an old one.

The late Canon Heavyside of Norwich was a most pleasing conversationalist and bon-vivant. Dining one evening with my guardian at Taverham his attention was directed at the close of dinner to some very fine old Madeira which had been buffeted round the Cape and back again in the days of long ago. He took a glass of it and appreciated the merit of that delicious but gouty wine. He was pressed to take another. He sighed and said, "No, the end of dinner, as Paley truly says, is like the end of life, one always thinks one might have done better." I don't myself believe Paley ever said anything of the sort. But I suppose we all of us feel as we get towards seventy that there are many regrettable things we have done in the past which —we should much like to do again. That is exactly my case. At any rate I had what Boccaccio calls a good time (*e con ella aveva buon tempo*): there is always the eternal feminine somewhere about. But my memory of this period lingers not at all around women but takes me to Lord's, at the wicket, out in the field or on the top of the pavilion, and recalls many a pleasing incident and enjoyable acquaintance all over England. I feel sad as I think how many of my friends and companions of that day have already passed away.

CHAPTER II

ITALY

EARLY in 1866 I decided I had had enough of London and England and I would travel through Italy and make myself thoroughly acquainted with the country and the language. I had no special object in view beyond wishing to enjoy myself in an intelligent manner, yet in a way this trip was the turning-point in my life. I had done nothing and was doing nothing, though, even so, my time had not been altogether wasted. I knew Gibbon nearly by heart and was well read in previous Roman history. The annals of the Eternal City in her Papal period were fresh in my mind and I had studied the development of the Italian Republics, with their strange commingling of art and homicide, probably more closely than most educated young Englishmen. Consequently, when, having sailed from Marseilles to Leghorn, I landed in Italy I was not wholly unprepared to take advantage of my tour.

Florence, then the capital of Italy, was the first stage in my travels and I passed a most pleasant time there with a very clever and cultivated young American banker, Charles Morgan of New York, whose perfect knowledge of Italian and thorough acquaintance with the beautiful city rendered my stay there one continuous delight. The effect which a first visit to Florence must produce upon any

intelligent young man I need not speak of. But when I got to Rome in January 1866 after a journey carefully escorted by Italian troops—for there were many brigands in those days—in the banquette of a clumsy rumbling old diligence at one o'clock in the morning I found myself back in the medieval epoch, though I took up my quarters at the then modern Hôtel d'Angleterre in the Via Bocca di Leone.

Pius IX. wasthen Pope-King, Cardinal Antonelli was the Pope-King's Mayor of the Palace. Princes of the Church and Princes of the great families, in gorgeous equipages and striking apparel, monks with variously coloured hoods, the noble guard of resplendent magnificos arrayed in glorious uniforms, pervaded the streets, little French red-pantalooned soldiers stood sentry at every street corner, Macdonald the sculptor had just been stabbed going up to his studio in the Via Babuino, and to go to the Coliseum by moonlight without a strong guard was a wanton sacrifice either of your ears or your nose or a great part of your fortune. All this was quite commonplace and uninteresting to the Roman population in those easy-going days of miscellaneous *laissez-faire*. But the discovery of the great gilded statue of Neptune, now in the Vatican, stirred the whole population to excitement and appreciation. Every detail lent attraction to the entire social picture. Rome and the Romans constituted the civilised world within: the rest of mankind were the barbarians without. Antonelli, whose own brother was a brigand, was, all said, triumphantly holding his own against the sacrilegious machinations of the godless Piemontesi, Cardinal Illustrissimo's coachman had put a knife into his stableman to the latter's final separation from this life, and his master had sent for the survivor and remonstrated with him so angrily on

this awkward occurrence that the poor fellow actually cried. A good coachman was hard to come by: stablemen were plentiful in those days. Such was the sort of gossip we heard on all hands.

To look on at it all as a visitor was to gain a new conception of life. Even the great pictures and sculptures, the remains and the ruins of Rome's ancient magnificence, were scarcely more interesting and attractive than to live in this active past which it was difficult to believe could possibly be the present. Marion Crawford, who knew it so well, gives a brilliant description of this little world which has passed away in the opening chapters of *Saracinesca*. The city could not be recognised as the Rome of to-day. Between the great main artery of the Corso and other portions of the Rome of that time were labyrinths innumerable, and I thought I had done wonders when I had mastered their intricacies sufficiently to be able to go direct and without losing myself from the Piazza di Spagna to the Tiber. I can well understand that those who lived in and loved Rome before 1870 never cease to regret the disappearance of the picturesque though antiquated and ill-governed metropolis of the Papal States. There was doubtless much that needed reform and much that was downright harmful; but it is questionable whether the bulk of the inhabitants were not really better off in their ignorance and superstition than they are now in their enlightenment and knowledge. I was in no danger of missing the contrast between the old and the new, the outworn and the modern; for my principal companion during my stay was a very clever Frenchman several years older than myself, who used to amuse himself and me by his caustic remarks on what we saw. We were waiting in Easter week for the coming of some wonderful sacrosanct procession with its variegated cohort of

monks, and its coming was unduly delayed—"Voilà," said he, himself being a careful observer of all Catholic rites, "Voilà comme on passe la Semaine Sainte. On attend toujours une bêtise qui ne vient pas."

On the other hand, I encountered everywhere unmistakable evidences of the most genuine and touching belief. The Coliseum was then a ruin indeed, with here and there plants and creepers growing in unchecked confusion inside and out. It was none too safe to clamber up the crumbling stairways in order to find a seat high up on a broken arch. Below, the arena showed up as one great oval of bright green turf amid the grey of the vast building, with the Stations of the Cross placed at intervals around. Seated thus one afternoon, thinking of Gibbon's inspiration from the same spot, and its results in the greatest history that ever was written, I was awakened from my half-dream by the sound of voices below and looking down saw a crowd of people following a priest who led them round from Station to Station, delivering a short and apparently, for I was too high up to hear the exact words, an eloquent and impressive address at each. When he reached the last Station he held up the black crucifix which had hung at his girdle, as he finished his remarks, advancing towards the people while he did so. They one and all bent in fervent adoration and some knelt down upon the grass. It was an impressive scene in that vast place, with all the memories of the great past crowding up behind the preacher. The exposure of the underworks of the ancient arena by the clearing away of the superincumbent grass and rubbish may have added to instruction; but it has destroyed the beauty of the interior of the Coliseum and the Stations of the Cross have long since been swept away.

Another time I went to the ceremonies held at Easter in St. Peter's. They too were impressive, in a very different way, and their effect has often been described. I went outside when they were over and was one of the crowd who stood awaiting the Pope's benediction, which Pius IX. used to deliver from the balcony of the great Cathedral, his fine voice sounding through the Piazza. At the close of this function a number of papers, which I believe are called "Indulgences," were distributed from above and wafted down by the breeze fell among the people, who looked for them anxiously and grasped them eagerly as they descended.

A pretty young Italian peasant girl with a baby in her arms stood close to me, as deeply desirous of securing one for herself or her infant as any of the ruder sex present. By every right of religion and conviction an Indulgence should have come to this pleasing pair, and the rustic madonna would have returned to her Trastevere village with the certainty of a happy life hereafter to follow upon a life of mingled care and enjoyment here. But, alas, Providence, as she would have put it, the accident of a passing gust, as it seemed to me, wafted the longed-for bulletin of eternal felicity out of the reach of my pious little neighbour with the beautiful eyes and the swelling bosom and deposited it with careful solicitude on the chest of the foreign heretic. Her pained look of regret and disappointment I can see again now. Tears came into her eyes. I needed the Indulgence, with all its possibilities of pardon, far more than she did, for of a certainty she was a good little soul. But, with a profound sense of the necessity for sacrifice, my politeness and pity overcame my passing wish to have an anchor out to windward. I therefore took off my hat and handed my very own indulgence to the delighted contadina. She thanked the strange

signore most earnestly and there was quite a little scene around us in consequence. I should have liked to bestow upon her a fraternal kiss and I don't think at the moment she would have refused me the privilege. But I only begged her to pray for me, and I verily believe she did.

During my stay in Rome and afterwards at Naples, Sorrento, and Castellamare I worked hard at Italian, going whenever I could to Italian theatres and speaking the language not only to my masters but to all who would bear with my grammatical mistakes and barbarian accent. It was lucky I attained the proficiency I did. For, having left Rome and Naples, I went farther afield and then, after a delicious month or two of enjoyment in the lovely district of Salerno, Vietri, and Amalfi, there came to me, in my lotus-eating Paradise, the news that war was certain between Italy and Prussia and Austria. I therefore abandoned my agreeable lethargy and went forth as War Correspondent for the then recently-started *Pall Mall Gazette*, thus beginning a connection with that journal and its editor, Frederick Greenwood, which extended over many years and a close friendship with the latter which lasted until his death. My desire to see and record something of the war was the keener, inasmuch that I was in those days an ardent Italianissimo and longed for the day when Italy would suffice for herself and the foreign rulers would be driven out.

It is difficult for those who only remember Italy as she has been during the past forty years, united, free and mistress of her own destinies, to comprehend fully the enthusiasm felt by nearly all educated young Englishmen in those days for Italy in her efforts for emancipation: an enthusiasm which broadened and deepened by the chivalrous exploits of Garibaldi, the unquenchable fire of

Mazzini and the sagacious genius of Cavour affected more or less our whole people. Such eminent Radicals as Cowen, Stansfeld, Peter Taylor, and Boyd Kinnear came under the direct influence of Mazzini himself; while Cavour's master-stroke in the Crimean War and his great ability alike as a diplomatist, as an organiser and as an administrator conquered the confidence of the English middle-class. I was, therefore, for once in the full current of popular feeling as I steamed up from Naples to Genoa on board a Rubattino liner with some two thousand soldiers on board; who had as nearly as possible capsized us all in the Bay at starting, by rushing *en masse* from one side of the vessel to the other when bidding farewell to their friends.

Garibaldi landed at Genoa from Caprera on the night of the day I arrived, and I saw him under the light of the torches, in the stern of the boat which brought him ashore with his heavy grey poncho over his shoulders and the familiar red shirt peeping out from under it. I had last seen Garibaldi cheered and welcomed by at least three hundred thousand people as he was driven down Whitehall to Stafford House in the Duke of Sutherland's carriage. No such spontaneous and enthusiastic a reception has been given by Londoners to any foreigner before or since. It was a purely personal demonstration, due to the splendid, unselfish courage and devotion of this guerilla leader in 1859 and 1860 as well as to the remembrance of his long and brilliant life of adventure in South America on the side of the people. At that moment a wave of Republicanism swept through our own country. Now Garibaldi came from his humble home in the island of Caprera to take part in another effort to free his beloved country finally from the Austrian tyranny. It was a dramatic

opening to what, from the military point of view, was a most disappointing and unsuccessful campaign.

I went up with Garibaldi's force into the Tyrol. At Desenzano I made the acquaintance of nearly all my fellow-correspondents. I was strolling along the platform to find a carriage in a train going up to the front, when I heard a voice say in English, "That's he—you may depend upon it, that's he," followed by the invitation, "Come in here." It then appeared that Sala and Henty, Bullock-Hall and Henry Spicer, who made up the party, had seen in the papers that another correspondent was coming out to represent the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and they judged from the spruceness of my apparel, so they were jokingly pleased to say, that I must be the representative of the journal referred to. And so I found myself following the fortunes and misfortunes of the Garibaldini, amid the beautiful scenery at the head of the Lago di Garda. And here my lately-acquired knowledge of colloquial Italian soon stood me in good stead.

At the Rocca d' Anfo, where the village leading to the fortress was traversed by a road running up at an angle of about forty-five degrees, I met Sala, who, failing to get provisions at the Inn, had gone out to forage for food. He was descending the hill with difficulty, for he suffered from varicose veins, bearing in one hand a brown-paper bag and using a good stout stick with the other. Well, I asked, what have you got? "I have swept the place of maccaroons," he answered, "and I have bought some chocolate drops which are very sustaining." Maccaroons and chocolate drops! "Avadavats and Indian crackers!" Sala's face and general appearance were not at all in concatenation accordingly with such fare as this. His was a high-coloured rubicund visage with one

exceedingly bright, jovial eye, the other being not so brilliant, and the contour of his body was certainly not suggestive of a light supper after a long day's fast.

What was to be done? We were all hungry. The Garibaldians had no rations to sell, the innkeepers could give us no satisfaction and no hope of better things soon, as no further supplies could come for many hours and the evening was closing in. We heard also that the farmers in the neighbourhood had removed everything eatable up into the mountains, fearful of raids on their flocks and fowls by their countrymen of the army of liberation. But the only chance of obtaining a meal lay in this direction, so I started out to see what could be done, with Henty, the Hercules of the little group, accompanying me to the turn of the road leading to the farm-houses in order to protect me from pillage on my return, should I buy anything worth putting our teeth into, for "*nostri prodi*" were hungry too. My first two visits were bootless. All the knocking and shouting brought forward none to negotiate with. At the third farm I was more fortunate. A girl opened the door a little and I quickly put my foot into the space. After a few words of supplication on my side and remonstrance on hers, she let me in and I saw her family gathered behind her in the room. My appearance, or perhaps the sight of my money, convinced them of my natural honesty, and after a rather lengthened bargaining, carried on purely for form's sake on my side, I returned in triumph with a rough sack containing quite a good supply of very decent fowls, a lot of eggs, two huge rolls of bread, and other matters of lesser moment. Yes, Italian is a very useful language when out campaigning in an Italian country, and I was unanimously appointed forager-in-chief and com-

missariat-provider-in-general to the correspondent camp—a position not wholly devoid of drawbacks, however. At any rate, we had an excellent supper that night and, having persuaded the landlord at our inn to discover some really delicious wine in his cellar, which we speedily transferred to our throats, it could not be said that our first visit to the Rocca d' Anfo was devoid of hilarity at the finish. We served Sala's maccaroons and chocolates with all due solemnity as an entremet, of which, be it said, Sala himself did not partake.

If you want to see war do not follow an army of volunteers. Garibaldi's force was full of patriotism and courage, and I dare say with even a few months of guerilla training might have been very useful. As it was, it fell between two stools. It was too large for rapid movement and sudden attack, and it was too ill-organised for regular operations on a considerable scale. There was but one regiment that could in any sense be called disciplined, that commanded by the General's eldest son Menotti Garibaldi, in which my friend Boyd Kinnear served as a private. As I look back on the events of that nominally successful advance—for the Austrians fell back fighting continuously as we went forward—I am astonished that Henty and Bullock-Hall and I—Sala could not stand the fatigue of walking and went back to Milan—returned safe and sound to Italian soil.

Bullock-Hall, the pacifist of the *Daily News*, in particular, at the fight of Monte Suello, ran a risk which even a braver man might have shrunk from. Garibaldi himself was present at the affair and was badly wounded in the foot when leading on his men. The fire of a body of Kaiser-Jägers was deadly, and many of the Italian officers were shot down. Where we stood the rank and file were obviously wavering. This was too much for

PARA. 8.

of the chief factors which brought about the legislation of 1903 was the discontent arising from the legal inability of the Bengal Government to grant a license for more than 21 years under the Calcutta Electric Lighting Act of 1895, and it is also of some note that, despite the almost unprecedented rate at which the use of energy was taken up under the Calcutta license, no other public supply scheme followed for several years after. The Darjeeling Hydro-electric Municipal Supply * was working for many years before the Act of 1903 was passed. It must not be hastily assumed that in granting a license without a time limit a perpetual concession is given, for, apart from the license being liable to revocation, the undertaking is subject to compulsory purchase after a term of years. This is discussed in paragraphs 9 and 10.

PARA. 9.

The grounds for revocation.

9. Revocation and Amendment of Licenses.—Sections 4, 5 and 6 deal with the revocation of licenses. The cases in which a license may be revoked in the public interest are specified in section 4 (*1*) and are as follows, the revocation being limited to the whole area of supply included in the license—

(*a*) where the licensee, in the opinion of the Local Government, makes wilful and unreasonably prolonged default in doing anything required of him by or under this Act;

(*b*) where the licensee breaks any of the terms or conditions of his license the breach of which is expressly declared by such license to render it liable to revocation;

(*c*) where the licensee fails, within the period fixed in this behalf by his license or any longer period which the Local Government may substitute therefor by order under sub-section (*3*), clause (*b*), and before exercising any of the powers conferred on him thereby in relation to the execution of works,—

(*i*) to show, to the satisfaction of the Local Government, that he is in a position fully and efficiently to discharge the duties and obligations imposed on him by his license, or

(*ii*) to make the deposit or furnish the security required by his license;

(*d*) where the licensee is, in the opinion of the Local Government, unable, by reason of his insolvency, fully and efficiently to discharge the duties and obligations imposed on him by his license.

"The public interest."

Where a concession is granted it is only right that it should be subject to cancellation if the holder does not keep

* This installation was put up by the present author in 1896, and was both the first undertaking for public supply in India and the first public hydro-electric plant there, the Cauvery installation, which has repeatedly usurped that position, came long afterwards.

this sort of fighting, and it is hard to rouse any enthusiasm even for a desperate and successful charge when such sad scenes of human butchery are going on all round.

But all this was as nothing to the hospital. There were some 800 or 1000 seriously wounded men when I was at Storo after the so-called battle or skirmish of Bezzecca. A large church had been cleared of its seats and converted into the chief hospital, the wounded being laid out as close as possible, on the straw which had been strewn for their accommodation. There were no proper sanitary arrangements whatever. The force was also very short indeed of doctors, and a young Russian man of science who was with us as correspondent, Kovalevsky by name, who has since achieved a great reputation, offered his services. "I have never practised dressing on the living," he said, "but under the circumstances I may be useful. Will you come and help me?" It was not at all the sort of job I liked, especially as typhoid fever was rife among the injured, and I have a perfect horror of blood and broken bones. But it was necessary I should put pressure on myself at such a time, so I accompanied Kovalevsky on his mission.

I never felt so ill in all my life as when I got inside and saw what was going on. I have thought ever since that only the very highest causes could justify any nation or government in running such risks of the mutilation and torture of human beings. The place was literally like a charnel-house: the lack of doctors and the deficiency of appliances occasioning scenes of horror which recalled, as Henty said, the most terrible events of the Crimean War. What made things worse in a way for me was the fact that Kovalevsky, in spite of all his modesty, soon showed

himself to be the most rapid and tender and skilful dresser in the place. It was wonderful, as I carried out his instructions, to note the swift and sure action of his long taper fingers as he applied the bandages and carried out such simple operations as he felt sure would benefit the sufferers. So skilful was he, and so manifestly considerate of the wounded, that the poor fellows whose injuries were yet undressed cried for him to come and attend them.

Thus hour after hour passed and I am bound to say I felt very bad indeed and like to faint. But I determined I wouldn't give in as long as Kovalevsky stuck to his work, which was, of course, far more trying than mine, that consisted only in holding limbs or wounded places in this or that position. I thought he must break down; for he was not physically strong and, long before he withdrew, his face was deathly pale and streams of perspiration were pouring down his forehead. The close air and dreadful smell were of themselves sufficient to exhaust him, apart from the strain on his nerves. At last he could do no more and abandoned his work, sad as it was to hear the cries of disappointment from the men whom he was obliged to leave untended. So out we went. The moment I breathed the fresh air coming down upon us from the mountains I was violently sick. Kovalevsky was not. He was, however, quite overcome with his exertions, and what with this and similar visits to the hospital was all but seriously ill before he started back South.

Ever since, when I have heard or read about splendid feats of heroism in warfare, as during the Russo-Turkish, the Franco-German, and the Russo-Japanese campaigns, I have thought of that churchful of shattered human creatures at Storo, with typhoid fever standing grimly by to reap its

harvest of death from those who were recovering from their injuries, and I have felt what a preposterous state of civilisation is that in which intelligent human beings can find no better way of settling their differences than that which I had witnessed.

A few days later I made Garibaldi's acquaintance. He was lying on a sofa in the big room of the village inn at Storo clad in the familiar red shirt and grey trousers with his staff around him. The general looked pale from his wound and his natural anxiety for his army, none too well supplied by the Government, but he received me, as invariably he did all Englishmen—he had two among his immediate personal followers—with charming courtesy and warmth. The impression which he produced was one of the most unaffected genuineness and frank behaviour. Whatever may have been the case with him later, Garibaldi was at this time wholly unspoiled by success and flattery, and was inclined to belittle rather than overrate his own achievements. His influence over the men with him was surprising: it was not due to his ability but to the simplicity and unselfishness of his character and the daring, amounting at times to sheer recklessness, with which he threw himself, as at Mentana, into hopeless exploits. Thenceforward to the end of the campaign he was unable to mount a horse and drove about always in a large carriage.

Of all the men of that period Garibaldi's personal appearance is perhaps the best known; but no portrait of him that I have ever seen gives quite the expression of the benevolent lion that his face in repose had at this time. It has always seemed to me that Garibaldi's chief exploit was not the dashing conquest of the Sicilies, in which he would certainly have failed but for the support given him

by Cavour, nor even his brilliant services the year before on the left wing of the French army, in the campaign of 1859; but his really marvellous efforts during the siege of Rome, when, with his brother triumvirs Mazzini and Saffi he held that city for the Republic against the French in 1848. It was his indefatigable resource and courage on this occasion, with the heroic retreat he organised, when the national rising was beaten down by overwhelming numbers and superior equipment, that came to my mind as I saw the wounded leader on his couch and in his carriage, and the remembrance obliterated even the more recent achievements of "the thousand of Marsala."

Garibaldi's move up into the Tyrol was, of course, only a trifling though picturesque incident, in the great campaign of Prussia and Italy against Austria. The Prussians won in the North, partly because they were better armed, but chiefly because Marshal Benedek was forced to adopt a ruinous strategy by silly Court orders from Vienna. The Italians lost in the South because they chose the worst possible ground for their first great battle, and because they were not as a whole at all a match for the Austrian forces. But for the Piedmontese artillery, also, a mere handful of Kaiser-Jägers would have held the entire Garibaldian army in check, and, but for the victories of Königgrätz and Sádová, the Austrian troops would have been back in Milan. It is natural that correspondents with an army should take the side of the men whom they see daily risking life and limb for their cause; but talking over matters quietly, Henty and Brackenbury who had had much experience of war, and I who had had none, were driven to the conclusion that such affairs as those of Monte Suello, the fort of Ampola, and the "battle" of Bezzecca reflected little credit upon the volunteers; while the absurd

blunder which, after having challenged the Austrian army on its own familiar parade ground, so piled up the commissariat and ammunition wagons on the only accessible road, that the two wings of their own army could not communicate or manœuvre with one another, thus making the defeat of Custozza much more complete than it need have been, said little for Italian Generalship.

However, Italy by her attack had diverted a considerable portion of the Austrian army from the Prussian side, and in spite of Sala's bitter jest to Garibaldi's Secretary Plantulli, "Votre Gouvernement doit faire une bonne petite guerre contre la Turquie," she obtained her reward by the acquisition of Venice when peace was proclaimed. The interval I spent in a delightful visit to Bologna, Verona, Vicenza, Pavia, and Padua, and, after a short stay in Venice, devoted the rest of the time, before the entrance of the troops into that city, to a trip with Henty by way of Trieste to the grotto of Adelsberg and the mercury mines of Idria. Trieste we found much afflicted by a virulent form of cholera. People were dying rather uncomfortably fast, falling down in the street, in fact, as if smitten by the plague, and succumbing in a few hours to the attack. There was therefore good ground for apprehension, and the Italians, a demonstrative people, took little pains to conceal their dread of the pestilence. In fact, the atmosphere of the whole city at this time was decidedly depressing and even funereal. So, though our hotel was excellently managed and the wine good, we thought the country districts would be pleasanter resorts than Trieste for two foreigners in search of diversion. It was not right also, we felt, that we two, who had escaped by a miracle from being tumbled out of a cart over a precipice on the road down from the front to Brescia, should try fortune and risk our lives

too hard by remaining unnecessarily in a plague-stricken city.

I shall never forget the alarm displayed on our arrival at our first two or three stopping-places by those who had got there before us, and thought we had brought infection with us. Their attitude put me in mind of the behaviour of the country people to the refugees from the Plague of London. They shrank from us muttering, "Il choléra, il choléra," and disappeared into the background with white faces and trembling limbs. We only recovered our full spirits a day or two later when, after an excellent dinner, we found ourselves dancing with the miners and their womenkind at Idria who, although the cholera was coming swiftly towards them by another route, thought, as we did, that the best way to make head against the epidemic was to eat, drink, and be merry. We did all three much to our satisfaction for several days and enjoyed ourselves mightily.

By what right do "the authorities" stifle men and women under pretence of saving other people's lives? I asked myself this, when I found myself with a number of others thrust into a sort of Black Hole of Calcutta at Udine. There was barely room for us to breathe to start with, and then some disgusting chemicals, worse in odour than an arsenal of Chinese stinkpots, were turned in upon us. It was indeed a frightful experience. I thought my latter end was not only approaching, but was fully come. The fumigation was intolerable. Nose, eyes, lungs, ears, all suffered from it. We were suspected of cholera and were therefore fair game. I bore my martyrdom with reasonable resignation. Not so Henty. Ordinarily the most good-natured, buoyant-spirited, and long-suffering man that ever lived, so much so that he was known in the Crimea as "Mark Tapley" Henty, there was some malignant

essence in this abominable stench which stirred up all that was furious in his nature. He began by loud but unheeded protest and gradually worked himself up to an assault upon the window-panes, many of which he and I, bound to follow his lead out of sheer comradeship, speedily shattered. Air came through the openings but gendarmes through the door. The two "mad Englishmen" were removed in custody, after some expostulation and movements in various senses. Happily we were not so mad but that, having cleared our throats of the unspeakable effluvium, we were able to bethink us of wine and tips and the mollifying effect of both upon the most austere of police officers in that latitude. Thus it came about that we were allowed to re-enter the train for Venice with our batch of only half-suffocated fellow-travellers, who benefited by Henty's sudden outburst of indignation.

At Goritz, just before this little comedy, I saw another side of that Austrian occupation of Italy which I was denouncing as an outrage upon civilisation. A fine regiment was quartered there returning to Vienna from Venice. We dined at the same inn at which the officers were staying and met them all at the table. They were most courteous and considerate as, in my not inconsiderable experience, Austrian officers almost invariably are. The conversation naturally turned upon the war and the strange fact that, though the Italians had entirely failed to beat them, they were now in full retreat. They one and all expressed the deepest regret that they had not had a turn at the Prussians, and it was from them I first learnt, what has since become a matter of history, that Benedek was wholly blameless for the Austrian disasters in Bohemia, though they felt sure he would never exonerate himself at the expense of the Emperor.

This indeed proved to be the case; for Benedek, who lived to an advanced age, died without having at any time shown, as he easily could have shown, that his whole plan of campaign in 1866 was wrecked by orders from the highest quarters.

In the course of conversation, however, I congratulated the Colonel upon the fact that he was now "going home." "It may seem strange to you," he answered, in Italian, not in German, "but I don't feel like that at all. I have been quartered here in Italy for twenty years. I have grown to love the country and the people. I have many dear friends here, and my leave-taking from them now has been the saddest event in my life. I have not the slightest grudge against the Italians, and though I may have my doubts as to their capacity for self-government, I think I quite understand, and even sympathise with, their desire to get rid of us. If I were to retire from my profession I might come back and spend the rest of my days in Italy. I certainly have the desire to do so at this moment, and I believe all my officers are of the same opinion." And so it was. All these Austrian officers, who spoke Italian perfectly, gave a somewhat similar view of their departure. The charm of Italy and her people had reached them all, in spite of the bitter national antagonism which then prevailed. If this charm of Italy once seizes hold of any one it lasts him his life. And it is due, not merely to the combination of beauty of scenery and old buildings, to historic associations and exquisite art, but to the delightful character of the people themselves. Even the Southern Italians, who are regarded by the Northerners almost as a strange and inferior folk, have charming qualities which not even the Mafia and the Camorra, and the general addiction to saying what is pleasing rather than what is true,

can obscure. I could well understand the feeling of that old Austrian colonel; yet I rather think he was one of Radetzky's men in '48 and '49.

Thus, fatigued and yet again fumigated, we got back to Venice. A period of transition indeed. The Austrian troops had gone: the Italian troops had not come in. The famous performances of the Austrian band in the Piazza San Marco were at an end, and the Venetians themselves almost regretted their cessation. Why is it, by the way, that nowhere are there such glorious military bands as in Austria? The finest display of this kind I ever heard was during the armistice, when all the bands of the great garrison of Verona played together in front of General John's headquarters. I had gone out from my hotel to stroll listlessly in the evening through the beautiful city, when I was attracted by the sound of the bands in the distance. When I got closer to the performers I soon found out that I had been lucky enough to be present at an exceptional entertainment. The bands of all the regiments in garrison were playing together. The playing was quite magnificent. Attack, rhythm, vivacity, tone, expression, feeling, they were all present; and nobody would have believed that the men had not been practising together for months before. How they contrived to combine such a volume of sound from brass instruments with such a softness of tone, I have never yet understood. The same qualities were shown by the Austrian bands on the Piazza San Marco, and when the Italians came to take their place the contrast was so marked that not all the Venetian enthusiasm for the national triumph could conceal the disappointment of the habitual listeners. The Italians are, of course, a musical people. Some of the chorus-singing in Venice itself is very fine. But it would be as reasonable to compare a

German tenor to Mario or Caruso as to put an Italian military band on the same level as an Austrian.

It was a little wearisome waiting, even in Venice, day after day, for the incoming of the Italian troops. And yet, as Rochefoucauld truly says, you are never really so happy or so unhappy as you think. Those weeks gave me some keen enjoyment. Our nights out in front of the Café Florian with the men I have already mentioned, and now George Meredith and Brackenbury as new-comers, were wholly delightful. The weather was fine and the conversation exceedingly enjoyable. I was much the youngest of the party, and I was treated by the others with an amount of kindness and cordiality which I remembered for years afterwards with gratitude, and recall even now with sincere pleasure. I spent the mornings in making myself thoroughly acquainted with Venice, in continuing my Italian lessons—Sala and I used to overwhelm our teacher Nicolini, who had been one of the aides-de-camp of the famous Hungarian General Görgei, with voluble accounts of all we had done the previous day—and in doing such writing as had to be done.

The evenings after dinner we all devoted to talks in the open. We were a merry lot, undoubtedly, and the older at any rate not deficient in ability. I have always thought that, owing to a variety of reasons, George Augustus Sala never did justice to his own powers, nor were his very considerable faculties properly appreciated either by his friends or the public. The extent and accuracy of his knowledge were extraordinary, and his capacity for concentrating it upon the subject in hand was equally remarkable. Journalism as he used it, or as it used him, was a positive curse. Ideas and thoughts which, fully worked out, would have

been of permanent value, were employed in almost meretricious fashion, to suit what was supposed to be the taste of the readers of a daily newspaper with wide circulation, whose proprietors regarded all he wrote merely as padding for their advertisements. Yet, provoking as his style often was, some of his most rapidly-written articles show what he might have achieved had he but given himself the chance. I remember a sort of lightning sketch he wrote as a leading article on Carpeaux the French sculptor, which seemed to me to cover within the space of a column and a half really all there was to be said on his works, and the wording of the criticism was as good as the artistic appreciation was judicious. We went together one afternoon into the Cathedral of St. Mark, and were looking around us in the gloom of the edifice when suddenly the whole nave was flooded with a glorious burst of sunlight which changed the aspect of everything in the great church, the rays being reflected back into the nave from a concave golden-tiled recess immediately over the altar.

Thereupon Sala became as one inspired. All that the sun had ever done for man as a race and for man as an individual poured forth from him in one stream of quite astonishing eloquence. I saw the world and its products warm up and expand under its influence and mankind in all ages rejoicing in its glow. Then he passed on to those who had worshipped the sun and to others who, in dying as in living, had rejoiced in its splendour and prayed that their last hours might be brightened by its rays.

Vieux vagabond le soleil est à moi.

His marvellous memory was never at fault. The leading article with much of this illustration and quotation appeared duly in the *Daily Telegraph*, but the freshness and spontaneity of the thing had

somewhat evaporated, and the simplicity of the original wording had almost entirely disappeared. Nearly forty years afterwards I walked with my wife into the cathedral of San Marco in the afternoon, and Sala seemed again to stand by my side, like a gifted Silenus with high artistic appreciation, and the Venice of 1866 was once more before me.

And so, thoroughly exploring the beauties of the city, we all awaited the arrival of the National troops. It must be borne in mind that the Venice, like the Rome, of that day was still in the main the Venice of the Middle Ages. Modern improvements had not come in to increase rapidity of transit and general comfort at the expense of destroying the old associations. Consequently, when the Italian authorities did at last enter Venice and came in procession of boats and gondolas up the Grand Canal we might almost have been assisting at some great celebration of the olden time. I shall never forget the view of the entry as the vessels came up through the famous bridge of the Rialto which formed a frame to the picture. It was a splendid as well as a historical scene with all the magnificent palaces looking down on the commencement of the new era, and taking the mind back to the records of the past of Venice with its intense political selfishness and wonderful artistic grandeur. The quarrels of our gondolieri with those of the neighbouring craft brought in a touch of humour; though I was glad indeed that some very charming bright English girls who were with us and claimed to understand Italian perfectly were obviously quite ignorant of the Venetian dialect and the sort of talk which waterside folk of all nations indulge in when in anger. If those fair ladies, having arrived at old age, glance through these lines they may perhaps be amused to learn that they heard on that occasion, without grasping

their meaning, some of the most outrageous but at the same time humorous phrases of personal abuse that were ever exchanged in any known language. We entered vigorous remonstrances, which were, of course, wholly futile, against these utterances.

When I left Italy I did so with the full intention of returning thither very soon, to enjoy again its manifold beauties, and to watch the growth of a nation which had gained more by its numerous defeats than its fellow-peoples had by their victories. As luck would have it I did not see the country again for nearly forty years, and then I sadly doubted whether the new generation of peasants who had taken the places of those with whom I had chatted in my early manhood were benefited by the change of rule. The tax on grain was a heavy price to pay for independence, and the great emigration of the best class of cultivators to the Argentina and the United States has been a mournful consequence of the raising of Italy to the rank of a great power; though the heavy remittances home of the emigrants has done away altogether with the pleasing experience of getting thirty francs for a sovereign and even a Bank of France note now sells at a small discount in Rome. Why should I not confess here and now that, enthusiastic as I was for the emancipation of the country of Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour, modern bourgeois Italy has come upon me with something of a shock? I recognise the material progress in certain directions, but—well, youth has its illusions and age its disappointments.

CHAPTER III

HOME INCIDENTS

At any rate my year in Italy in nowise influenced me in the direction of a staid legal life on getting back to London. Mine was a sort of drifting existence, common to not a few men of my age, between the Temple and journalism, society and literature, whist at the Clubs, cricket and billiards. But about this time there was a spasm of poverty, exceptional even for the poverty-stricken East End of London, which awakened a responsive tremor of fitful sympathy among the well-to-do. This sort of thing comes at intervals. Suddenly the West End of London, the fashionable dwellers in Belgravia and Bayswater, Mayfair and South Kensington, awakened to the fact that there were some 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 people in the brick and mortar wilderness beyond the Bank of England, many of them in very woeful distress. It became quite the proper thing to go down East. Guardsmen and girls of the period, rich philanthropists and prophets of Piccadilly, students of human nature and cynics on the make, betook themselves with hearts and pockets bursting with charity to the choicest rookeries to be found along the riverside.

My Lady Bountiful could be seen picking her way through some unsavoury slum in the neighbourhood of Limehouse, chance encounters of

high-born personages were frequent in the Ratcliff Highway, and more deliberate assignations were commonly made in the Poplar alleys. Many a marriage in high life was the outcome of these exciting excursions into the unknown haunts of the poor. When the excitement was over and the interest flagged, when benevolence became rather a bore and charity too expensive, our exquisites returned with their carriages and their footmen and things went on as before, till ten or fifteen years later the whole unseemly farce is enacted over again. My friend of Trinity, Raymond Lluellyn, was swept along in this direction by a feeling of genuine sympathy and persuaded me to go with him.

I was then an out-and-out Radical, believing that if all the people only had the vote and a good secular education they would soon put a new and better face upon the world. In fact my Radicalism, tempered with a certain appreciation of the good things of this world, and a knowledge of how to get and use them, was regarded by my friends as only skin-deep. But a Radical I was, nevertheless, and I would gladly have run some risks in order to obtain speedily political reforms which we have not yet got more than forty years later. So I went with Lluellyn and saw the poverty-and-crime-defaced portions of our metropolis thoroughly—so thoroughly that I have never needed or wished to see them again. I know they exist, I have sounded the very depth of them, and that is enough. Yet I am bound to admit that, though horrified and commiserating, I took the whole of these dreadful conditions, the dirt, the squalor, the degradation, the raggedness, the nakedness, the servility and the ruffianism to be inevitable: a state of things to be alleviated but which could never be wholly done away with. After a few

weeks of actual experience, however, I felt that Lluellyn and myself might well be classed as triflers too, and I understood a little the sensation of hatred which some of the miserable felt when they saw these well-dressed, well-fed philanderers from afar coming down with airs of superiority to pry into their wretchedness. Possibly, the remembrance of these horrors of peace, so much more dreadful to me than even the horrors of war, had its effect in turning my mind to Socialism later.

The boom in slumming, however, soon died down: the victims of society were left once more to wallow in their starvation and misery uncared for. Lluellyn, my companion on this trip to the East, was one of my closest friends. We had travelled together, amused ourselves together, backed one another's bills together, and shared one another's good luck together. Somehow, later, he fell into a deep depression, from no cause whatever that I could discover. I tried hard to rouse him up, persuaded him to come away for a few days, twitted him with being in love—all to no purpose, his despondency only increased. One fine day he came to see me looking deplorably ill, indeed, as I thought, like to die. I asked him what was the matter with him and pressed him to tell me all about himself, for I felt deeply concerned. At last it came out that he had tried to commit suicide with laudanum, had taken an overdose and woke up many hours later, much to his surprise, with a frightful headache and looking the physical wreck I saw. I only recall this incident now because Lluellyn married later a rich wife who was devoted to him, was exceedingly happy, took to politics and became Tory candidate for a London constituency and only died, more than fifteen years afterwards, because he would be too polite to a Duke who

had taken the chair for him at a crowded meeting and, driving home on the box of his brougham, caught cold in the kidneys and left his seat to be won by Sir Albert Rollit—which was a great misfortune for his party. I have only known two men in my life who committed suicide at the right time and comfortably. Why it should be regarded as cowardly to join the majority when and how it may suit your own convenience I have never yet been able to understand.

I have never been of those who hold that what is called "capital punishment" should be done away with, and it has always seemed to me one of the most remarkable instances of the illogicality of the human mind on such matters that desperate Anarchists, who are certainly no respecters of human life in their "propaganda of deed" against obnoxious individuals or classes, should be even more zealous than the extremest of humanitarians in their anxiety to preserve the lives of common non-political murderers. The argument that it is expedient that one man, or a great many men, should die for the people seems to them all-sufficient when brought forward in support of their own methods of spreading the light by putting out of existence few or many harmful humans; but that really dangerous ruffians, with obviously anti-social tendencies, should be deprived, in the most effectual manner possible, of the opportunity for "removing" any more of their species, in order to gratify their lusts or to indulge their greed for gain, is, according to these sentimental disputants, a far worse crime on the part of society towards them than any that either criminals or anarchists can be guilty of towards society.

This, I say, is a view I never could adopt. If a man or a woman is a deliberate murderer, either

by direct violence or by poison, I see no earthly reason why other persons, who have no such blots on their record, should be compelled to provide these criminals with the means of living; why, moreover, other equally innocent human beings should be condemned for many years to watch over and attend to such obnoxious outcomes of our civilised life; nor why, lastly, society as a whole should run the risk of such criminals escaping from custody and then having another innings at homicide or take to reproducing their own objectionable types of humanity. "Stone dead hath no fellow" for dealing with cases of this kind. A few years will see the end of them anyhow. Why wait and see?

And I am quite prepared to extend this reasoning even farther and to protest against the keeping alive of criminal lunatics. Why should they inflict themselves upon the sane, when they have already proved that they are a danger to society? A comfortable introduction into nothingness, unexpected and therefore unfeared, can surely not be reckoned as "capital punishment." It is merely, as Lord Bacon puts it, "a laudable method of procuring an easy death"; anticipating a later and probably less agreeable departure by a few years.

These reflections forced themselves very strongly on my mind when I was staying with my old fellow-pupil J. F. Maurice, then a Captain of Artillery and Professor at Sandhurst. We had gone out for a long walk over the splendid commons and through the beautiful pine woods which stretch around Farnborough, when we came upon a warder, walking slowly and weakly along, his shoulders covered with blood. It was evident from his dress he came from the Broadmoor Asylum for criminal lunatics, which was situated

not far off. We asked him what was the matter, who had done him this terrible injury, and offered to help him along. He refused assistance but told us that his hurt was due to "that scoundrel Bisgrove" with whom he had been out for a walk. When the warder was stooping down looking into a rabbit-hole, into which a rabbit had just disappeared, Bisgrove came behind him and hit him a tremendous blow with a stone on the back of the head, stunning him and causing great effusion of blood. Bisgrove then made off, leaving the unfortunate warder for dead.

We went with the injured man, and getting some other people from the neighbourhood we searched the surrounding woods and commons for the escaped murderer. It appeared that this man Bisgrove had killed a fellow agricultural-labourer in precisely the same way, and having been found guilty was adjudged on the ground of insanity to be imprisoned for life. At Broadmoor he was thought to be quite a reasonable sort of person and was allowed to go out walking frequently, accompanied by a warder. In this way he got the opportunity of which he took such a cowardly advantage. After a long and vain attempt to trace the assailant Maurice and I returned to his house, feeling confident that with the country for miles round roused up to track and capture Bisgrove, and with the police active on his trail, we should soon hear he had been taken and returned to prison. As we were sitting at dinner, however, we had an unpleasant surprise. A note was brought in to my friend and host, to the following effect :—"My dear Maurice. Keep your weather eye lifting. That scoundrel Bisgrove was seen to get over into your garden half an hour ago," signed by a colonel living in the same terrace. Up jumped Maurice with even more

than military alacrity. "We'll go out," quoth he, "and catch the fellow."

It was now full dusk deepening into pitch dark, and I could have imagined a much pleasanter aid to digestion than an expedition of two uneasy gentlemen in dress clothes groping around for a murdering lunatic amid shrubs and trees and hedges, from which at any moment the miscreant might sally forth and attack us. But I could not show disinclination or venture upon remonstrance with Maurice so hot upon the trail. Out I went too, therefore, and for a good half hour stumbled about in the gloom, expecting every moment, if I escaped a battering on the head with a heavy stone, to be sharply engaged in a tussle for life with a madman. Happily—I say it deliberately—happily, neither of us encountered the fellow, and after about half an hour of this amusement we returned to the dinner-table and drank confusion to criminal lunatics in general and to Bisgrove in particular. The man has never been heard of from that day to this; but for years after this incident, when I heard of some inexplicable and undiscovered crime of violence, I have wondered whether Bisgrove might not have had a hand in it. But again I ask why should we run the risk of having such a person let loose upon us in the name of pseudo-philanthropy? What on earth is gained by it?

CHAPTER IV

MAZZINI

Among the men whose acquaintance I made in the Tyrol, who afterwards became my intimate friends, was Boyd Kinnear, then a well-known barrister and a leader-writer for the *Daily News*. His enthusiasm for the Italian cause had taken him out as a volunteer private in Garibaldi's army. It was by him I was introduced to Mazzini and thus came to know the great Italian so well as I did, from that first interview to the end of his life. I have never been a hero-worshipper, and when I meet men who have done great things my first inclination, much as I may admire them, is to try to discover how it is they have thus been able to impress themselves on their day and generation, and what personal qualities they possess which give them their wide influence. When, however, Kinnear and I turned into the row of small, gloomy-looking houses which, with trees and shrubs in front of them, stood back from the main stream of traffic along the Fulham Road I felt a sensation of something approaching to nervousness which has never affected me before or since. For I was about to meet close at hand, and on terms which might easily develop into those of friendship, if I were able to gain his confidence, the man who for may a long year had kept England and Europe looking with watchful

interest at his career; who was represented by the reactionary press as a ruthless assassin and cold sacrificer of noble young lives to a hopeless cause; who was regarded as so dangerous by the governing classes here that his letters were systematically opened in the Post Office, and a leading politician was driven out of office because he was believed to be too closely concerned in his schemes.

On the other hand, Giuseppe Mazzini had concentrated round himself a band of personal friends and devoted enthusiasts such as no other personage in modern times had been able to secure. That Italians should respect and even adore the high-spirited patriot and many-sided conspirator who had kept alive the idea of a united Italy, with Rome as its capital, when hope had died down in all other hearts, was intelligible enough. It would have been strange indeed if the daring organiser and inspirer of his countrymen who, at the hourly risk of his life, would visit the revolutionary centres throughout Italy in disguise, encouraging the depressed and firing their faculties with a fresh life, had not become the idol of the "Young Italy," which was just beginning to realise some of the results of his lifelong efforts and sacrifices. But that foreigners who had no direct connection with his country should have been influenced in the same way proves what an extraordinary power over others this remarkable man possessed.

Peter Taylor, Stansfeld, Kinnear, and Cowen were not people easy to induce to do what they had at first no mind to attempt. Yet Mazzini's influence over them and many others, women as well as men, of a very different race and character from his own, was beyond all question. Joseph Cowen, who was one of his most earnest and devoted supporters, once said to me, "When I think

of the things I did at the instance of that man my hair almost stands on end." And I know that some of the risks which the late member for Newcastle ran in the matter of supplying arms to the revolutionaries and giving aid to their plots would drive our timorous Radicals of to-day into fits of terror-stricken apprehension. Then, too, the remembrance of the Orsini bomb-throwing at the Emperor Napoleon III., with, as was believed, the war of 1859 as its consequence; the trial of Dr. Bernard for taking part in the preparations for the attempt, his triumphant acquittal after Mr. Edwin James's robustious challenge to the 600,000 French bayonets, which he suggested were glittering before the eyes of the jurymen called upon to render a just and fearless verdict; the violent attacks made upon Mazzini himself as an assassin and a murderer, which even the reverence for him displayed by the popular hero Garibaldi could not altogether counteract—the remembrance of all this as well as of the effect produced upon myself by his writings in admirable English was, I say, still fresh in my mind as I walked towards his lodgings. So there is no wonder that, as my friend knocked and rang that afternoon at the house where I was to meet Mazzini for the first time, the mean and commonplace surroundings of the Fulham Road faded from before me and only the conception of the great personality we were to talk with held my thoughts and compelled my memory.

It was a shabby lodging-house. The servant who opened the door had none of the bright, spruce appearance which sometimes flashes out unexpectedly upon the visitor in the person of the housemaid with clean white cap and apron and pleasant, laughing face. Dulness pervaded the whole place, and even its cleanliness was none too obvious. Yet, as I climbed up that depressing

staircase behind Kinnear, some ideas little suited to the surroundings rushed through my mind. In particular that fine description in which Mazzini tells us how one evening, walking just before sundown along the Appian Way, with its memories of the past surging up around him, he thought of all the great men who had fought and fallen on that historic high-road for the emancipation of the people and the liberation of Italy in the centuries gone by, and heard them calling to him from their graves as he passed along, "How much longer have we to wait?" What brought the passage to my mind I know not, possibly the very incompatibility of the surroundings, the unbridgable distance between the Roman Campagna and the Fulham Road; but these words were singing in my ears as we reached the drawing-room and found ourselves in the presence of the idealist creator of Italian unity.

Mazzini was standing with his back to the fire in a colourless dressing-gown with a more than half-smoked cigar in his mouth, which he took in his hand as he turned round and came forward to greet us. An inveterate smoker, I never remember to have seen him without that half-smoked cigar between his lips or in his fingers. A thin, slender figure of middle height, the face which surmounted it, with its thin greyish-white beard and much-bitten moustache, so trimmed as to make the upper part of his face and head look even broader than it was, gave the impression of an old ecclesiastical ascetic, and the wrinkled skin around his eyes increased the look of age. As you met him the contour of his face ceased to present itself to you, you saw only the eyes and the mouth. Just forty-four years have passed since this meeting with Mazzini and I can still realise in imagination every detail of his personal appearance, and think I see

him again cordially greeting my friend, his sombre countenance lighting up with pleasure at his coming. It was the eyes that were so much the most expressive feature in his face that they alone attracted continuous attention, and in speaking with him I had that strange sensation which has often come upon me when addressing a large and interested audience, that the figures and faces disappear and only the eyes of the crowd remain. In fact, it was the great power of those deep and brilliant eyes which entirely relieved Mazzini's appearance, even in repose, from any idea of the commonplace. They struck me at once and they impressed me ever after. Very full and expressive and dark. You could see right into them. When much moved or excited he used vigorous gestures, but as a rule he maintained an unusually placid demeanour for an Italian.

Simple, unaffected and direct, with a complete volcano of energy and passion and enthusiasm underlying this seeming quietude of manner, Mazzini gained his influence over men by sheer devotion to his cause, unfailing enthusiasm and courage, and the absence, or so I thought, of any appearance of dictation. I was frequently alone with him and had good opportunities for observing him when he had no reason to conceal his feelings, nor even to repress his ambitions. A less self-seeking or personally proud man I never met. Yet he had an abiding consciousness of his own dignity and the ever-present knowledge that he represented a great cause and a high policy, even though that cause was scarcely making way as he would have wished it, and his policy as a whole, being, perhaps, not adapted to the existing situation, seemed at the time doomed to defeat. His attitude towards more or less accredited envoys of the Italian Government, however, was at all times

determined, not to say arrogant, enough. When such men approached him his charm and simplicity of manner with his friends disappeared at once and he became the dignified representative and autocrat of a great socio-political priesthood, treating, as a great Cardinal or Papal Mayor of the Palace might have done, with men who held in the eyes of the world a much superior position to his own, as really standing on a far higher elevation than they.

I saw evidence of this myself on more than one occasion. But Kinnear told me of an interview at which he was present, between Mazzini and a very noble personage in the confidence of Victor Emmanuel, which quite surprised him in the quick change from the easy chat with a friend to the address of an ecclesiastical potentate of the old time to a misbehaving baron. "Tell your master," he said, and the message to be conveyed did not lack in precision or even menace. And yet Mazzini's real power in 1867 was much less than he or his enemies imagined. It was the shadow of his great past which stood behind him and affected his visitors.

Few foreigners have ever spoken and written the English language with the purity of Mazzini. He as often discussed in English as he did in Italian. To hear him talk at length on the dangers and difficulties of the early days, of the sad Bandiera tragedy, of the organisation of the secret societies —still by far the best model for such dangerous associations—of the glorious "five days" of Milan and the siege of Rome was a fine education in the moving history of the period. I contemplated at that time writing a monograph on the European revolutions of 1848-49 and I was specially interested in the Roman uprising with the action at first of Pope Pius IX. on the Liberal side, the assassination of Rossi and the success and failure of the Roman

Republic, as well as in Daniele Manin's splendid endeavour to restore the ancient independence of Venice.

Mazzini gave me all the help he could, and lent me books and papers which I could have got from no one else. He also introduced me to the third member of the famous Roman triumvirate, Aurelio Saffi, a man of manners so charming and intercourse so soft and genial that it seemed impossible he could be at bottom the courageous leader and indefatigable revolutionist he undoubtedly was. From them and from careful reading I obtained a good conception of this stirring period; while as to the events in Hungary I got direct information from the well-known Ce, whom I knew as a correspondent under the name of Cernátony, Nicolini and Kossuth himself. Unfortunately, I never took advantage of this great opportunity, and though the facts and descriptions are still to my hand, and I seem even now to be able to live back into the midst of the storm and strife of that stirring time, I fear the work will never be done. In fact the only thing I ever wrote of any length on Italy at any time was an article on Cavour in the *Fortnightly Review.*

It may not be out of place to say a word here about that able aristocrat whom I have myself always regarded as the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century. Until the fiftieth anniversary of his lamented death Cavour had not, as it seems to me, received full appreciation from his countrymen. His great services were overshadowed, to some extent at least, by the work of Mazzini and Garibaldi. But with all my admiration for those two fine characters I was forced to recognise, even in 1866 and 1867, that without Cavour's admirable political courage and statecraft Italy would never have arrived at the point she had already reached.

Taking up the difficult task of reinvigorating Piedmont and encouraging Italy after the crushing defeats of 1848 and 1849 Cavour saw clearly that mere ideas would not emancipate Italy. She needed a thoroughly capable, well-equipped and well-disciplined army, with the possibility of obtaining a powerful ally. His native State of Piedmont could alone supply this. Beginning with democratic ideas he accommodated them to the conditions around him, gained for Piedmont a position in the councils of Europe, compelled all Italy to look again to Turin as the hope for the future, inspired his own people with confidence in themselves and in him, used the monarchy which was ready enough to be used as a solid nucleus round which to rally his forces, employed intrigue and secrecy where intrigue and secrecy were necessary; but so fully explained his policy beforehand to his countrymen that they trusted him implicitly in the midst of the greatest difficulties, made tremendous sacrifices where such sacrifices were unavoidable in order to gain greater advantages, took all the responsibility for partial failure and unpopularity entirely upon himself, and succeeded at last—this was his finest triumph—in so imposing his ideas upon Italy and the Italians that far inferior men who succeeded him, Ratazzi, Minghetti, Visconti-Venosta, inherited with his position some reflection of his genius. A splendid career indeed.

That Mazzini should not have agreed with much that Cavour did was inevitable. Mazzini was a Republican and a Federalist, and, had Italian unity been possible on those lines, it is quite reasonable to say that his views were the sounder. But as matters stood Cavour was right. And he was never afraid of criticism, in fact he courted it; neither did he allow any minor matters to stand in the way of what he judged to be advisable

politically because he was not specially favourable to them socially. His amusements with the King and Sir James Hudson could only be defended on this ground. Mazzini, in fact, did not understand Cavour; though Cavour, I fancy, quite understood Mazzini, even when he opposed and thwarted and denounced him. The statesman was playing a very great and deep game and he was bound, it seems to me, to regard Mazzini and his followers, with all their noble idealism, as only one element in it, and this, of course, Mazzini could not be expected to appreciate. Though I scarcely know why, I never discussed Cavour directly with Mazzini; yet I know he felt that the dominating rôle taken up by Piedmont and the House of Savoy under Cavour's leadership, in the enfranchisement and consolidation of Italy, could not in the long run be to the advantage of his country. With all my admiration for Mazzini and his splendid idealism I felt he was wrong then, and, though Italy has still a long and a hard row to hoe before she attains to a complete control over her own destinies, I still am of opinion that he misjudged the situation. Garibaldi was even more opposed to the great statesman than was Mazzini. He never forgave Cavour for having traded away the provinces of Nice and Savoy, even for Lombardy and Tuscany, and all that followed thereupon. Cavour had made him, he said, a foreigner in the land of his birth.

There must always be this antagonism between the idealist and the man of affairs, and even Mazzini himself, as dictator in Rome, became inevitably the man of business for the time being. To recognise the truth of this proposition it needs only to be stated. And Cavour, before he came to power and probably afterwards, was an idealist at bottom too. That he throughout fought hard for freedom and democracy is indisputable, and he even

overrated the value of Parliament as we can now see. But he accepted centralisation because he saw no other way out. Mazzini, on the contrary, held that the Italian cities and provinces had had too long and too remarkable an individual history separately, for any plan of centralisation to be permanently successful. Moreover, the nature of the peoples was different: in particular it would take two or three generations, in his opinion, before Piedmontese and Neapolitans could understand one another. Therefore, though the army or the armed citizen force of the whole people should always be national, the civil administration in Mazzini's opinion should always be federal. It is possible that this is after all the true solution of existing difficulties.

Mazzini's conception of the conduct of human life was a high and a noble one, nor is it at all fair to him to say that he was not deeply interested in the welfare of the working people of other nations. His writings and his speeches all tell to the contrary of that. But his mind was really deeply religious, he believed firmly in God and in Duty and he was a convinced Nationalist, not in the Socialist sense an Internationalist. He possessed no thorough knowledge of political economy and had a strong dislike, not unmingled with contempt, for what he regarded as the debasing materialism of Socialism. Hence his determined though unsuccessful opposition to Marx in the early days of the "International," and his vigorous condemnation a little later of the Paris Commune: actions which have led many Socialists to be very unjust to one of the really great figures of the nineteenth century. I may have something to add on this antagonism between Mazzini and his national idealism on the one side and Marx and his international realism on the other later on. But for

the moment I will only say that, knowing both men and their works well and having been much more deeply influenced intellectually by the latter than by the former, I still feel all these long years afterwards that Mazzini's fine view of what humanity might be could ill have been spared.

Many a time I asked him, from different points of view, what he meant by the word "duty" and how he could be sure that the intentions of a Supreme Being were fully understood, or adequately translated, by his worshippers and exponents. I am bound to say I never got an answer that satisfied me. For Mazzini, I do think, had so completely persuaded himself that his conception of Duty—admittedly a very high one—was absolutely right and was so profoundly convinced that a personal God existed, and in the main took an interest in and superintended the course of events, that he could not comprehend that to other minds these ideas might present themselves as merely the unverifiable abstractions of a religious sentimentalist. I never pushed my objections too far. I felt that one who had done so much had earned his full right to believe in a creed which had been so all-sufficient a guide for him. It was a privilege for a young student, as I was, to be the friend of a man of such genius and character, and that was enough for me.

I saw Mazzini for the last time at the end of 1868. I have written of him as I remember him; for there are very few now living who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance as I did, and I hope it will be many a long day before his memory ceases to be cherished in the England which was to him a second country and which, much as its press vilified and traduced him, nevertheless point-blank refused to give him up to the monarchs who pressed for his extradition. Was Mazzini himself

in favour of assassination in countries where all freedoms were crushed down by tyranny? I firmly believe he was, and for my part I do not regard that as any blemish whatever on a great man, the memory of whose kindly intimacy with myself I shall cherish to the end of my days.

But this matter of assassination undoubtedly raised a very strong prejudice against Mazzini in this country. In the mind of the ordinary Englishman, in spite of all his early biblical and classical training, assassination, under any circumstances, must be criminal. Even Disraeli's championship of it, when no other effective protest is possible against crying social or political wrongs, could not affect this view. And yet when Marshal Haynau came to London and was chucked into a vat and nearly killed by Barclay and Perkins' draymen, because he had had women flogged at Brescia, the British public applauded the draymen. If Haynau had died they would have applauded still. My friend Stepniak, too, who undoubtedly stabbed to death the titled head of the Russian police, was received with open arms by the well-to-do educated class in Great Britain, wrote frequently for the *Times*, the journal which was most bitter in its denunciation of Mazzini and his friends, and, when he met with his sad death by accident, was mourned as a man of the highest ability and character. So it is very difficult, evidently, to form any definite judgment as to the line Englishmen will take in dealing with such matters. For the Austrians in Italy were at times guilty of as great atrocities as the Russians in Poland, and Marshal Haynau was not, unfortunately, an exceptional military tyrant at that time. Italians, also, had no rights of free speech or a free press and their power of effective protest was, therefore, confined to assassination.

Whether, consequently, assassination is a proper means of bringing about a great political change, and national emancipation, or not, clearly Mazzini, even supposing he was at heart an assassin himself, had every possible excuse for resorting to this "wild justice of revenge." When, too, the jury refused to find a verdict of guilty against Orsini's associate and co-conspirator, Dr. Bernard, and the people of London acclaimed them as noble men, they both certainly went a very long way, in my opinion, towards declaring their sympathy with the anti-Napoleonic bomb-thrower.

With reference to the trial and acquittal of Dr. Bernard for complicity in the Orsini attempt upon Napoleon III., which I well remember and which made a very great stir at the time, my old friend Mr. Joseph Cowen told me an amusing story, showing how unsafe it is to trust a mob. A great demonstration was to be held in Hyde Park in honour of this same Dr. Bernard, who had become a great favourite with the people, accessory to attempted assassination before the fact though he was declared to be. Mr. Cowen and two or three friends went up to attend this meeting. When they got into the Park, and before they had covered nearly half the distance to the platforms, they saw a man come rushing towards them at the top of his speed, bareheaded, his long hair flying behind him, his face ghastly white from exertion, and half-dead, as it appeared, from fear. For following close upon his heels was a great crowd shrieking "Down with the spy," "Stop him," "Knock him over," and similar pleasing cries. As the fugitive came closer Mr. Cowen and his friends saw, to their horror, that the man was no other than Dr. Bernard, the very person in whose honour the demonstration had been organised! They gathered round him, defended him against

his assailants, telling the latter to no purpose who their supposed "spy" was, and eventually got him off safely into a cab.

I have referred to Mazzini's antagonism to Marx in the "International" and his denunciation of the Commune of Paris and tried to account for both mistakes, as they seem to Socialists. But time will put these errors, if errors from Mazzini's point of view they were, in the right perspective. Not having been a Socialist myself at the time, though I sympathised with the Communists in their rising, and understanding too how Marx's able domination of the International must have galled a man like the great Italian, I can perhaps appreciate his point of view better than men who did not know him in those days of nationalist and idealist agitation. But Mazzini had then done his work, and passing away shortly afterwards he left behind him the glorious memory of being the one person who kept alive in the hearts and minds of his countrymen the glorious aspiration for a united Italy when it had died down everywhere else.

CHAPTER V

GEORGE MEREDITH

THE name of this remarkable personality recalls a long and intimate personal friendship, beginning for me at the early age of eighteen and ending only with George Meredith's death. I knew Meredith well, that is to say, for just fifty years. From the days when, with abilities unrecognised, literary fame still far away and domestic trouble of the bitterest kind gnawing at his heart, he was making a hard uphill struggle against the world, lightened by keen and joyous, though at times grim humour and deep poetical insight and appreciation; up to the days when, his merits fully admitted and his genius thoroughly appreciated, the desire to become acquainted with such a man as he drew men and women of distinction from all nations to the little cottage under Box Hill, and his death was mourned, as the departure of one who was an honour to his country, by millions who assuredly could not understand his works.

Meredith's was a popularity of a kind conquered but certainly not sought after, and the study of so deep and strange a mind, covered up as a rule from the outside world, possessed for me a great fascination which I resisted and pushed aside as scarcely a fitting attitude towards so close a friend. I have always felt that to analyse the habits and tendencies of a man with

whom one is on terms of close intimacy is almost an irreverence. On the other hand, it is quite impossible to sympathise with the grotesque hero-worship that envelopes the acknowledged great writer in a cloud of literary adoration, through which the plain, uninitiated, but probably none the less judicious admirer, is not allowed to penetrate. However, it is not my business here to parade my opinions on Meredith's achievements in the world of letters, save in so far as they come naturally in as part of my relations with my old friend himself.

I was about eighteen when I made the acquaintance, which rapidly ripened into friendship, of Maurice FitzGerald, son of John Purcell Fitz-Gerald of Boulge Hall, and therefore nephew of Edward FitzGerald the translator of Omar Khayyám. FitzGerald, whom I first met in the cricket field and as a member of the Southdown Club, which comprised at the time some of the best amateur batsmen in the South of England, was one of those men who never do full justice to themselves in the world.

I have always regretted much that, owing to family troubles and other causes, Maurice Purcell FitzGerald never developed, or at any rate showed to the public, the very considerable abilities which he unquestionably possessed. Circumstances drifted him out of the field of leisurely literary work, in which I think he was qualified to shine with at least as much brilliancy as his uncle, and he was lost in the whirl of anonymous journalism. He and his brother Gerald unfortunately possessed a father quite incapable of looking upon his sons as other than lost souls, who could only be saved from sempiternal roasting hereafter by a full share of unpleasantness and mortification here. Their boyhood and youth, so

far as home influence could effect it, were made a burden to them, a burden rendered not less onerous by the delicate consideration of a step-mother. Others have overcome much greater disadvantages and have made their mark on their time. It is quite possible Maurice FitzGerald himself might have done so, had he lived; for he died in 1877, just as life was beginning to look brighter for him, at the early age of forty-two, leaving only some admirable translations from the Greek to bear witness to his natural faculty.

My intimacy with FitzGerald for many years was very close, and I knew his wife and family well too. His only son Gerald who, after a remarkable bit of litigation, inherited the family property, I first saw as a mere baby, then knew him well as a little lad of six, and only met him again lately forty years later. Maurice FitzGerald himself used at one time to bet rather heavily on horses, and certainly had the worst luck at that pastime of any man I ever heard of, except, according to what I read, the present Mr. Buchanan. FitzGerald, who knew Lord St. Vincent well, had backed that nobleman's famous horse Lord Clifden for the Derby to win a very large sum indeed at long odds. But the amount he had staked in order to have the prospect of gaining so much was larger than he could afford to lose. When, therefore, Lord Clifden became a hot favourite and could be laid against at a very short price, FitzGerald instructed his commissioner or betting agent to cover his original stake at the current rate of odds. The agent was so confident the horse would win and that FitzGerald was only throwing away money that he never carried out the instructions. In the actual race the judge decided that Lord Clifden was beaten a short head by Mr. Naylor's Maccaroni; though

it was generally believed at the time that this was a grossly incorrect decision.

FitzGerald did not win his money and was greatly disappointed; but he was absolutely horrified to discover later that he had to pay his whole bet owing to the action of his commissioner, and that he had no redress. It was a very serious matter for him. On another occasion he had bet long odds on a horse named Fitzroy in a match at Newmarket. Fitzroy was some forty lengths ahead of his opponent when he actually fell and broke his leg! On yet a third occasion he had backed a horse named the Peer ridden by a celebrated jockey of the day named Wells. The animal was winning easily when, by some extraordinary accident, his jockey mistook the winning post, and having begun to pull up could not get his mount going again soon enough to avert defeat. These are only three examples of the sort of luck Maurice FitzGerald had, and I have every reason to believe that his account of what befell him was quite correct. Is there such a thing as luck? The philosopher will say certainly not. But I am quite confident that, however little evidence may be brought forward to justify the belief in good and bad luck, there is a vast deal of luck in life, and that in some cases it is impossible to fight successfully against it, in departments of human affairs very far remote from the surroundings of the race-course.

The following lines of translation from Sappho give an idea of FitzGerald's verse:

> Like a ripe red apple
> On the topmost bough
> Higher than the highest
> Who shall pluck it now?
>
> Come the apple-gleaners
> Let the prize go by.

Well enough they see it:
They cannot reach so high!

These next verses are a little too long for the motive, but they are amusing.

WEDDING AND FUNERAL

Why at a wedding eat so little?
Why at a wedding weep so much?
To festive scenes sad actions fit ill;
Yet, friends, the case is such.

We cannot eat or drink, we cannot share
The senseless joy that fires the vulgar brain;
We weep because the dear departing pair
Will soon come back again.

Why at a funeral weep so little?
Why at a funeral eat so much?
To sad scenes festive actions fit ill;
Yet, friends, the case is such.

We eat, we drink first one wine then another.
We cannot squeeze a tear out if we would.
We joy because the dear departed brother
Has gone away for good!

Through FitzGerald it was that I was brought into contact with Meredith, Burnand and others, and enjoyed delightful times together at Seaford, then quite an unknown little place, a sort of village of the dead, one of the old Cinque Ports, rejoicing in all the ancient institutions and ceremonials of the Middle Ages; when the embouchure of the Ouse was at Seaford itself instead of at Newhaven, and its harbour and trade with Lewes and other inland towns made it quite an important commercial centre in its way. Our party there consisted of FitzGerald, his elder brother Gerald, an Italian named Vignati, some connection of FitzGerald's, Lawrence the portrait-painter, and the two men named above. I was

at the time playing in the Sussex County Cricket eleven but I generally contrived to get back in the evening, and jolly evenings and days those were. It was all so spontaneous and unaffected. The villagers around us knew nothing, and cared less, about the laughing, chaffing crew, who, with the sons of the chief local landowner, were making merry in one of the few decent houses on the front, or at the New Inn, already some centuries old.

Though Seaford was the spot at which Meredith's first wife had carried on the intrigue with Wallis the painter which led to their separation, Meredith shook off the trouble this had occasioned him and was almost as jolly as Burnand, whose unfailing good spirits and happy humour have always been the wonder of his friends from his early days upwards. The FitzGeralds at this time were neither of them oppressed by the worries that afterwards attacked them both, and generally the idea of the whole party was, as is common in such cases, to get as much rest and amusement out of this chance gathering of intimates as was possible, and, as is not so common, we succeeded. It is a great pity no record could have been taken of the conversations, seeing that for brilliant spontaneity I remember nothing at all equal to them, and they covered a very wide field. Some day I may endeavour to give an impression of them. Meredith had just produced *Evan Harrington* and *The Ordeal of Julian Feverel* while he and Burnand and FitzGerald were living together at Esher. Burnand, having been turned loose by his father for joining the Catholic Church, was making his way as burlesque - writer and journalist, "Black - Eyed Susan" having been produced at the St. James's Theatre and "Ixion" being in preparation and

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let bears and lions roar and fight—
Then why not me and you?

Chorus (regardless of grammar)—Then why not me and you?

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise.
Your little hands were never never meant
To black each other's eyes.

was given to the sad sea waves with immense fervour, to a tune from one of Verdi's operas.

But Meredith in particular was at his best in those days, and being quite at home with the men around him, and with no audience, he felt it incumbent upon him to dazzle, and, waiting to appreciate his good things, he delivered himself without effort or artifice of all the really profound and poetic and humorous thoughts on men and things that welled up continually within him, in a manner that I recall with delight these long years afterwards. It was on one of these occasions, when we were all sitting together on the beach tossing stones lazily into the sea and Meredith was discoursing with even more than ordinary vivacity and charm, that Burnand suddenly came out with, "Damn you, George, why won't you write as you talk?" I had just been reading Meredith's novels and other works and I understood well what Burnand meant.

Why Meredith, with such a wonderful gift of clear, forcible language as he possessed and was master of, should have deliberately cultivated artificiality I never have been able to comprehend. He had a perfectly marvellous flow of what I may call literary high spirits throughout his life, and his unaffected natural talk, such as this at Seaford, was altogether delightful. But his writing showed even then to my eye, young and inexperienced as I was, little trace of this unforced outpouring of wisdom

and wit; while Meredith's conversation was almost equally artificial, not to say stilted, except with men and women he had known well for years. Sometimes in the bosom of his own family with only his wife and children—whom he addressed in the same tone—and two such friends present he went on in this way. This show talk and show writing of Meredith's was quite as brilliant as the unconsidered outpourings of the natural man, and he said perhaps even cleverer things; but his wit was much more sardonic and somehow you could hear the clank of the machinery all the time. That is why I love to think of the days at Seaford, and some of those others afterwards down at Box Hill.

When I was at Trinity Meredith came up to stay with me in my rooms in Rose Street for a fortnight, and I believe he had a thoroughly good time. At any rate he always said so and I think felt so. By this time, though he was thirteen or fourteen years my senior, I had got to know Meredith very well indeed and fancied, possibly with the presumption of youth, that I understood him better than he thought I did. I had become accustomed to his incisive methods of expression, and the strange way in which he would of a sudden turn into ridicule about half of what he had said seriously just before. But my undergraduate friends did not know what to make of him, and I dare say the same would have been the case with me had I not had the previous experience.

That Meredith was witty, powerful, active, good-humoured and a very keen observer of all that was going on around him they recognised clearly enough. Yet he never seemed to be conversing on the same plane as themselves, clever fellows as some of them were, and have since proved themselves to be. I felt this myself in my own rooms, and I am confident that the lack of sympathy

arose from the artificiality I have noted. For Meredith fully enjoyed and entered into the untamed fervour of youth just entering upon its physical and intellectual emancipation. Though no judge of oarsmanship or games, he took pleasure in looking on at rowing, cricket, racquets and sports of all kinds, being himself always in training and very much stronger muscularly than he looked. In fact he was all wire and whipcord without a spare ounce of flesh upon him, and his endurance, as I found out in more than one long exhausting walk and vigorous playful tussles, was unwearying. And so Meredith, who had never been at either University before, saw Cambridge and the undergraduate life of the day as well as I could show it: looking in when possible at the lecture-rooms, lounging round the backs of the Colleges, watching the boats on the Cam, seeing much of interest in the colleges and libraries, going down to Ely and running over to Newmarket.

Nobody outside of my own immediate circle of friends knew that Meredith was that fortnight in the University, or had they known would have considered the fact of any importance whatever; which is perhaps rather strange when we remember that he had already written more than one of the works, including the *Shaving of Shagpat*, by which he will be remembered. But he had yet to conquer his public, and he was at great pains to render this task most difficult. Whether Meredith ever made use afterwards of the pleasant days, as to me at least they were, which he spent at Cambridge, I have never been able to discover, so I suppose he did not; but in his private letters to me he not unfrequently referred to this visit, and specially noted the fact that I was playing in the University Musical Orchestra, which was supposed to be fairly good even in those days and Meredith

was always passionately fond of music. I wonder whether any of the steadily lessening band of those who met him with me then remember his visit.

Afterwards, at Seaford, at Goodwood, where we both went as Maurice FitzGerald's guests for the races, at the Oriental Club with the same charming host, and elsewhere I saw Meredith from time to time. Not, however, until I had taken my degree and had passed through the Italian campaign of 1866 did I again meet him under circumstances which threw us continuously together. This was less than two years after I had taken my degree, and when I ought to have been at work at the Bar. However, it was in the summer of 1866 I met Meredith again, at the Hôtel Cavour in Milan close by the public gardens; I did not know he was coming out to Italy, and he had no idea at the time that I was there already writing about the campaign, so our meeting was a surprise to us both. We were not long in one another's company at Milan, however, as I went off on a long jaunt with Sala to Genoa and other towns, getting round eventually to Venice, where Meredith joined in with the party at the Hôtel Vittoria.

Meredith was at this time acting as Special Correspondent for the *Morning Post.* It was, I imagine, the first time he had undertaken anything of the kind, and the work did not suit him. Certainly, he wrote nothing worth reading in his new capacity, and this was the more astonishing as walking through the *callés* of Venice and gondolaing through its Canals, on our visits to places of interest, Meredith's observations on the works of art, the architecture, the history and the people were extremely interesting; while his reflections and general talk on political matters, as we used to sit out before the Café Florian until the early hours of the morning, were certainly worth re-

producing. But Meredith positively hated writing as a daily task, and could not bear to think of the whole thing as a mere matter of business. This disturbed his vision and cramped his pen. The *Morning Post* letters are commonplace, not even high-class photography of the events passing before his eyes, and far inferior to what Sala was writing at the same time. But that the atmosphere of Italy breathed itself into him and that he entered fully into the spirit of that emancipation period, was shown later in his novels *Vittoria* and *Sandra Belloni.*

That was the feature of Meredith's conceptions. What was going on around him he absorbed rather than reflected. And his imagination enabled him to depicture even scenes which he had never beheld with greater force and poetic insight than those who had been most deeply affected by their actual beauty. Meredith had never been in the tropics, yet the lady in the *Shaving of Shagpat* with hair dishevelled and head erect "stood up tall and straight before him like a palm tree before the moon." He had never talked with Mazzini nor even seen him, yet he could write of the depth of Mazzini's eyes, "their darkness was as the fringe of the forest and not as the night." This is Meredith, the picturesque, at his best. I asked him what made him think of the former simile? "The hair falling over her shoulders and her slender shape," he said. Wandering through the tropics and seeing a palm tree standing up in a high place under the moonlight, this simile always recurred to my mind.

It was in the Hôtel Vittoria at Venice that there occurred between Meredith and Sala one of those ugly scenes which are always possible when men of entirely opposite character and temper meet. There was little or nothing in common

between them. Meredith's keen and at that period rather sardonic and satirical intelligence grated on Sala's ebullience, and there was a continual friction below the surface from the first time they met; though none would have thought so who saw all of us cheerfully chatting on the Piazza San Marco. The quarrel arose, as such quarrels do, out of a very petty matter, which, when all was said, only amounted to the fact that Meredith, though just in all his dealings and hospitable in his way, was by no means liberal, while Sala, though extremely liberal, and hospitable as well, was by no means always just. Anyway, there arose a tremendous storm on Sala's part, the accumulated outcome of weeks of irritation, and he insulted Meredith most grossly at the hotel table. Meredith could easily have killed Sala in any sort of personal encounter, but he kept a strong restraint upon himself and simply went away. As I was on very good terms with them both it fell to me, though by far the youngest of the party, to endeavour to make peace, and I did contrive to bring about a temporary understanding which happily lasted long enough to settle the matter, as shortly after we all left Venice and there was an end of it. But the affair was none the less unpleasant at the time.

For years after this, when I was in England, I used to see Meredith frequently; and gradually his fame grew, but still more with the judicious and critical than with the public at large. And now I think of it, just before leaving Venice, I ventured on a laughing prediction which has really been fulfilled much more nearly than I could have possibly anticipated when I made it. We were discussing literary matters, Henty and Sala and Spicer and Meredith and Brackenbury and I at our accustomed table outside Florian's when the conversation turned on Meredith's own writings,

and we all agreed that he had the right to far higher and wider popularity than he had yet secured. Meredith declared that he always wrote with a standard of his own before him and that he did not care for popularity. This the rest of us would scarcely accept, and I blurted out, "I believe you will be popular enough one day, Meredith, and the funny thing is you will be appreciated even more for your defects than for your merits." Meredith himself laughed, and really I think I spoke wiser than I knew.

And so our intimacy continued, and after I became a member of the Garrick Club became yet closer. But still Meredith was not regarded as the great writer he undoubtedly was. I may be wrong, but I have always thought that the commencement of a fuller recognition of his power and his place in the world of letters was due to a review of *Beauchamp's Career* which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette.* Greenwood asked me to review the book and I declined on the ground that I knew Meredith too well, had grown up almost from boyhood as his friend, and that if I did by chance put my finger on any weak spots he would be sure to hear who wrote the article and, though he might not be offended, might even admit the truth of what was said, our relations would no longer be quite the same. So Traill wrote the review which filled two fat columns of the *Pall Mall.* Sure enough Meredith asked me who wrote the review and as Greenwood, who was himself an intimate friend of Meredith's, had no objection I told him.

He was pleased with the criticism, which he had every reason to be as it was exceedingly well done in Traill's best manner, being laudatory and appreciative without lacking discrimination. I asked Meredith if he would like to meet Traill. He said he should. So I invited them both to

dinner at the New University Club. We had a very pleasant time and Meredith asked Traill down to Box Hill to dine and sleep at his cottage. Meredith was then writing *The Egoist* and during Traill's visit read him the Introduction. Something in Traill's face told him that full comprehension was lacking. "You don't understand all that?" "No, I'll be damned if I do," stammered Traill. Meredith burst out laughing. "Well, I suppose it is rather hard," he said. Traill told me it was made easier afterwards, but I don't consider it a very intelligible piece of writing even now. But I do believe that was Meredith's provoking love of obscurity. He loved to puzzle his readers. "Damn you, George, why won't you write as you talk?" I told Traill that story and he agreed with me in thinking Burnand hit the nail on the head; for Traill, who wrote with admirable lucidity himself, could not understand why a man of Meredith's genius should refuse to be altogether natural. The deepest water may be quite clear.

Many were my visits to Box Hill after my return from Australia, and we got to know Meredith's second wife very well too: they staying with us in Devonshire Street and we with them down there. I have heard some of Meredith's friends speak rather slightingly of this lady, as if she were intellectually quite unworthy of her husband. Genius has no mate. But Mrs. Meredith was a charming, clever, tactful, and handsome Frenchwoman: a good musician, a pleasant conversationalist, a most considerate, attentive and patient wife and an excellent mother. Nobody who knew her could fail to admire, esteem and like her.

Her care of her husband was always thoughtful but never obtrusive, and Meredith with all his high qualities was not by any means an easy man to live with. Writing men mostly are not. At one time

he would persist in turning vegetarian. It was well-nigh the death of him. But he had persuaded himself that that was the right sort of food to give the highest development to body and mind, and persist in it he would. What was to be done? Meredith was a man who took a tremendous lot out of himself, not only intellectually but physically. He was always throwing about clubs, or going through gymnastic exercises, or taking long walks at a great pace, not allowing an ounce of fat to accumulate on his body or his face. It was the same with his writing. He never pretended to take matters easy. So poor Mrs. Meredith had a hard time during this bread and roots period. She saw her husband gradually going down hill and becoming every day more gaunt and hungry-eyed and skeletonic; yet if she or any one else ventured to suggest that this meagre diet was unsuited to a man of his habit of life and work, and that—this very gently—his increasing acerbity was caused by sheer lack of sustenance and his energy consequently sawing into his exposed nerves—well, it was a case of "stand from under" very quickly. Mrs. Meredith tried every conceivable device to arrest the nerve weakness she saw coming upon Meredith. She boiled his vegetables in strong broth, introduced shredded meat as far she dared into his bread by connivance with the baker, and tried various other estimable frauds upon him. All to no purpose.

She begged me as one of his oldest friends to try what I could do. I did try and, metaphorically speaking, fled for my life. Really I thought my old friend would die, so determined did he seem to commit suicide in this unpleasant way. At last things got so bad and he was so weak that he recognised the truth himself, and was forced to admit that a man who does double duty as an athlete of mind

as well as an athlete of body wants another animal to do his preliminary digestion for him, if he is to keep himself up to the mark at all. So Meredith took to meat-eating again and all went well; but I have always thought this mistaken rush to a vegetable diet was responsible for the lesion which came later. For Meredith was so sound in every way up to that time that I fully believed he would live in good health and vigour to the age of a hundred, though a man who preserved his faculties as well as Meredith did up to over eighty had, I must admit, an excellent innings.

To return to Mrs. Meredith. This lovable lady was as humble as she was devoted. They were going out together to some grand party and she said to my wife, "It is not me they want to see; it is my clever husband." I remember, too, that once when dining with us a well-known man of that day made a vigorous attack on France and French life and French women. We were horrified and at a loss what to do or say. Mrs. Meredith, however, in the most pleasing way took up the subject, showed, of course, in a few words that she knew a great deal more about it than the unfortunate critic, and without the least betraying that she was French herself put things right. How very odd it is, by the way, that even highly-educated Englishmen will at most awkward moments thus display their ignorance of French life and home manners. Meredith himself, I am sure, fully appreciated his wife's fine qualities, and his home was certainly a happy one while she lived.

Many a pleasant day my wife and I passed with them at Box Hill, I taking long walks with Meredith during the day and playing duets with Mrs. Meredith at night. The first of these walks I remember well was to Epsom and back, to see the Derby run in the race won by Kisber. It was a

splendid day, the air was bright and clear, the trees were just bursting out into foliage, and Meredith was in the highest spirits, full of the joy of life and the inspiration of the happy spring time. Our road lay up hill and down dale, and as we mounted a slight ascent, whence we could see the race-course in the distance, the roar of the betting ring and the clamour of the multitude broke in suddenly upon our conversation. So we went on, Meredith discoursing gloriously in the valley, the turmoil of the mob coming in as chorus upon the hill. We witnessed the Derby itself, and looked down upon the crowds from the elevation above Tattenham Corner. We had not the remotest idea which horse had won till the next day. But we had many similar walks without these interruptions, and very pleasant walks they were.

When I went in for my studies and writing on India, and afterwards on economic subjects and Socialism, I got much friendly encouragement from Meredith, who was always exceedingly good-natured to younger men. Funnily enough, however, when I offered to translate *La Russia Sotteranea* by Stepniak, the first copy of which Kropotkin had given me when it reached England, for the benefit of the Russian Red Cross movement, Meredith declined the book as "reader" for Messrs. Chapman & Hall. In this case I think his judgment was wrong, as directly the six months of copyright had expired, Messrs. Smith & Elder brought out a translation which had a very large sale. There were scenes in the work which impressed themselves very strongly on my mind, notably that of the anonymous printer in the secret underground press who went on working, working, working, regardless of health, danger or enjoyment, quite satisfied that he, the unknown

toiler, was helping to spread the light in the world above.

At a later date, Socialism and bad luck having seriously crippled my means, I thought of turning to journalism as a business, having previously written as a matter of intellectual pleasure, though I was fortunately well paid for what I wrote. I was lucky enough to obtain an exceedingly good offer as leader-writer for a well-known journal. I went to Meredith and asked him whether in his opinion I ought to accept this proposal and tie myself up partially in this way, or should trust to some knowledge of finance I possessed to pull me through. Meredith strongly advised the latter course. "If you once begin to write regularly for money mostly," said he, "you will be insensibly drawn into the whirlpool of daily journalism and may never be able to struggle out again. You cannot possibly do what you are doing and be a thorough-going journalist too. Keep yourself independent, no matter at what cost." As my wife was ready to run this risk, which has proved to be a risk indeed, after I had declined to go in as a regular party man, I took Meredith's advice. I have no right to regret this decision, having regard to the great progress which the cause to which I devoted myself has made.

As I was churned up more and more in the Socialist propaganda, and the necessity for attending to my own affairs pressed upon me at the same time, I saw Meredith less and less, especially after I very foolishly gave up my membership of the Garrick Club. But from the time that Meredith's health began to fail, we always went down to see him at Box Hill as often as we could. The manner in which he fought against a physical disability, specially annoying to such an active man as he, always astonished us. The struggle to

maintain some semblance of his old vigour so long as he could get about was fine, though sad to witness, and his light-hearted greeting was as charming as ever.

Not, however, that he gave up his artificiality. This had become part of himself. On one occasion we saw this very markedly. We were sitting, all three of us, Meredith and my wife and I, on the old oak seat which lay a little above his ivy-covered cottage, on the path that led up to his own hermit bungalow, under the trees, on the slope of the hill. Never, even in the very best of his health and vigour, was he more cheerful or more spontaneous than when, in the soft summer air, with the flowers around us, and the sweep of green down stretching far away beyond up to the black yew trees in the distance, he discoursed of many things and many men, the old time and the new. We listened to him with delight, and would gladly have listened on. As it grew a little late, he told us that Mr. John Morley and Mr. Haldane were coming down to dine with him and pressed us to stay and meet them, an invitation we would gladly have accepted but could not. A few minutes later Mr. Haldane came alone up the path, Mr. Morley not having been able to accompany him, and seated himself on the same bench. Straightway, the old change from the fresh and familiar to the artificial and brilliant was made manifest, and there was Meredith, who a few minutes before had been as full of easy jollity as in the Seaford days, again forcing his intellect to strain for effect quite unnecessarily, and to us who admired him, most provokingly.

On this occasion he gave me his last book of poems, and from one of them I think the following is not out of place:—

Responsive never to soft desire
For one prized tune is this our chord of life.
'Tis clipped to deadness with a wanton knife,
In wishes that for ecstasies aspire.
Yet have we glad companionship of Youth,
Elysian meadows for the mind,
Dare we to face deeds done, and in our tomb
Filled with the parti-coloured bloom
Of loved and hated, grasp all human truth
Sowed by us down the mazy paths behind.
To feel that heaven must we that hell sound through:
Whence comes a line of continuity,
That brings our middle station into view,
Between those poles; a novel Earth we see,
In likeness of us, made of banned and blest;
The sower's bed, but not the reaper's rest:
An Earth alive with meanings, wherein meet
Buried, and breathing, and to be.
Then of the junction of the three,
Even as a heart in brain, full sweet
May sense of soul, the sum of music, beat.

My correspondence with George Meredith was frequent, and extended over many years. Unfortunately, when we left our house in Devonshire Street in 1887 I destroyed most of my letters from men of note, which I have since greatly regretted. The three letters below, however, give an idea of his style and of the warmth of his heart:

October 31, 1899.

MY DEAR HYNDMAN—I regard your article in *Justice* with full approval. This hateful war tears me in two. I have to wish for the success of our men in the cause that I condemn. The Demon is in that mount of Gold. I had always the dread that the first steps of Imperialism would be bloody. Greenwood has written excellently. But the tide of Brummagem policy was too strong, Cairo to the Cape a mighty hunger. My compliments and regards to your wife. —Yours ever,

(Signed) GEORGE MEREDITH.

February 16, 1908.

MY DEAR HYNDMAN—Your second kind letter smites me with remorse of the unanswered first—of which a full reply has

been in my mind since I received it. But the positive pen has had to do work incessantly, chiefly to foolish communications asking questions and so constraining me. I am, it would appear, a discovered man. I think of the old days, my visit to Cambridge, your performance on the flute; remembering well the little bit of Beethoven, and your fine stand in the cricket field: some 50!—and the Hauptman duets with my wife at the piano—all as yesterday. For all through the years backward I conjure at with the senses and the feelings of the day. And now you are among the foremost in the fray, while I do but sit and look on. I am accused sharply by myself, and yet am helpless. You can imagine, therefore, what my thoughts are when congratulations come showering under the note of "happy returns." Cheerfulness has not forsaken me, but Nature has cast me aside, and I do not like this mere drawing of breath without payment for it. However, I take pride in those who fight gallantly with honest conviction of the justness of their cause. Give my love to your wife.—Very warmly yours,

(Signed) George Meredith.

Box Hill, Dorking,
January 5, 1909.

My dear Hyndman—If I delay further to write to you there is no knowing when I shall be free, for I am burdened with letters compelling to replies—with invitations to centenary celebration poems! No wonder you are down. And remember that it is at a time of life when Nature's reconstructive powers must be laborious. The work in *Justice* is enough to wear any man. I was pleased to see you and Blatchford in union for a national army. A poem of mine, "The Call," in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* raised the same cry. One may fear that a landing of foreign artillery on our shores alone will rouse the mercantile class. Doubtless, also, there is an apprehension as to the prudence of schooling the toilers in the use of arms. We are not yet a people.—As to Morley you are unjust. He did the best that a member of the Cabinet can do, in a position beset with difficulties.—You spoke of a visit here with your wife last year. There is a welcome. But I am forbidden to mount stairs, and the dining-room of the cabin makes a bedroom. Worthy friends, however, have consented to dine in the sitting-room.

(Signed) George Meredith.

Meredith's end came to him easily: he felt he had done his work, though he worked to the last; and he knew that he had gained in his concluding years that full acceptance of his genius for which he had waited, but had not striven, so long.

CHAPTER VI

VICTORIA

In 1868 my friend Boyd Kinnear stood as an out-and-out Radical candidate for Fifeshire, and I went up to stay with him at Kinloch to help him if I could and at any rate to see the fun. Sir Robert Anstruther was the Tory candidate and I don't think Kinnear, who won the seat afterwards, thought he had much chance this time; especially as he took the high and mighty line of pure conviction and would allow no canvassing at all. But he made a very good fight of it and told the electors a lot of truths, the greater part of which they have never yet accepted.

And here for the first time I made the close acquaintance of two Scotch marauders who have since invaded this nation to a fine tune: whisky and golf. The game, which I investigated on the famous St. Andrews Links, was, I was informed, intensely exciting, and many of my countrymen now think so. To my mind it combines boredom and complications in about equal measure, and for the development of human mendacity, uncouth technicalities and bad language, it transcends any diversion I have yet encountered in any part of this planet. A returned golfer is more addicted to exaggeration, to phrase it mildly, than a returned salmon-fisher; while a lot of golfers together are the most unbearable "shop-" talking miscreants

who ever destroyed rational conversation and rendered digestion impossible.

But whisky. Do you like whisky? If you say you do, I am bound to take your word for it, as a matter of politeness; but I shall firmly believe all the same that you drink it out of deference to some Cabinet Minister or to ingratiate yourself with a leading editor—all of them being Scotchmen at the hour that now is. It is inconceivable to me that anybody can really like the stuff. Taste, smell, effect on the health are each and all enough to warn the judicious from having anything to do with such a direful liquor. But it has come South with a vengeance, and now all over Europe men and even women absorb the pestilent liver-congesting decoction called whisky-and-soda. I first made acquaintance with this pernicious intoxicant, as I say, at Kinnear's, and in my Southron ignorance partook of it in the wrong way. Whisky, hot water, lemon and sugar: this was the headachy compost hospitably recommended to me by my Scottish entertainers. I was provided with the materials, a big glass, a small glass and a ladle. It was this ladle that caused my unforgettable discomfiture. I had mixed my liquor with moderation in the big glass, the smaller I took to be intended for very modest drinkers. I then saw at once what the ladle was for: it was meant to convey the toddy to my mouth. I therefore began solemnly to pour ladleful after ladleful down my throat with this convenient implement, when suddenly Kinnear called to his brother, half choked with laughter, "Look at him, Charles, only look at what he is doing"; whereupon they both laughed in unison to my chagrin and abasement. The ladle was only intended, it seemed, to take the grog from the bigger to the smaller vessel. But, however mixed or however swallowed,

whisky is a most wretched tipple and I could only wonder how Kinnear, whose choice in wines was always admirable, should allow his nationality to beguile him into consuming this baneful spirit as if he liked it. Tuberculosis and cancer, appendicitis, lunacy and liver complaint have all spread with most malefic energy since whisky became the vogue south of the Tweed.

But even golf and whisky could not lessen my admiration for the beauties of St. Andrews or my enjoyment of the rude humour of a Scotch parliamentary election, with its fierce heckling and its well-educated ruffianism. Did you ever see a crowd of Scotch electors spit on their opponents? I did. In Principal Tulloch and Professor Spencer Baynes of St. Andrews, however, Kinnear had two most capable and interesting supporters. They used their eloquence and persuasion for the time being in vain; but rarely have two abler men left the library and the lecture room to take part in a political election. Tulloch, in particular, was a man of remarkable parts, and his personal appearance—he was strikingly like the most widely accepted traditional portrait of Jesus of Nazareth —added weight to what he said. Baynes, on the other hand, was of lighter mould and I wondered how he had come to be Professor of English in a Scotch University and editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* He and Francis Pigott, Examiner of Plays, had been great friends in London as journalists. Baynes was at this time full of good stories about Pigott and himself, and an anecdote he told of Pigott's greeting to Herbert Spencer when that philosopher first began his great book is worth repeating.

Baynes and Pigott were living together and both were intimate with Spencer, who not unfrequently called at their rooms. This he did a day

or two after the publication of his prospectus, or syllabus, or summary, of what he proposed to achieve in his philosophic and scientific survey of sociology and the universe generally. Pigott was writing at a table when Spencer came in, and Baynes went forward alone to greet him. Baynes congratulated the philosopher heartily on the great effort he was about to make, said it was one that was well worthy of his life's work and added that if there was any man living who was capable of adequately covering so wide and difficult a field, he was the writer specially qualified for the task. When Baynes had finished Pigott arose and going up to Spencer said, "I quite agree with Baynes, you will certainly carry out your magnificent programme and, exhausted with your successful labours, will retire to your rest. This will be the epitaph we shall have inscribed upon your tomb: 'In seven days the Lord made the earth and on the eighth Herbert Spencer wrote it down.'" What Spencer replied to this is not on record. He had no marked sense of humour and took himself very seriously indeed. Talking one day with Huxley on man and life he said: "All that can be done is to make a mark on one's time and then the end." "Never mind the mark," replied Huxley, "a push is enough."

Kinnear polled but 700 votes at this election, and this result gave me an abiding contempt for our whole system of electing candidates for the House of Commons. There was no comparison whatever in point of ability and character between himself and Sir Robert Anstruther: yet the latter won by an overwhelming majority. Proportional representation I can understand and appreciate, even a *plébiscite* on great issues is a convenient way of averting a dangerous political conflict, or even of preventing civil war; but a rough-and-

tumble factionist appeal to a limited electorate, jerrymandered up into constituencies varying for an equal number of members from 1500 to 50,000 voters, in which the result is decided by considerations entirely remote from the real vital interests of the people, and is largely influenced by the amount of money spent, is a system of pseudo-democracy which might easily in stirring times bring the whole nation to ruin. At this period, though only, as I have already admitted, a mere political Radical I saw these defects clearly enough. But I was not at one with Radicals on all points. Thus in this same year I expressed myself strongly, contrary to the then prevailing opinion among both Liberals and Conservatives, in favour of a close federation of our democratic Colonies with the Mother-country and, although our Australasian colonies will be far more difficult to defend in the future than in the past, and all our colonies certainly take a most selfish view of their relations to us, I am of the same opinion to-day.

Though I had made a little journalistic and literary reputation since the Italian campaign I was still drifting rather aimlessly about, amusement having quite as much to say to my life as writing or study. Not that I am quite sure that the ordinary beaten track of the public school or the tutor, the University, the Church, or the Bar is quite the course best suited to give a man an understanding of the world, or to develop such faculties as, perhaps, unknown to himself, he may possess. However that may be, when I had had two years of London life, of the mixed sweets description I have more or less fully recounted above, I was, or I imagined myself to be, in impaired health. So in February 1869 I sailed on the old *Roxburgh Castle* of Green's Line to go to Australia, for a prolonged tour through the Colonies and the United States.

We took one hundred and four days from land to land. The only incidents of importance at sea, says Landor, are the sun rising and the sun setting. I remember a little more than that about my voyage out to Melbourne, and three solid weeks frittered away in the doldrums on the Equator I shall never forget. I began to doubt whether we should ever get any farther and feared we should stay there, like the luckless victims of ships in the Sargasso sea, until, food eaten up, water given out, a whole ship's company of rawboned starvelings would throw themselves in despair to the attendant sharks. However, everything has an end, even a voyage on the *Roxburgh Castle*, and almost to my surprise I arrived in Hobson's Bay in the same year in which I started. I was at once proposed as a member of the Melbourne Club.

I have always remembered my sojourn therein, off and on for two years, with the keenest pleasure. I became very intimate with many of its members and I saw from the first, what not a few Englishmen coming out to the Colony failed unfortunately to recognise, that, before the gold fever and spirit of adventure drew them out to Victoria, many of these habitués had seen and enjoyed pretty nearly all that was to be seen and enjoyed of European Society. To hear young visitors, newly landed, talk down from the height of their superior knowledge and experience to men such as Standish, Capel, Agnew, Candler, Gowen Evans, Bunny, the Finlays and others was really very amusing; though the awakening of the cleverer of them to the facts of the situation, after a few nights of conversation in the smoking-room, was sometimes a little distressing. A study of the characters of Australia of that day has never been adequately done. At most sketches here and there have given a faint idea of the interesting personalities who

built up these white Colonies, now doomed, I fear, to pass, in the not remote future, to a very different race.

A very amusing instance of unintentional lack of good manners and its rebuke occurred in the smoking-room of the Melbourne Club. Wood was then becoming scarce in the colony of Victoria, and only one large wood fire was kept up in the club—that in the smoking-room. Round this fire, naturally, there was every evening a large gathering, the fire itself being the centre of the semicircle of members seated chatting. It was, of course, regarded as very "bad form" for any one to stand in front of the fire, except for a minute or two, as in this way sight of the glow was shut out from all the rest. However, one evening a newly arrived stranger from home, who afterwards proved to be a very nice fellow, took up his position before the blaze, and, turning his back to it, entered into the general conversation. There he stood. Nobody liked to say anything to him, though, of course, there was a certain feeling of resentment at his behaviour. All waited. Nobody moved, and the talk went on. At last one of the oldest members of the club, Dr. Candler, solemnly rose, cutting his tobacco for his pipe in the hollow of his hand, as is the custom of pipe-smokers in those parts, and rang the bell. The waiter came. "Waiter," said Candler, "bring some more wood." The waiter went out and returned with two huge billets, which he put on the fire after he had carefully raked it down, the young obstructive having moved to one side in order to enable this to be done. When the waiter withdrew, however, he resumed his place and stood there as before. Within a few minutes the fire had got very hot, and then Candler rose again, with the same solemn air as before, and once more rang the bell and

gave the same order to the waiter. This time the waiter, who probably saw the fun of the thing, returned quite laden with large logs of wood, raked down the fire and put them all on. Still the young man returned to his post. We others found it very difficult to keep our countenance. But now the heat became too great even for him, and his clothes were scorching. He therefore moved away, and then at last a quiet laugh went through that assembly.

I have been a great deal about the world and I have moved freely in many societies, but I have never lived in any city where the people at large, as well as the educated class, took so keen an interest in all the activities of human life, as in Melbourne at the time I visited it. Art, the drama, music, literature, journalism, wit, oratory, all found ready appreciation. The life and vivacity of the place were astonishing. Its only drawback was rather neatly expressed by the brother of Bernal Osborne, who held some British appointment in the metropolis of Victoria. Asked how he liked Melbourne he replied, with the drawl that was habitual to him, "Immensely. But don't you think it is a little far from town?"

I had come out to Australia for my health and to see something of the Colonies. I began the latter diversion by staying up country with my Trinity friends, the Finlays, at Glenormiston. The story of how, being fully entitled to the possession of that "run," their father and themselves eventually tossed up for it against their malversating Scotch agent and won it, though, by a curious arrangement on the part of their partners, the Gladstones, cousins of the G.O.M., the agent had two throws to their one, is quite an interesting little episode in colonial life which might be worth telling if space permitted. Suffice it to say, that a property

worth some £200,000 passed "by the hazard of the dice" into the hands of the rightful owner. Many years afterwards my friend Steuart Gladstone told me what fools he thought his family had been not to take up the same line as the Finlays, instead of trusting to the honesty of a wily old Highland shepherd who had feathered his own nest beautifully at their expense. At any rate, I had a very pleasant time on one of the best runs in Australia: hunting kangaroo, rounding up cattle, shooting snipe—for which alone Australia was well worth discovering, seeing that they are as big again and to the full as toothsome as our home-grown variety; and also with the Robertsons, the two famous Oxford oarsmen, shooting rabbits at Colac.

Those were the days when bushrangers were still plying their vocation and rabbits literally overran the country. I went out, I say, with one of the Robertsons to shoot the latter. A bootless pastime, and, as I soon discovered, a horribly dangerous one. All the bushrangers that ever infested the back country would not have scared me so completely as did that morning's work. We went down, in order to find more rabbits, close to the Colac Lake. But where there are rabbits in Australia there likewise are snakes. Snakes! I never saw so many snakes before or since. And deadly reptiles too. The diamond snake, the whip snake, all sorts of snakes, most of them poisonous. Robertson had on a pair of snake-proof trousers. I hadn't. I shot more snakes than I did rabbits and then, I am not ashamed to say, I cleared out as fast as I could go. No more snake and rabbit sport for me after that experience. I can imagine nothing more terrifying than to indulge as a pastime in walking through short scrub, beset with reptiles as poisonous as cobras on every hand, and expecting each moment to tread on one of them and

feel his fangs embedded in your calf. It was admitted afterwards that I ought not to have gone where I did in my ordinary apparel. I should think not. If Robertson is still living and reads these lines I hope his conscience will smite him, and that he will dream he has a whip snake up his leg.

It was here, at Glenormiston, in the rich Camperdown district of Victoria, that, as it seems to me now, I first began to grasp in earnest the communal theories which I have since understood more completely. I never could endure the idea that the land of a country should belong to a mere handful of people whose forbears had obtained it either by force or fraud, or who bought it from those who had thus acquired it. In Europe, however, there was some historical ground, if not excuse, for this illicit appropriation. In Australia history had not begun. Yet here, riding about the country, I found interlopers called squatters, far more dangerous and iniquitous in their social depredations than the outlaws who held up Cobb's coaches and robbed banks, who had, with the assent of a legislature completely under their control, grabbed vast areas of land by absurdly cheap purchase, or still cheaper perpetual lease, which made them in reality masters of the well-being of the entire agricultural community. They had, to use their own phrase, "picked out the eyes of the country" by buying at a low price those portions of the district which commanded the water-supply and the communications and, being thus lords of all they surveyed, the surrounding acreage they used for cattle-ranches. The Camperdown district was rather an exception to this system, as much of the land was so good as to be worth buying out and out at the low price of £1 an acre, and holding on to until population and general development increased the value ten, twenty, or a hundred-fold.

I am bound to say these same squatters treated me personally so well that, as a mere passer-by and stranger in the land, I felt scarcely justified in attacking them. One fine night, however, at the Finlays, as luck would have it, the conversation turned upon the landownership of Australia and I blurted out, with the imprudence which I have been assured by all my friends, in confidence, is my prevailing characteristic, that the squatters of Victoria, however pleasant individually, were, as a class, some of the most nefarious land-grabbers that ever afflicted a community, and I went on to say that if I had the power I would expropriate the whole lot of them without further ado. Hence arose a dire contention, and I was accused, quite justly, of abusing the rights of hospitality by bringing up such an indigestible topic in so repellent a form immediately after dinner. That I did not dispute. But we were in for the argument, and the argument went on.

On the general issue I thought, and I think, I got the best of it; but that would not itself have brought even one of the fifteen squatters carousing and smoking happily round that table over to my side. Happily for me there was a hideous example close at hand. The obnoxious landowner was a miscreant named Manifold, I believe. He was a miser, a sweater, a curmudgeon, a landgrabber of the most unpleasant description, and he owned in fee simple fully 50,000 acres of the very finest land in the district: a much larger area than was possessed by any squatter at the table. "Do you mean to tell me," said I, with all the fervour of righteous indignation, not difficult to feel and express on a matter that did not personally affect myself, "do you mean to tell me that you uphold the proceedings of old Manifold, who has got some fifty or sixty thousand acres of the very finest land

in this neighbourhood, who doesn't till it, or improve it, or cultivate it, and absolutely cheats his stockmen out of their wages whenever he can? Is that the sort of landownership you, as honourable men, would sustain and perpetuate? You know as well as I do that old Manifold uses his land to support his politics"—he was a member of the Legislative Council—"and his politics to uphold his land. He has never done any good to any living being. Yet there he sits like an incubus on his fifty thousand acres, waiting until you other fellows, with higher conceptions of life, make his property worth millions by your efforts." Well, what with playing up old Manifold for more than he was worth, and putting forward in all sincerity the interests of the whole community and their children after them, as of far more importance than the enrichment and aggrandisement of a very small class, I actually succeeded in getting several of these squatters to agree with me. They even insisted upon putting the question of the resumption of all the squatters' land at a fair remuneration for improvements and time and energy spent on them to the whole of our party. Of the fifteen squatters present, seven voted for this resolution and eight against. And so to bed, a defeated but not a discouraged propagandist.

The following morning one of those dramatic little incidents occurred to which a disputant is inclined at the time to attach too much importance. Among the most vigorous of my opponents before we retired was a local squatter, Mr. Shaw, known by everybody as "Tommy" Shaw. I was deeply engaged in replacing the tissues exhausted by debate with a thoroughly good breakfast—no boiled tea and damper in *that* bush!—being chaffed a little the while by other breakfasters on the results of our discussion of the night before, when

"Tommy" entered. He came straight to where I was sitting, and without even saying good-morning, delivered himself thus: "I have been thinking carefully over what you were saying last night, Mr. Hyndman, about the private ownership of vast tracts of land by squatters, and I have come to the conclusion that you were quite right." Thereupon a roar of laughter and protest rang round the table. This change of opinion on the part of Mr. Shaw gave me the majority, as I hastened to point out. The minority at once started a subscription to ensure my deportation from the colony as a person too dangerous to be allowed to be any longer at large. I heard of Tommy Shaw many years afterwards as a stanch supporter of Henry George and his land-nationalisation scheme here at home in the Midlands. It has always seemed to me very creditable to the squatters that forty years ago a chance majority of them should take the view they did, when up country, and on their own lands. But things move slowly in Australia, too, and not even the Labour Party has yet carried a vote for the resumption of Crown Lands in the House of Representatives of Victoria.

Returning to the Melbourne Club, after a very delightful and instructive tour through the colony, I was quite unexpectedly plunged into journalism and politics, and this, to some extent, against my will. I was thoroughly enjoying this new and fresh life, as well as the friends and acquaintances I had made and was making, sending a letter now and then to a well-known journal at home but otherwise not troubling my head about writing of any sort. One fine day, however, the manager of the *Argus*, who was a member of the club, an old Lincoln College, Oxford, man named Gowen Evans, whom I had got to know well, upbraided me with my laziness, which as I told him was no business

of his, and then pressed me to write a review for the paper of a novel by Marcus Clarke, which had just appeared. Marcus Clarke was then and for long afterwards the smartest *littérateur* in Melbourne, and it appeared that other writers of ability did not care to criticise his work. Evans persuaded me to undertake the task and I did it as well as I could.

So far as I can remember it was not a bad novel; but it described scenes in England which the writer had never looked upon, and dealt with a life he knew of only by hearsay. While giving the author full credit for its merits, therefore, I did not hesitate to point out very clearly its defects. I never got greater fun out of anything I ever wrote. As I have said the Melbourne of that day was a city which rejoiced in anything that was lively in the way of journalism or letters, and it was most amusing to hear the talk going on as to who had been so rash as to criticise thus adversely the writing of this promising and rather prickly young Australian. The secret was well kept, and when at last it leaked out Marcus Clarke and I had become excellent friends. At the end of the review I had said that I felt sure if the author would turn his attention to the life and character of his own native country he would make a great name for himself. I only mention this now because, years later, Marcus Clarke, recalling this remark of mine, sent me a copy of his novel entitled *His Natural Life*.

This is an awful book. Some one speaking of it the other day said it was a mere reproduction of official records. That is quite unfair in every way. The novel is in its line a masterpiece of horror. It is not mere photography: it is an artistic presentation of events so terrible in themselves that it needed a craftsman of much more than ordinary

skill and imagination to bring them within the scope of literary art at all. The story is based upon incidents many of which actually took place in those hells upon earth, Van Diemen's Land and Norfolk Island. So hideous were the details of revolting tyranny and cruelty exercised from above upon the luckless prisoners and, sad to say, by the prisoners themselves upon one another and upon warders whom they were able to overmaster, that I believe the original records were deliberately destroyed, as being contrary to public morals that such things should ever see the light. But Clarke's tremendous book remains, telling, alike by what it recites and what it suppresses, the frightful truth. I defy any one to read it through without feeling as he lays it down that he has been perusing what is not far, if at all, removed from a work of genius. This is the more remarkable inasmuch that Clarke's turn seemed to be towards light and witty comment on the topics of the day. *His Natural Life* shows that, as I suspected, much greater power than he himself knew lay below the surface of his ability. He never did himself full justice. But this novel of his will live by sheer force of its terror-inspiring delineations long after his other work is forgotten. I am sure all who read it will share my opinion as to its power.

My connection with the *Argus* thus casually begun did not, I am glad to say, end there. Professor Hearn, the author of *Plutology*, was the principal leader-writer for that journal, which then held the same position in Australia that the *Times* under Delane held in England. The education question was being forced to the front, and Hearn was a strong denominationalist, writing indeed all the time in that sense in the *Australasian*, which was the weekly journal of the proprietors of the *Argus*. I was asked to contribute articles as

leader-writer in favour of secular education in the *Argus* in Hearn's place. As I had always been of opinion that the only possible solution of the problem of education was that it should be gratuitous, compulsory and secular, and of the best kind for all classes, from the common schools up to the university, with physical training for both boys and girls all through, I gladly embraced this opportunity of advocating that policy.

By far our most formidable opponents were the Catholics, who fought a good fight on behalf of their reactionary, mind-perverting principles. The Anglicans, Nonconformists and other sects who favoured religious teaching in the State schools merely followed in the wake of the only great international Christian Church. It was a hot struggle while it lasted; but the whole progressive party in politics and in the press was marshalled on our side. Moreover, we were waging a war for clearly defined principles; namely, that public money should only be used for public purposes, and that the community at large had nothing whatever to do with promulgating sectarian religious beliefs, whether those beliefs happened to be Christian or Mohammedan, Buddhist or Fetichist. We won completely all along the line, and though, since that day, many and vigorous efforts have been made by the bigots and reactionaries to upset the system, Victoria still enjoys one of the best schemes of education for the whole people from childhood to maturity that exists in the world.

I have looked back ever since with genuine satisfaction to the small part I took in this great work, and I think it was a fine thing for my friends of that time, Frederick Haddon the Editor and Gowen Evans the Manager of the leading Conservative organ in Australia, to have used its great

influence at that critical juncture in favour of giving a thoroughly sound unsectarian education to the whole of the children of that colony. Both of these men have long since joined the majority, but their work lives after them, and the Oxford man buried in Northamptonshire and the old reporter-editor who went to his rest in Victoria deserved well of their time, and I rejoice to be able to pay their memory now this my little tribute of affectionate regard. All who lent a hand in securing that glorious victory for free thought and sound education might indeed well be proud of the results achieved. Here in Great Britain, more than forty years afterwards, our politicians and journalists are still engaged in their pitiful squabbling as to how best to keep the children of the "old country" ignorant, or at the best half-taught, in the name of their holy Christian religion, which is never inculcated in two schools on the same lines.

Long years after this, the whole episode was brought to my mind in a rather amusing way. I was in control of a financial organisation in the city. A wealthy and well-known Australian came to see me on an important matter of business connected with the colony of Victoria. After we had discussed matters fully, and I had come to some arrangement with him, this Australian magnate became quite friendly and communicative. He told me of his early struggles and how, by dint of hard work and persistence in the face of great difficulties, he had made his way, and had achieved by his own exertions the enviable position in which he was now placed. He had much to say also of Victoria, its advantages and drawbacks. Among the latter, he put unhesitatingly its methods of educating the young. I did not tell my visitor in turn that I knew something about the colony, and

he went on with his tale to, as he thought, a thoroughly sympathetic listener. "Will you believe it, sir," he said, "will you believe it, the poorest miner's sons in Victoria can get as good an education as my sons, and I have to pay in order that these paupers should come out afterwards and compete with them on equal terms? What do you think of that?" "Monstrous," I replied, "quite monstrous"; and he retired convinced that he had met a most sensible person in myself. I laughed heartily, when he had gone, and recalled once more with pleasure the work I had done to bring about the state of things which so angered my rich, self-made man. And I read in the newspapers as I went home a vehement argument against allowing children to be brought up without religious teaching, no matter what might be the shortcomings of their educational course in other respects. We are indeed a conservative people!

The Duke of Edinburgh was on a visit to Australia at this time, and I frequently met him at the club. He used good-naturedly to go out of his way to talk to me, and I had not conversed with him long before I found out that I had to do with a very clever man. Mean in his dealings with money, indifferent as to his dignity at times and places when such carelessness attained to the proportions of an indecent public scandal, and certainly not generally popular as a personality, there could be no doubt whatever as to his capacity, nor as to his power to make himself agreeable when he chose to do so. It became quite a joke that the Duke should chat so often, and at such length, with an out-and-out Radical and Republican like myself. So one day when he had, as usual, run away from others and settled himself down to argue with me, I asked him,

point-blank, why he was kind enough to distinguish me in this manner. "Because," he said, "you talk to me just as if I were the same as everybody else, and when you don't agree with me—as in that little matter of the overcharge for my coach to the Melbourne Cup—you tell me so plainly. It is nothing short of an infernal nuisance for people to say to me always what they think I want them to say. It bores me to death. I have come out here to see things and to learn men's opinions, and it is a reflection upon my intelligence to suppose that I cannot bear any one to differ from me."

In justice to myself I will say that he had no reason to complain of my sycophancy, and two little touches show that he was a better fellow at bottom than the public generally believed him to be. The brilliant barrister, Aspinall of Sydney, was the counsel who defended the Irishman O'Farrell when he was tried for shooting the Duke, and, of course, regardless of court etiquette, did the very best he could for his client, pushing certain points to the front which a less strenuous advocate might very reasonably have slurred over. His action created quite a stir at the time, and was widely disapproved. Nevertheless, it produced no unpleasant effect on the Duke's mind whatever, and he was careful to tell Mr. Aspinall so. Years later, Aspinall was taken very ill in London, and was confined to his bed for weeks. The Duke of Edinburgh heard by the merest accident that O'Farrell's defender was being somewhat neglected. Quite unknown to the outside world, he went frequently to see the sick counsel, and did all he could to hasten on his recovery. The other matter referred again to myself. When I was in Sydney I became intimate with Mr. William Macleay, afterwards Sir William and the hero of a very

remarkable expedition to New Guinea, and his wife. I used to go down to their place in Elizabeth Bay frequently. When the Duke of Edinburgh came to Sydney for the second time, the Macleays gave a grand reception in his honour, and upon issuing their invitations, Macleay said he hoped I should not be offended if they did not ask me to come, as my extreme opinions were well known and might give umbrage to the Duke. I replied, "Of course not," and laughed a little. Purely by accident I met the Duke going into the Union Club, to which I did not belong, and he greeted me with his usual cordiality. The next day, as I believe is the rule, the list of guests invited to meet him at the Macleays' was submitted to him. After looking it over carefully he wrote in my name himself, to the utter astonishment of my friends, who were still more surprised at the manner in which he greeted me.

But I have not yet taken my leave of Melbourne, and this gossip about the Duke of Edinburgh puts me in mind of a very brilliant and caustic lecture delivered by Sir Archibald Michie, then, I think, Attorney-General, on "Royalty, Loyalty, and the Prince's Visit." It was one of the smartest things of its kind ever done, and people were a little shocked at the speaker's freedom in dealing with one so near to the Lord's Anointed. But what was even more interesting than this address was a letter received about this time by Sir Archibald from Mr. Robert Lowe, then at the height of his fame. Lowe himself had been an Australian statesman, having fought for the leadership of the New South Wales Assembly with Wentworth, who was more than a match even for Lowe. This letter was written by Lowe when Chancellor of the Exchequer, and its contents were told to me by a well-known Australian, Mr. George

Collins Levey, who is an old friend of mine. "I am now," wrote Lowe in effect, "in almost the highest position that can be attained by any Englishman who was born into my rank of life, and I believe I have as much weight in the Cabinet as any member of it except Gladstone himself. Yet I feel that I have no real influence at all. Matters of the highest importance are not decided by us. A small inner chamber of the great aristocratic families arranges these affairs among themselves, and we have little to do but register their decrees." This is almost precisely the same thing as Lord Beaconsfield said to me shortly before his death, as I shall later recount.

Now that I have mentioned Robert Lowe, however, I cannot pass on without saying a few words about that remarkable man. I used to meet him frequently at dinner at Mr. Samuel Laing's, who just after I had taken my degree went so far as to ask him to take me as his private secretary, on grounds which were stated in a way far too flattering to myself. I shrank from taking the post and, what was much more to the point, Lowe did not offer it me, so nothing came of that. But I had several opportunities of becoming familiar with his mind and conversation, and I should think few keener intelligences ever entered English political life. It was wonderful how he made way against such strangely disagreeable and awkward physical peculiarities as he had. Lowe was an Albino with whitish hair streaming down over his head like bleached thatch. His face was rather ruddy, which made a strange contrast to his hair. His eyes, which were very imperfect indeed, were always half closed, and seemed to be pink behind the lids. He peered rather than looked at anything, and could barely see beyond his nose. Yet with all these disadvantages he began life as a most

successful tutor at Oxford, then made his mark as a politician in Australia, and became one of the most effective speakers in the House of Commons. Talking late at night in Mr. Laing's library he did himself the fullest justice; but I confess I always felt, as I listened to his brilliant conversation, that quite good-naturedly he was on the look-out for weak places in the intellect of those around him, in order that he might delicately poke his sarcasm into them. Two of his sentences in his famous speech against the Reform Bill ought to be remembered: first when he said that having given the people the vote, it now became absolutely necessary "to educate our masters," and next when he spoke of "the barren desert of democracy where every mountain is a molehill and every thistle a forest tree." But he will live longer by reason of the epitaph written upon him when he was still in the full vigour of life, than on account of anything he himself ever said or did. The lines are still generally remembered, but I really must quote them again here:—

> Here lies Robert Lowe;
>   Where he's gone to I don't know:
> If he's flown to realms above,
>   There's an end to Peace and Love;
> Should he have sought a lower level,
>   The Lord have mercy on the Devil.

Lowe himself was delighted when he heard this epitaph, and at once translated it into Latin, Greek and French.

CHAPTER VII

NEW SOUTH WALES

Liking Melbourne, its climate, its clubs and its people so much, I have often wondered why, in view of some very pleasant and flattering proposals made to me, I did not stay there. Certainly life under the Southern Cross is a good deal more agreeable than it is beneath the Great Bear as we see him. Perhaps I had the wander-fit on me, perhaps I felt with Bernal that it was "a little far from town," perhaps I thought I could do more at home, possibly my present wife exercised a determining influence in drawing me back. At any rate, though there was much to tempt a young man like myself to remain, I went off to New South Wales and Sydney, determined to go on to Queensland, and farther north in Australia still. The latter part of this intention I never carried out. Rockhampton settled that. This is the town in which I verily believe the old joke originated that a man dying in that seven times heated furnace, sent up from below for his blankets. I got back as quick as I could. My recommendation to the world at large is: "If the spirit ever moves you to travel to Rockhampton, take counsel of your flesh and don't." Indeed, if you follow my advice even Brisbane will never rejoice in the light of your countenance. Leave these latitudes to the colonisation of the Chinaman and the Jap who,

for that matter, are not unlikely to absorb the whole continent; though I observe that the Labour Party of the Commonwealth, with barely five millions of inhabitants in that vast country all told, have piously declared in favour of a "White Australia." Unless I much misread the signs of the times, the white man will have all he can do to hold his own in regions where he is much thicker upon the ground than he is in Australia.

There was a great deal of talk about the coming of the Chinaman even in 1869, and many a conversation I had with Charles Pearson, the author of *The Yellow Danger*, Gowen Evans, Collins Levey, and others about the prospects of a Chinese invasion as China got stronger. The subject is too large to deal with here; but I have the profoundest respect for that great race, having only seen them outside of their own country and employed them on work for which they had not been specially trained, and I feel confident their influence on the politics of the world is only just beginning afresh. That, under the competitive system, both they and the Japanese can beat the European in the struggle for life, I have no doubt at all; but the Chinese are the superior people.

I remember how much struck I was, when I was up at Beechworth, at what the Chinese colony there did, though they were certainly not well treated by the Europeans. It was announced that on a particular day there would be a great general demonstration, with procession and *fêtes*, in order to help to raise funds for the support of the local hospitals, where the Chinese who met with accidents or fell ill were treated with as much care as anybody else. They, like the rest of the people in this mining district, heard about the arrangements and recognising that this was a matter in which they were directly interested, they

determined that the Flowery Land should not be poorly represented in the display. They sent to China for special decorations, on which they spent several hundred pounds in addition to what they expended on the spot. When the day arrived they formed up a procession of their own. It literally blazed with gold and colour, the great yellow standard of China in front, and the Chinese marching in perfect order behind dressed in the finest costumes, with armour, flags, and so on most artistically arranged and intermingled. A huge dragon, made up of scores or hundreds of men walking beneath a long carapace, advanced almost as if alive in their midst. So magnificent was the whole spectacle, that the Europeans abandoned their part of the show altogether as too hopelessly inferior, and lined up on either side, cheering the Chinese as they passed majestically along. This made a great impression upon me at the time, and now that the inventors of the mariner's compass, gunpowder, and the art of printing are waking up to a sense of their own power and intelligence it makes a greater impression upon me still. For these, mind, were only ordinary Chinese miners gaining a moderate livelihood by very hard work and living on frugal fare.

That by the way. The Chinese and their future constitute a fascinating subject, and I have somewhere an article more than half written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled "Les Chinois hors de la Chine." I shall probably never finish it.

This was a period when great "rushes" of miners to new gold-fields were by no means uncommon, and sailing vessels as well as steamers were crowded with passengers anxious to make their way to these El Dorados of the south. Many of these miners were sailors who, seduced from their own business by the hope of making better

"wages" by striking it rich in the alluvial diggings, had become experts in their new calling, and were as eager to reach the fresh discoveries as any. They were glad enough, too, to lend a hand on board, as long as by so doing they could get an extra knot or two out of the vessel, and thus hasten their arrival at their destination. The drawback to this employment of the old sailors was, that though they would go aloft to set any amount of sail, they would not set foot on the rat-lines to take in a reef, no matter what the weather was, or how hard it might blow. There were therefore disadvantages in shipping on board sailing craft thus manned. Nor were steamers exempt at such times from unpleasantness for ordinary passengers.

A capital story is told about a trip made by Baron von Mueller, the scientist, and head of the Botanical Gardens at Melbourne. He had taken passage from Melbourne to the North, and had duly secured and paid for his berth, leaving his belongings in the cabin, while he went on deck to wave his farewell to his friends who were there to see him off. When the steamer cleared the Heads he went below to lie down. He had been forestalled. A big rough miner, on his way to join a "rush" to the Palmer diggings, lay at full length on von Mueller's berth fast asleep. Little von Mueller stirred him up, and in answer to some good sound digger language given forth by his unwelcome guest at being thus roused from his well-earned slumbers, von Mueller said timidly, "If you please, sir, dis is my bunk, I think you have made a gross mistake." More digger language of a still warmer nature advising von Mueller to find a bunk elsewhere, and meanwhile making certain suggestions which would not, if adopted, have tended to the professor's personal comfort. Von Mueller again remonstrated gently, but to no

purpose whatever. At last he said, "Vell, sir, if you insist upon taking mein bunk, perhaps you would be so very kind to give me my littel parcel of snakes from unter your pillow." The fellow turned round, put his hand under his head, felt von Mueller's specimen snakes wriggling about in their confinement, then made one bolt out of the berth and out of the cabin, and rushed up on deck. Von Mueller possessed his bunk in peace thereafter.

In Sydney I took no part in journalism, literature and politics, as I did in Melbourne, though I was quite intimate with W. B. Dalley, "Jack" Robertson, Julian Salomons, and others, and became acquainted also with Sir Henry Parkes. Dalley was as bright and brilliant a companion as I ever met, and in the course of the morning walks we used to take together, I had a good opportunity of judging of his ability. He well earned the position to which he afterwards attained. About the capacity of Salomons and Parkes also, there could be no question. But the cleverest man of them all was Robertson. How a half-educated politician with no roof to his mouth, and certainly no beauty of face or form, devoid also of any great power of expression, contrived to outweigh the extraordinarily unpleasant sound of his voice, and to hold his own and dominate as Premier a by no means easily handled assembly, was a mystery to me. His influence in private was as great as in public, and the manner in which he overwhelmed the New Zealand Ministers, Featherstone, Vogel, and others, who came over at this time on a political mission, was extraordinary to witness; for they were no fools either. I have always considered Robertson, in company with Robert Lowe, one of the most remarkable instances of a man of ability rising superior to physical drawbacks I ever encountered.

The charm of Sydney consists in the marvellous beauty of its situation and surroundings. It is to my thinking the most lovely city in the world. The inlet from Port Jackson called the Paramatta River is quite perfect; while the bays around with their exquisite semi-tropical trees and foliage running down to the water's edge and crowning the hills above, are unequalled anywhere else. Shipping coming right up into the life of the city, yachts sailing up under the battery, a fleet of men-of-war anchored so close that to all appearance you could throw a biscuit on board Admiral Hornby's flagship: such was Sydney as I recall it. I am told it is still finer now. But beautiful as it all was and much as I enjoyed the place it was a Sleepy Hollow after Melbourne.

And it nearly proved a final Sleepy Hollow for me. I was living at the Australian Club, but as they had no bedrooms I took a room close by. I used to read in bed with the light on a table by my side: a most laudable practice as all good housewives know. Of course, I frequently went to sleep and left the light burning. I had done so on one occasion and was sleeping soundly when I heard a great scuffling on the verandah outside. I jumped out of bed and found a policeman engaged in a violent struggle with a big black man who had a dagger in his hand. The officer had already got the best of it, when I joined in and the fellow was haled off to custody duly handcuffed. It appeared from the case as told in Court next morning, that the constable had seen the black man loitering about in a suspicious way and, following him up to my place, attacked him just as he was getting through the window, with the weapon in his hand, to come to relieve me of my watch and chain and other valuables. The culprit was certainly a most unprepossessing-looking negro,

and I had to thank the policeman, I consider, for a lucky escape. The negro was given time to reflect upon the deficiencies in his moral character under conditions which gave him no opportunity for indulgence in his unregulated desires to possess other people's property, and I gratified the guardian of society by parting with some of mine.

One of the pleasantest visits I paid in Australia was to a Run up country at Armadale, whither I journeyed with its owner, Mr. Dumaresq. By this time I had become quite accustomed to Australia and its method of life, and even tried to get from home the means to buy the Wallabadah Run which I could have purchased exceedingly cheap. But the Court of Chancery did not approve of advancing money for such a purpose, and my nefarious career as a possible squatter on Crown Lands, to the outrage of my social and economic conscience, was nipped in the bud. At Armadale I partook of and enjoyed the usual up-country life in which sheep and cattle, cattle and sheep figured with monotonous regularity. I learnt enough about ranching to know that it is by no means all pleasure and profit, and the solitary life of the shepherds, in particular, awakened my pity. I do not in the least wonder that these people, and the stockmen too, when they get their cheque after many months of solitude in the one case and of monotony in the other, too often "knock it down" by a wholesale drinking debauch in the nearest township or in the capital; being horribly fleeced and half poisoned by the publicans who supply them with liquor.

Neither did the lot of the "cockatoo farmer," who takes up a small area in the bush and endeavours to make a living out of it, strike me as the sort of life at all suited to immigrants from home. It is hopelessly uphill work, and the fright-

ful droughts which periodically afflict Australia, sometimes occurring year after year for seven years in succession, while they sweep away much of the wealth of the richest landowner and squatter, are absolutely ruinous to the small man. It is, too, the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that Australia either was then or is now a good place for the very poor to begin afresh their struggle with the world. As Mrs. Deas Thompson said to me in Sydney more than forty years ago: "There seems to be an impression at home that Australia is a haven of refuge for those who are in the last stage of consumption or the last stage of impecuniosity. As a matter of fact this country is fatal to both." Bitterly opposed as I am to emigration of the flower of our people from Great Britain, on the ground that this drain is injurious in every way to the mother country, I am still more opposed to it because I have seen what terrible disillusions await the majority of those who go either to Australia or Canada, imagining that by hard sober work they can make sure of a good living for themselves and their families. In many cases they are worse off than they are at home.

I can imagine nothing more depressing than a long ride or drive through the Australian bush. The climate of New South Wales and Victoria is as a whole bright and cheerful and healthy. Wherever also European trees have been cultivated the appearance of the country is delightful, and the irrigation of good soil produces quite surprising results. But to this day I never look upon a blue gum-tree without a mournful feeling coming over me. I see again the long rows of these forbidding trees which I passed through at the stock-horse canter, that I take to be the old amble, as I rode down from Armadale to Grafton some two hundred and fifty miles. Hour after hour my mare and I

went lolloping along alone. She, I believe, was as nearly asleep as I was. The beauty of this gait is that with a deep-seated saddle and pummels in front to protect the knees, you need not move an inch.

In the cool of the morning this was all very nice, and as I was travelling on a well-known and frequented track there was little reason to fear my being "held up" by bushrangers, or failing to obtain accommodation at intervals. I could look forward to reaching my journey's end in due course and in safety. But as the sun got up and the next resting-place was not reached the intolerable weariness of those woeful gums oppressed me. They are the most dissipated-looking trees I ever beheld. Dante could well have represented them in his Inferno, in the shape of drunken men, as trees, standing around in sempiternal penitence for their orgies of the past. And the wretched things with their blotchy trunks and bare foliage give no shade. They seem to take pleasure in deluding you. Each leaf carefully turns its edge to the sun; though, so far as any advantage to the sun-baked traveller is concerned, it would make little difference even if their full surface were exposed to the light, as they are mere apologies for leaves when all is said. We read much in Australian books and Australian emigration pamphlets about the charms of the Australian climate and the delights of Australian scenery. The exquisite fern-tree gullies of Tasmania and certain Australian districts are rightly paraded as of almost unrivalled beauty; but the tree of trees in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, is the blue gum, and whereas I cherish most pleasing memories of Melbourne, Sydney, and some of the planted and semi-tropical regions, the nightmare of the gum-tree forests weighs upon me still.

CHAPTER VIII

POLYNESIA

ONE night sitting in the Union Club the conversation turned upon Polynesia and the South Sea Islands generally, and I learnt that two or three men present were interested in various enterprises there. Shortly afterwards I met Archibald Hamilton who had been a lieutenant in the Queen's yacht and was taking a party down to the Fijis. He proposed to me to go too, and in a happy-go-lucky fashion I agreed. Had I seen the vessel we were to embark in before I shipped in her I might have hesitated. For the *Coquette* entirely belied her name. She was an old topsail schooner of a collier, about as broad as she was long, which Hamilton had picked up dear and had made ready after a fashion for taking a nondescript cargo and nondescript passengers to Levuka. We were carefully tugged out through the Heads by a fussy little steamer which had on board many of our Sydney friends, and so out to sea on this queer-looking craft. And although we made about as crooked a course as could be steered on the Pacific Ocean, actually sighting the group of islands called "the Three Kings" off the Northern point of New Zealand, in Hamilton's anxiety to save his wife from excessive sea-sickness due to a very heavy head sea, I am bound to say we had a very jolly time of it.

But I confess I did not ship with the idea that part of my duty as a passenger would be to cook in the galley in heavy weather. Yet so it befell. The man who was engaged to serve in that department turned out to be a regular "old hand." His capacity for getting at and absorbing spirituous liquors amounted to genius. We speedily discovered his tendencies in that direction, which indeed were not uncommon on board, and strove to thwart them. In vain. Everything was locked up away from him. He contrived in some marvellous manner to fish up whisky from the hold. This earth was at last stopped, more by accident than design, and for twenty-four hours our precious specimen of a chef was sober. He cooked and cooked well. Thereafter he disappeared. It was thought he had fallen overboard as a result of this excessive sobriety. Not a bit of it. He was found in a state of hopeless imbecility under a tarpaulin which covered some baggage, with quite an array of empty chlorodyne bottles around him which he had "conveyed" out of the medicine supplies.

Thenceforward, three of us took it in turn to cook for the cabin. My experiments on the digestion of my fellow-passengers were thought to be fairly successful. But if any one wishes to train himself in the suppression of strong language let him offer to take charge of the ship's galley on a small none-too-well-found schooner with bluff bows battering into the sort of sea which enables the craft to make what the sailors call "pretty good weather of it." I have refrained, or so I like to believe, from speaking unadvisably with my lips when rounding up cattle under a broiling sun; I have exercised similar self-restraint—I recall it with pride—when dealing in all sincerity with the impenitent mule on the mountain road; but never

was the natural inclination of the unregenerate human to anathematise at large, under great provocation, kept down with more difficulty than when a sudden lurch of the playful *Coquette* sent Galloway, who, like Hamilton, was an old navy officer, flying to leeward with nearly the whole of the dinner I had just cooked.

Finally we got to Levuka, and I wonder we did; for Hamilton was several miles out in his reckoning, and we entered the Fiji Group, by no means remarkable for its easy navigation, as I had occasion later to find out, in a tremendous storm of wind and rain with some fog that obscured the outlook seriously. Polynesia at this period was still one of the uttermost parts of the earth. The various groups were entirely under native rule and most of the white men who had taken up their abode with the tribes, even in Fiji, prior to the arrival of a few planters with capital, were persons whose record under other names had been adventurous, not to say criminal rather than respectable.

Levuka "beach" was indeed peopled by a curious collection of Europeans of every nationality. Beach-combers and old hands, land speculators and old head-hunters, planters with here and there a pirate, by way of variety, made up a strange set indeed, most of whom had nothing to teach the natives but their vices. White women were as yet few and far between, but such as there were were far superior to the men. We had talked much of this medley of people on the voyage down, but the reality was quite as novel to me as if we had never spoken of it. And yet, strange to say, though I wandered about the islands for many months and encountered all sorts and conditions of men and women, white and black, under the most diverse circumstances, I never saw a shot fired, or

any one seriously hurt, in anger, though more than once revolvers were drawn.

That was not the impression I received on my first landing, however. I thought I was in for a rough time. Nearly all my shipmates got as drunk as drunk could be on landing. Poor Mrs. Hamilton, a bride of a month, tried her utmost to get her husband to go back to the schooner. All to no purpose, and in my well-meant endeavour to be good-natured I spent a good hour with her in the ship's boat manned by an intoxicated crew trying hard to reach the *Coquette* on a pitch-dark night, it being almost impossible to steer a straight course, rowing as our sailors rowed during that weary night. It was altogether a nice introduction to island life.

The morning brought us into all the glory of the tropics. The charm of the islands is before me still. The dense foliage running right up to the peaks of Ovalau, the lovely colours of the water, the spray of the breakers driven by the trade-wind on to the reef, the beautiful cliffs of Wakaia standing out in the distance, all came out into the open, at a stroke, as the sun burst out suddenly upon us standing there upon the deck. Levuka, a scene of unseemly drunkenness and rowdyism till the early hours of the morning, now lay before us a peaceful pretty village with the native town beyond, and as the native girls laughing and calling shrilly to one another came out to fish upon the reef, and canoes and boats began to fly about the harbour, that delight in the life of these islands grew up in me which I believe all have felt who have been ready to throw aside for the time being the thought of our conventional civilisation, and have been content to enjoy the pleasures of mere existence without any regard for the morrow.

But my introduction to the Fijis was not destined to be quite so free from adventure as this my first landing. From Levuka we went up to Taviuni and Koro to discharge cargo at the cotton plantations which were then beginning on those islands. We returned in a heavy gale which speedily grew into a hurricane. A hurricane is bad enough to be in at sea when you have only one captain on board the vessel. When there are two captains then the betting is long odds on the sharks against the humans. We had two captains on the *Coquette*. Captain No. 1 was Hamilton, who owned the vessel. Captain No. 2 was a Swede named Thaggard, who had been engaged as master when he had made the islands. How it came about I don't know; but starting from Koro to get back to Levuka with a fair wind but a rapidly falling barometer we found ourselves, so far as a dark night would permit us to discover, right in the bight of the great Wakaia reef, whose horns projected far out to sea on either side of us, rendering our escape, to all appearance, and, as shown by the chart, impossible. The only chance was to go about, itself a dangerous business in such a heavy sea, and in such a terrific gale, and try to beat out of the bight. Old sails and old cordage were not calculated to make this manœuvre less hazardous. As we talked we seemed to drift closer to the reef every second, and no doubt we did, as the rollers both looked and were tremendously heavy, and we shipped a great deal of water. The *Coquette* was never great at beating and now, having discharged her cargo and being in ballast, she was at her worst, as she was far too light in the water for such a job as clawing to windward in a hurricane.

I was thinking all this and expecting the worst

when, as the boom of the mainsail came over, by some bad management, it was let go too soon and broke short off at the gaff. At the same moment a tremendous sea washed over the poop and took me clean off my legs and away to leeward. Happily I managed to lay hold of a firmly fixed belaying pin and, though my arms were all but wrenched out of their sockets, I held on tight and at last dropped in board. Those close by who had had their own struggle to make head against the sea we shipped thought it was all over with me. Anyhow my inevitable fate seemed to be only postponed for a few minutes. With an almost useless reefed mainsail and a reefed foresail of doubtful standing power, it was a bad look-out, so bad indeed that we all gathered in the stern waiting for the end, having done all that could be done.

Suddenly I remembered that a one-legged man named Hunter, an excellent fellow and a very fine swimmer, terribly maimed though he had been, was below in the cabin and a white woman as well. So I pulled back the hatch a little way and bawled down to Hunter at the top of my voice, "We shall be on the reef in five minutes; won't you come up and take your chance?" For answer Hunter called out, "Is it raining?" "Yes," I said, "raining cats and dogs!" "Is it blowing?" "Enough to send your teeth down your throat." "Then," cried Hunter, "I'll get wet all at once!" So I closed the hatch again and took my stand with the rest, wet through, miserable and hopeless. As I stood cursing my luck to myself for having to finish up so young and so unpleasantly, all the stories I had ever heard about sharks came back to my mind. How they parade like sentries, each one having his own beat, up and down along the edge of the

reef, how slowly they move towards their prey, how leisurely they turn over so as to take it conveniently into their hideous naw. It was horrible to think of and it occurred to me and to others by my side, as they afterwards admitted, whether it would not be better to end life with one's revolver rather than be crunched up alive by these frightful creatures.

By way of breaking through our sad reflections, as much as for the good-fellowship of the thing, we now shook hands all round and wished one another good-bye. As we noted the leeway we were making we knew perfectly well that nothing short of a miracle could save us. And a change of wind, within the few minutes left to us, sufficiently strong to help us out of the bight, did seem to be a miracle indeed. In fact, it never suggested itself to any of us that this could happen. Our only chance seemed to be that, as the *Coquette* was drawing so little water, one of the big rollers might lift her clean over the reef and wash us all up high and dry over the smooth water in among the palm trees. Indeed Captain Thaggard proposed at the very last moment to put the vessel head on to the breakers and thus take this desperate chance. Marvellous to say, however, at this very last moment, when every soul on board saw death straight before him, the wind did change to just that precise amount in direction and power that was necessary to get us out of our difficulty. None of us could believe what was taking place when, admirably handled by Thaggard, who had gone to the wheel himself, we scraped by the lower horn of the great Wakaia reef with what seemed to be scarcely 100 yards to spare. That distance at sea is no more than ten yards on land.

What struck me as odd was that all took the

danger of immediate drowning and worse so coolly. There was no praying, no swearing, no lamentation. But none of us liked it a bit. I am quite sure of that. When we had weathered the reef and were heading for Levuka we were still in a good deal of peril, but this, after what we had already passed through, appeared nothing, and we drank one another's healths with great satisfaction and fervour. That, cool as I may have forced myself to appear, I was throughout in a terrible fright is beyond question, and I am happy to know that my conduct on this occasion was adduced later as evidence that a non-believer in a future life could meet death as calmly as a Christian; for most assuredly, gauged by my own feelings at the time, I was scared not only at the prospect of my speedy dissolution and the manner of it, but I was bitterly angry at the idea of being "wiped out" so soon. When we arrived at Levuka we found that news had somehow been received of our critical position and we had been given up for lost. Several vessels were wrecked that night, though the hurricane was nothing as compared with that which devastated the group the year before. At any rate it was quite enough for me. I have had several narrow escapes in the course of my life, but none of them left such a permanent impression upon me as this "close call" with the sharks off Wakaia.

I wonder whether all men have the same personal hatred of sharks I found among the sailors I encountered in Polynesia. With some it amounts to a species of mania. The remembrance of one adventure with them also quite destroyed the nerve of a very fine young Englishman, who left the Islands in consequence. He had come from the great island of Vanua Levu in an open boat with two other white men and three natives.

It was blowing hard and the sea was rough outside the reef. So Boyd, who was a very good seaman, sat up steering all night, while his friends, Cameron, the owner of the boat, and another slept. There was a full moon, and it was one of those beautiful fresh nights frequently enjoyed in the Islands after the rainy season. Nothing could be more delightful, though as hour after hour passed Boyd naturally got very weary and sleepy. At last, after twelve hours of continuous watchfulness and care, the boat was in smooth water, inside the Ovalau reef, where, protected by the mountains, there was comparatively little wind. Boyd, therefore, gave up the tiller to Cameron, saying as his last words, "Gusts will come down the gullies; whatever you do don't fasten the sheet," and then fell fast asleep.

He woke suddenly to find the boat careened over; guessing what had occurred he cut the sheet which had been foolishly cleated by Cameron with his jack-knife. It was too late. The boat sank, and all began to swim for their lives. The three natives soon forged ahead, and Boyd, who was considered a fine swimmer for a white man, was in advance of his two careless friends. As they swam on he heard a shriek behind him. One of them had been taken down by a shark. On he went, striking out, if possible, more vigorously than before. Then a second shriek of pain and horror from behind him. Another gone to the voracious creatures. He was now swimming alone, for the natives were a long way off by this time, and every ripple he heard in the water, every swish of the wind that went by, he thought was the rush of a shark's fin through the waves, or the sound of the creature turning over to grip him. A whole mile of this almost unbearable anxiety did he undergo until finally,

worn out with exertion and mental strain, he had just strength enough to drag himself to the shallow water whence the natives quickly pulled him out. He was indeed luckily out of it; but, as I say, his nerves were so shaken for the time being that he could not stand sailing again in an open boat, and he speedily left for New Zealand.

Another shark incident of a still more exciting character which occurred about the same time affords remarkable proof of the loyalty and discipline of the natives towards their chiefs. Tui Levuka, the chief of the island of Ovalau, was out in a big double canoe when a sudden storm came on and it capsized in a part known to be infested with sharks. Immediately Tui Levuka and the crew were thrown into the water the natives made a circle round their chief, joining hands and keeping themselves afloat with their legs while he swam about, inside the ring so formed, quite comfortably.

A shriek and a groan, and down goes one native. The two next to him release their hands and join them again over the empty place. Another is taken in the same way, and again the circle is completed as if none were missing. A third disappears, and once more silently, and as it were automatically, the narrowing circle is reconstituted with Tui Levuka still safe in the midst. "Another for Hector" was never replied to and acted upon under more gruesome circumstances, for the men left could hear the swirl of the water as successive comrades disappeared below the surface and their blood washed up around the circle as they were devoured. Finally, after this had been going on for a considerable time, man after man going down in turn, other native canoes came up and took Tui Levuka and his much-reduced band of followers on board. Only twenty-seven out of the original number of forty-five remained. The

whole occurrence made no impression on the Fijians, nor were the survivors thought to have done anything unusual.

At this time there were not more than 1000 white men all told in the Fijian group. But, with the influence of the Wesleyan missionaries, the constant visits of men-of-war, and the persistent assertion of authority by Mr. Thurston, the British Consul, the whites had virtual control even then; though Thakombau, the chief of Mbau, was regarded as the superior Chief or King and other great Chiefs such as Tuithakau of Vanua Levu and Maafu of the Windward Islands were virtually independent. What struck me most unpleasantly then, and seems even more abominable now, was the manner in which this handful of white men carried on their usurped rule. Nothing could have been more high-handed or in many cases more unjust. Flogging was always going on. If a native refused to work he was flogged. If he was insolent or threatened a white man he was flogged. If he got very drunk he was fined and flogged. If he indulged in illicit amours he was flogged. If he stole some trifle he was flogged.

When, too, superadded to this epidemic of castigation there flourished all round the narrow, loveless cant of Wesleyan Christianity which, not content with suppressing really objectionable acts, such as cannibalism, obscene devil-dances, the launching of big canoes over men's stomachs, the killing of a man to each post in a chief's hut, and the placing of his body under it, the burying alive of old and worn-out men and women as useless mouths, which were common events among the polite, and in their way cultured, Fijians before the coming of the missionaries—when not content with putting a stop to these and other terrible

doings, the Wesleyans did away with dancing and enjoyment altogether, and replaced the ancient fetichism, with its unbridled lust and bloody ceremonies, by a terribly woebegone Calvinistic creed that took all the life and jollity out of the people who accepted it in earnest, they did a work of doubtful beneficence.

As a matter of fact, however, the old Fijian habits naturally revolted the ideas of less intolerant folk than those brought up in the straiter seat of Nonconformist asceticism, skin-deep though that asceticism was in many cases. Mr. Lorimer Fison, a Wesleyan missionary on the Rewa River, whose studies in native social customs and relationships were acknowledged by the famous Lewis Morgan (and who, by the way, first called my attention to that great writer early in 1870) as well as rewarded many years later by the grant of a pension from the British Government, told me that he had the very greatest difficulty in finding any legends and stories of the old time which were at all decent or fit for publication. And Fison was a man of learning and distinction, quite different from the ordinary run of Wesleyan missionaries in those parts. He liked the happy childlike disposition of the negroid races around him, and understood, I think, that there was a more excellent way with them than that which even he was compelled by his superiors and paymasters to adopt.

I must admit the politeness and consideration of the Fijians in all the islands under ordinary circumstances, the charm of their arts and industries, and their general merriment when unsoured and unspoiled by Christianity, contrasted strangely with some other of their habits and customs. It was almost impossible to believe that the men and women and boys and girls who would come out with food in their hands and press you

to partake of their simple hospitality as you passed through the bush, acting throughout with the most winning courtesy, were of the same breed, and indeed in some cases the very same persons, as those who would take part in a treacherous cannibal raid or revel in the obscene orgies of the unrestrained devil-dance. Yet upwards of 100 natives were killed and many of them eaten (a few of the bodies being sent as presents to neighbouring tribes) close to where I was staying in Nandi Bay; the hill-tribes of Vili Levu having raided a prosperous village armed with guns which the coast tribes were prevented by the whites from purchasing. I also saw one of the ancient devil-dances performed in full by one of the unchristianised tribes on a fine moonlight night, with torches flashing about in the surrounding bush, and a weird and unseemly scene it was. This, and a war demonstration before Thakombau when hostilities threatened, were the most imposing displays I witnessed. The latter was melodramatic enough. The Fijians are not at all a warlike people, and they seldom run any serious risks; but as boasters they stand in the front rank, and when I got to know the language I used to enjoy mightily their mendacious glorifications of their prowess.

But I cannot leave this subject of missionaries, for whom as a class I have little admiration—such, as a rule, is their bigotry and lack of appreciation and sympathy for any creed or form of society other than their own—without drawing a contrast between two different forms of proselytising for Christianity as I saw them. The Wesleyan missionaries of those days traded largely on their own account, and some of them made considerable private fortunes in this way. Their position as men of God obviously helped them materially in their capacity as men of Mammon. It was

difficult for a poor unlettered native, with the fear of the Christian bake-house after death ever before him, to hold his own in a bargain with the great white medicine men who might in the harsh hereafter temper or intensify the heat to his shorn skin.

Mr. Moore was undoubtedly the Wesleyan missionary above all the rest who understood Fijians and their language best. His translation of the *Pilgrim's Progress* into Fijian is a perfect masterpiece, a literary triumph, which would have brought the highest credit to its author had Fijian been a well-known tongue. He was also an excellent organiser and a first-rate man of business, accessible, good-humoured, and shrewd. To him old Jim Dyer, the cleverest and not the most scrupulous of the "beach-combers" and poor whites who had taken up their quarters in the Fijis in the early days.

This James Dyer had become owner of a small island on Rewa river duly granted to him by chiefs and tribes—there was no private property in land under native usages—to which he attached, or pretended to attach, great value. For some reason Mr. Moore was anxious to buy it. They came to a bargain, and all Dyer's right, title, and interest in this unnamed island became Mr. Moore's in return for a handsome amount of "trade"; which "trade," scandal said, included certain weapons of defence, with the means of loading and discharging the same, that might seem to a mere onlooker scarcely fitting matter of barter from a man of Moore's sanctity to a person of Dyer's not even doubtful record—notoriously "Jim" had been a head-hunter in the days that were earlier and when hair was dressed curlier. So Dyer went away satisfied and Moore entered into possession of his eyot. A few months passed, the rainy season followed and the Rewa river rushed

down in full flood. As a result, the island moved a hundred yards or so down stream. This occasioned Moore some anxiety. If his newly acquired property began to float off in this way there was no saying where it would bring up. The valuable "trade" which he had handed over to Dyer was evidently something worse than in jeopardy. The missionary, however, bethought him that he might possibly gain an advantage by an appeal to Dyer's instincts of fair-play. He sent for the old beachcomber and this was the talk between them:—"This is a serious matter about that island you sold me, Dyer, very serious; it seems to me to be on its way down the river, and may disappear altogether before it arrives at the sea. Probably it came from many miles higher up. What do you know about it? What are you prepared to do? I certainly think you ought to hand me back the trade I paid you, or its equivalent." To this Dyer replied. "The island was always an island in that place as long as I have known it and I don't see that it is not just as good where it is, as it was where it was." "Yes," said Moore, "that is all very well, but there is no certainty it will stay, or that it won't wash away altogether. You cannot call this a fair deal, and you ought to repay me." "No, really, I can't do that. But you say the property is on the move?" "Undoubtedly it is." "Well, of course, that's very hard on you. I admit that. But I don't see my way to pay you back your trade: a bargain's a bargain. I'll tell you, however, what I will do." "What's that?" asked Moore eagerly. "If you will deed the island back to me, I will make out shifting leases to you and you can follow it up!" Moore went away furious and believing that Dyer was well aware that the "island" was merely a mass of mud on the move.

A very different type of man from Mr. Moore was the Catholic Jesuit missionary Père Bréheret. He had no political influence, he never traded, he did most of his work with his own hands, he trained the Fijians himself in directions where such training was beneficial, the Catholic Chapel as well as the boats for his visitations he built himself—altogether an apostolic figure of a man, toiling away year in and year out among his flock, without hope of reward or publicity, content to pass away his days in endeavouring to make life more pleasurable here, and life more enjoyable too, as he believed, hereafter, by inculcating the truths of his mild Christian morality into his people. It was noticeable that his Catholicism had adapted itself much better than the straitlaced Puritanism of the Wesleyans to the habits of the people, and that there was among the Fijian Catholics little or none of that sour self-righteousness and severe hypocrisy observable among the Wesleyans. Père Bréheret's converts danced and sang and made merry and enjoyed life harmlessly, much as they had done before, and I could not see that they had thrown off the objectionable features of savage life any less than the others.

I dislike and even fear the Catholic Church, as an institution devoted to the misguiding of human intelligence into the jungle of superstition and mystery, though I admire it as a splendid international organisation, with its great army of devoted celibate clergy; but for those of its missionaries I have seen among peoples at an early stage of development I have nothing but sincerest regard. And of all of them the man whose humility, geniality, industry, and self-sacrifice were most noticeable was Père Bréheret of the Rewa river, whose methods appeared to me to be the highest type of them all. I heard, years afterwards,

that his services were not properly appreciated by his own Church, and he must now be long since dead; but it pleases me, even so, to lay, as a passing stranger, my little tribute of respect and regard on the grave of that saintly and lovable old man.

In coming up to Levuka on the ill-fated *Marion Rennie*, I had another of those narrow escapes from shipwreck which lent excitement and variety in those days to a trip round the Islands. The vessel had lately returned from the New Hebrides, and was carrying what was euphemistically called "labour" to the windward plantations. A steady trade-wind was blowing, the imported natives were lying more or less comfortably about on the deck, the course had been carefully laid, and a native from the island of Rotumah—first-rate seamen they are and, by the way, exactly like Japanese—was told off to steer through the night. Then the captain got drunk, the mate got drunk, two other white men on board got drunk, all retiring to their bunks. A Swedish sailor named Gill, with a master's certificate, the Rotumah boy, and myself were consequently left in charge.

It was a fine night but very dark, and Gill and myself were walking up and down the deck talking, with every plain sail set, drawing well, and the schooner making good way through the water, when of a sudden I thought I heard the roar of the reef—my ears had by this time been trained to be pretty sharp in this direction—sounding unpleasantly near. Down we went to the cabin after looking at the compass, and, having made out from the chart that we were perfectly safe, went up again and began once more to parade the deck. Now, however, I had no doubt about it, the sound of the breakers convinced me we must be getting

very close to the reef indeed. So certain was I that we were in danger that Gill himself was impressed, and he told the Rotumah boy to give the wheel to me and run up to the fore-yard. He had scarcely got half-way up the rigging when he called out "breakers right ahead." Happily, the vessel was very handy, and with Gill and the Rotumah lad thoroughly up to their work, she was about in no time. But as we came round we could see, dark as it was, the white foam of the breakers on the reef apparently just over the taffrail. Not a human being on board was awake but ourselves, and not until morning did we discover that the powerful current which runs here had set us in several miles to the shore.

In spite of this alarming experience I was foolhardy enough to try to catch this same *Marion Rennie*, when she was passing Nandi Bay on another trip to the New Hebrides. A splendid crew of Tokalau boys from the Line Islands did their utmost to head her off, and bring her to, in order to take me on board; but, well as they rowed, they were unsuccessful in their efforts, and I returned much disappointed—for I wanted to see with my own eyes how this "labour" was really recruited—to my planter friends on Viti Levu. If I had gone I should never have returned. The vessel was attacked by the natives of the island of Mullaculah and every man on board killed. From what I learned afterwards I think they deserved their fate. General loose living, unscrupulous trickery, and frequently downright brutality were the characteristics of these labour hunters at this time. There were honourable exceptions, but they were few and far between. So I was well out of that trip.

I have often observed that when Englishmen of apparently decent character and social training are

removed from the influence of their early surroundings, and are quite free from the fear of Mrs. Grundy, many of them do things which nobody would believe it to be possible for them to do beforehand. This is not confined to Polynesia: it is true likewise of unsettled Australia and the West of America and not wholly unknown even on the Continent of Europe. It is this fact, I suppose, which has gained for us as a nation so unenviable a reputation for hypocrisy. The most striking case of utter indifference to all rules of decent behaviour I ever remember was that of the manager of one of the great banks in Sydney, a person renowned for his piety in that city, and filling a high and responsible position in his own religious community.

This worthy landed at Levuka in a black frock-coat and a shiny top-hat,—a garb unknown on "the beach" in those days,—and expressed himself at first as being much horrified at what he saw going on, which perhaps was not altogether surprising. Within a week he had stripped off his conventional manners and morality as easily and almost as quickly as he divested himself of his tall hat and his black coat. The "beach" first laughed, and then wondered. It was my bad luck to go with him on a trip with a party to the island of Mokengai belonging to the leading storekeeper of the group, named Hennings, who took us over in his schooner. There were on board all sorts and conditions of men; among them Mackay, the famous Australian explorer, and an old sea-captain named Browning, who had passed through terrible adventures and seen all manner of horrible things, but still maintained his sobriety and surly dignity. It is safe to say that this set of "cheap trippers" were not to be easily shocked. Bad language and bad conduct were not approved of or indulged in by most of them, but simply overlooked in others as of no moment.

But so abominable was the behaviour of this godly new-comer, such language did he use in his drunken ecstasy, such scenes did he depict aloud as having attractions for him, that there was not a man, from the owner of the vessel to the half-castes and natives of the crew who understood English, who didn't feel that he would only get his deserts if he were thrown to the sharks. And that was not the worst of it. The island of Mokengai was largely cultivated for cotton by a number of Tokalau or Line Island people brought from the flat sandy islands or islets on the equator. They are a splendid race of men, nearly all of them over six feet high and the women proportionately tall. Finer swimmers cannot be. They swim out and kill big sharks with a knife, and perform feats of strength and agility alike on land and in water that are quite surprising. Neither sex wears any clothes at all in their own islands, or, at first, elsewhere. Their hair is straight and long and black and the girls have the most magnificent figures imaginable, while their looks, though not equal to the Samoans, are far superior to the negroid type of the Fijians.

Some of us anticipated that the "holy man from Sydney," as we called him, might bring trouble upon us after we landed, but nobody foresaw or made ready for what actually befell; the rather that he had been seriously warned to be careful what he was about. We had had some food ashore and were smoking afterwards before strolling over the plantation, all of us, happily as it turned out, keeping together, when we heard a roar of native voices and directly afterwards the bank manager came rushing towards us, pale as death, panting out in terror, "Save me, save me." Behind him came a hundred or so of the Line Islanders with their knives drawn eager to cut the poor wretch to

atoms. There was nothing for it but to push the fellow to the back of us, and stand in a line before him. It was in fact a desperate situation, and had any one drawn a revolver to protect himself I firmly believe every man of us would have perished. As it happened, there was with us a very powerful and capable Scotsman, named Campbell, who had a plantation on Viti Levu, who employed there and treated well a number of these Tokalau folk, understood and spoke their language, and who was greatly respected by them as a just and good man, well versed in their customs. He coolly stepped right in front of all of us—a pluckier thing I never saw done in all my life—and began a talk with the man who seemed to be the leader of the infuriated Tokalau boys, while the others were gesticulating and vociferating around, making it very clear what they would do to the fugitive, and even to us if we defended him. The coolest and most experienced of our party admitted afterwards that they believed their last day had come.

But Campbell, having been informed as to what had caused all this hubbub, and why the men were so exasperated against the new-comer, promised that the white man should be severely punished, that he should pay a heavy fine, and that he should at once be sent off to the schooner. Gradually, by his demeanour and promises he calmed them down, and needless to say we packed off the black sheep to the schooner as soon as possible, and gave the Tokalaus some "trade" and tobacco as a temporary solatium. While this was being done the cause of all the trouble was praying alone in the most fervent fashion to Providence to save him from the heathen who so furiously raged against him. We were glad to get rid of him. The following morning he actually talked quite big about the outrage committed upon him, but came

to his senses when he was told he would be put ashore again.

I suggested to him myself that a full account of the episode by me in the *Sydney Morning Herald* would scarcely enhance his reputation in Australia. As the lascivious fool had grossly insulted a married woman in his half-drunken fury, and thus brought the whole tribe upon himself, the latter threat also had its effect. I did not see the man again until he was within forty-eight hours of his departure, when I learned he had carried on in the same unseemly fashion for another fortnight, but was now "straightening up." He actually went off as sober as when he arrived, and I took a look at the brute in his office on my return to Sydney some months later. A most respectable, God-fearing citizen, implicitly trusted by his bank and almost revered by his friends and family. This is what he then was.

I am not, so far as I know, a superstitious man, nor is the circumstance which I am about to relate necessarily outside the realm of natural phenomena in these days of wireless telegraphy, telepathy, and the like; but I have never known myself of a similar case, certainly nothing of the same kind has ever happened to me before or since. I was staying with some planters—Campbell, Wolseley Markham, and Royds—at Nandi Bay, on the leeward side of the great island of Viti Levu, when it occurred; far away from any possible means of communication, and about as remote from civilisation as I could well be.

Among my numerous relations there was only one of whom I was exceptionally fond, or who had any considerable influence over me. This was one of my aunts, my mother's sister, Margarette Mayers. She was a woman of great charm and very wide knowledge alike of the

worlds of science and letters, a delightful character in every way. My mother having died when I was very young it may be that I concentrated upon her that affection which I should have felt for my mother herself had she been living. At any rate, our relations were of that close and intimate character, and I habitually confided to her all my hopes and fears and troubles and ambitions. I believe she felt for me the same sort of loving regard in her way that I undoubtedly felt for her in mine. When I left England in 1869 she was in poor health and, though I had no idea myself that her end was near, she had a sort of premonition that we should never meet again, which she expressed to me sadly when I went to see her and bid her good-bye at her house, Beech Lodge, surrounded in those days by a large garden, and facing on Wimbledon Common. "Well," said I half jokingly, "if you do feel very ill and want me back quickly you must try and send me a message wherever I may be." She was a deeply religious woman and upon my saying this she, lying there on a sofa, uttered a prayer for my welfare in all the changes and chances of this mortal life, and then, with tears in her eyes, told me she would try to let me know, so that I might get back in time to bid her farewell, if she was convinced that her end was approaching.

So there I was, sleeping in a native *mbure* or thatched cottage, under the same mosquito curtains with Markham, on the Fiji mats spread on a rough couch at Nandi, surrounded by savage tribes, thinking not at all of home surroundings that night, or of home and home influences in any way, though Margarette and one other woman were frequently in my mind at other times. In the morning when we got up and were making ready for breakfast it suddenly flashed upon me that I

had had a remarkable dream, and my mind went off instinctively to my aunt and her ill health. I turned to Markham and said, "I have had a most vivid and extraordinary dream. I dreamed a telegraph boy ran up to me in great haste and pushed a telegraphic message in its envelope into my hands with the words, 'very urgent, sir.' I tore it open and found only the words, 'Come home, come home, come home,' written three times. 'Where did this come from?' I asked the boy. 'I don't know, sir,' he replied; 'all I know is it came over three continents.'" Had I then immediately started for Levuka and taken the first steamer back to England I should have arrived in time to see my aunt before her death. I have ever since deeply regretted I did not obey what I now believe was a definite summons from her to return.

If I were to enlarge upon my Polynesian experiences and sketch even lightly all the remarkable characters, white men and natives, I met, these memories would attain to the proportions of a little library. Some of them were of such a character that perhaps it is well I saw them no more. But my stay in the Islands was most enjoyable to me and I have always longed to go back; though I am told I should be greatly disappointed now, not with the beauty of the land and the delights of the sea, which are unchanging, but with the mist of smug respectability that has settled down upon the Groups. Certainly my liking for the natives grew the longer I stayed among them, and I resented the contemptuous manner in which they were treated by the invading whites. So strongly did I feel about this that I wrote at the time a somewhat rhetorical defence of the Fijians which I put in the mouth of an educated man of the race. How it has survived the more than forty

years of interval between then and now I do not know, but I give it here as a fair summary of my impressions at the time:—

"You call us naked savages, and say we are incapable of being raised much above the level of the beasts. It may be so. But to what do you white men owe your boasted civilisation? Is it not to the continuous work of those who have preceded you? Have you not built upon the foundations laid by the Babylonians, by the Chinese, by the Egyptians, by the Greeks and by many who flourished long before them? To estimate a people aright it is necessary to appreciate the conditions under which it has grown up. Nations, like individuals, can but make the best of the opportunities which are thrown in their way. We, as others, were moulded before we were born. In many points of real civilisation we are as far advanced as any race could be, separated as we have been from the main stream of humanity which, running in a slender rivulet from some forgotten spring, has had unaided to fret a channel for itself through the hard rock of knowledge.

"Destitute of iron and without other minerals can you upbraid us with lack of ingenuity because we fashioned saws out of sharks' teeth and axes out of stones? Poor tools, true; yet can your most skilful boat-builders produce more perfect specimens of their art than our double canoes? Look at our tappa:—Is that delicate fabric made out of rough bark, are those coloured designs and geometrical patterns wrought in with nothing but rude stencil-plates the work of mere barbarians? Our language:—Does your own tongue, of which you are so proud, excel it in idiomatic vigour, or in the power of expression of refined shades of meaning? Our daily life:—Are we not respectful and polite to one another and to you? Have you

met with greater or more considerate hospitality in any part of the world? Our agriculture:—Are the irrigated plains of Lombardy, the sand-recovered districts of the Waes, the high-farmed slopes of the Lothians better cultivated than our yam-beds and taro patches? Place a European pair, sequestered from all their fellows, on a tropic isle, where every air breathes listlessness and the 'winds come to them from the fields of sleep,' deprive them of white men's tools and leave but the remembrance of past knowledge to guide them on their path. Is it altogether impossible that their children might descend even below our level?

"But we are naked—naked savages. Naked to a certain extent, yes: savages, no. And what, after all, is nakedness? In your cold, inhospitable clime the naked die. We live—and live well. We thrive where you dwindle—under the sun. To us, as your crude economy would say, clothes are a luxury; to you, a necessity. In your myth of the creation the primeval pair in their purity went naked; fallen, they were clad. Are our men sots, our women harlots? No; but drunkenness and prostitution were unknown before the white men came. Gin and syphilis! Great Heavens, what boons the pale-faces have granted us! Religion has tamed and bettered us. Has it? What is it? The Wesleyan or the Catholic: which is the blind guide? Your humble Wesleyan who exacts from us a deference more servile than that paid to the haughtiest of our chiefs? Your high-souled Catholic who trys to dazzle us with painted mummeries? And you money-getting whites yourselves, what religion do you follow? Is it the golden calf or the grog-bottle that you worship?

"Cannibalism? There, indeed, is a blot never to be wiped out. Something, perhaps, may be said for us even here. I have read that white men,

alone with their own kind, have been driven by want of food to batten upon those of their own species. Live upon starch alone for a time, eat yams or taro only for a few weeks or months and see if Dante's terrific line *Piu che il dolor poté il dijiuno* does not acquire a hideous significance for you. You will then feel that intense, that feverish lust after flesh which——We had neither pigs nor fowls, sheep nor cattle. We could not beget them. We could not. We caught men and we ate them. Killed them that we the survivors might live. Horrible is it not? Yet is it worse to slay men to appease hunger than to burn them in the cause of religion, or butcher them in the name of liberty? We killed all shipwrecked people. Not so; there are white men now in our island who have lived amongst us unharmed for fifty years. And what if we did kill some; not a hundred years are past since the murdering wreckers of Cornwall could have echoed back a noble chorus to our man-eating song.

"Enough. You wish for an excuse to exterminate us. It is easier to exterminate than to civilise. *That* you know well. You are the more powerful: excuses are easily found. Say not, however, that we are mere savages. We have much to learn; we have learnt and are learning fast. But you, too, may learn one thing at least from us—not to despise that which you have taken no pains to understand."

And about all this there is no exaggeration. It is impossible not to feel respect for a people who can attain to such a level of culture under such conditions. Their great *ndruas* or double canoes, held together only by cocoa-nut twine, yet making no water, and their decks so splendidly carpentered with a flint adze that a fine European plane could not touch them; their admirable and elaborate

irrigation and cultivation of their lands, and the just apportionment of the product—all achieved without exchange and with no circulating medium —I look back to, even now, as foreshadowing what humanity will attain to on an infinitely higher level when, the gold fetish finally overthrown, and the exploitation of the many by the few put an end to, mankind will resume control over those vastly greater means of producing wealth by which we of to-day are over-mastered and crushed down. Meanwhile the slum-dwellers of our cities are almost infinitely worse off than the meanest *kaisis* of a Fiji tribe.

CHAPTER IX

JOURNALISM

Back from Levuka to New Zealand, on to Sydney and Melbourne again, where I saw and bade farewell to my friends, then back to Auckland, and from Auckland to Honolulu by the *Wonga-Wonga*; from there to San Franciso by the *Moses Taylor*, the "rolling Moses," one of the oldest and most rickety of the old beam steamers which then crossed the Pacific. The Central and Union Pacific Railways had not then long been completed, the former by Chinese labour, and it is strange to recall nowadays that I saw myself great herds of buffalo as we crossed the plains, and that Brigham Young was still lord of all he surveyed when I took a run down to Salt Lake City.

My companions from Auckland were, with two exceptions, very pleasant agreeable people. San Francisco, a charming city, had just recovered from a serious earthquake, and there were great gaps in the pavements. My fellow-traveller across America was Captain Lees, head of the San Francisco detective police. I have often wondered since whether his friendly attentions on the way over and in New York were wholly disinterested. Certainly, when I came to think the matter over I was scarcely ever out of his sight, and it is within the bounds of possibility that I had been pointed out to this famous officer as a dangerous

criminal by a fellow-passenger named Neilson to whom I had taken a great dislike. However that may be, Captain Lees's presence gave me the opportunity of seeing the seamy side of New York as few honest men, I think, have ever seen it. Since then I have never been in the least surprised at tales of murder or disappearance in that city.

Some of the most dangerous dens I went into with him were located in fairly well-situated respectable-looking houses; while on the first-floor of one of the finest buildings then in Broadway I made the acquaintance of what Lees told me was the strongest firm of "fences" in the east of the United States. It was scarcely complimentary to me, I thought, that Lees and the members of the firm talked quite familiarly in my presence of the whereabouts of this or that notorious burglar or manslayer, either "doing time" or qualifying for that monotonous occupation; but the extraordinary "lay outs" they showed me to facilitate cheating at faro and other gambling games, interested me so much that I forgot all about the strange company I was in. The marvellous mechanical ingenuity displayed in devising and constructing these implements for getting the better of the unsuspecting punter amazed me, and enabled me afterwards to understand certain remarkable runs in favour of the bank I witnessed out West. I likewise feasted my eyes upon some of the very finest jewellery it has ever been my lot to see. Magnificent stones, splendidly set, which I presume had been "conveyed" with sufficient dexterity to their temporary owners to relieve them from the necessity for great caution in showing them. At any rate, Captain Lees took it all as a matter of course, and I did my best to maintain similar coolness of demeanour; though I will admit I felt more

comfortable when I was again tramping the sidewalk amid less adventurous folk.

But if anybody invites you to investigate the hells with two entrances, which I believe are still to be found in the Empire City, even when accompanied by a capable officer armed to the teeth—and Captain Lees was armed to the teeth and was regarded as a dare-devil even on the Pacific Slope—let me recommend you not to go. It may not have been such a narrow squeak for us both as I thought it was at the time; but when in New York I have never passed University Place, from that day to this, without feeling that I might have omitted to notice a hole through me, and Lees himself admitted that such a visit as ours that night "held some risk." And yet nobody would have thought of danger at first. Why my first visit to New York should have taken me into such very queer regions and such still queerer company, male and female, is a question which Lees might perhaps have answered correctly. I certainly cannot.

But all through my life, without having any predilection for getting into peril, or boasting of any high personal courage, I have drifted into very ugly scrapes and dilemmas indeed, from which I have emerged unscathed, far more by good luck than good management. So I was a little surprised when, a few years later, a well-known Oxford man, whose close acquaintance I first made on Levuka beach, asked me, we being both members of the New University Club, to go with him in a yacht he was having built in New Zealand on a trip to the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, and the then almost unknown groups of the Sooloo Sea. I had, however, then plunged in earnest into journalism and politics and was deep in my studies of India. I therefore declined. He

was, nevertheless, kind enough to press me again more than once to accompany him, pointing out the charm of the adventure. Annoyed at being unable to accept I said at last, "There are at least a score of men around us here in the Club whom you know even better than you know me, who have nothing to do and would jump at the chance of going with you." "Yes," he replied, "I know them very well indeed here in Pall Mall and Piccadilly, but I don't know them out in the South Seas." And there is, I suppose, a difference.

I crossed from New York in the Guion liner *Manhattan*, of about 1800 tons. That sounds to-day as if I had remarked casually that I visited Rhode Island in an Icelander's boat. The change from the *Manhattan* to the *Mauretania* is almost as great as the contrast between a Viking craft and the *Manhattan*. And so I found myself in London, after just two years' absence, on February 13, 1871.

The great Franco-German War, which so completely transformed the European situation, had taken place in the meantime, and now, with the German army still cantoned around Paris, we were on the eve of the Commune. Those were stirring times. That Great Britain ought to have taken the lead in calling a halt after the collapse of the Empire at Sedan would, I take it, be disputed by few at the present time. But the sympathies of our German Court with the German conquerors and the incredible cowardice of the pusillanimous Ministry then in power, rendered scarcely necessary the braggadocio threats which Prince Bismarck tumbled out upon Lord Granville. It was decreed that we should play our silly part in constituting the piratical Hohenzollerns the future dictators of Europe, and the full effects of this imbecile policy are only being fully felt now,

forty years afterwards, though foreseen and predicted by many of us at the time.

But the short and frightful tragedy of the Commune of Paris swept away for a few months the memories of the recent war, and even the records of the siege of the French Metropolis, with all the terrible suffering from famine and privation which accompanied that memorable investment and occupation. To myself as an Englishman who had known Paris since 1858, who had watched the marvellous transformation of that great city by Napoleon III. and Baron Haussmann, who had sympathised with the protests of the noble Frenchmen led by Victor Hugo against the Imperial regime, and had read with delight *Les Propos de Labienus*, the trenchant sarcasms of Rochefort and the delightful irony of that master of veiled satire, the unfortunate Prevost-Paradol, there was to me something of almost personal sorrow at the disasters which befell the combined Athens and Corinth of modern Europe.

Few cities in history have a personality of their own. Babylon, Jerusalem, Athens, Alexandria, Carthage, Rome and Florence exhaust the list in the past, and Paris alone takes up the tale for our times. That indescribable quality which we speak of as "charm" ever surrounds and beautifies her. She is the capital of the world of art and intellect as well as of fashion and pleasure. The joy of life to those who really live can be felt nowhere on earth so keenly as there. Nowhere are men of ability and genius so easily accessible, nowhere is the influence of brilliant women so readily admitted, or so highly esteemed. Even in these days of the omnipotence of mere wealth Paris still possesses men of genius who gratuitously give their services to students in art and science, and it is not essential that such people

should be rich in order that they should be deeply respected. The very defects of this great city make her a portion of the daily world-interest of mankind. But that which entitles her to the highest regard is that, notwithstanding their apparent lightness of manners and indifference to outside opinion, the inhabitants of Paris have ever been in the front rank when efforts have been made for the uplifting of the human race and the development of the human intelligence.

And that is why the rising of the people, on behalf of their Commune and the freedom of their city, after the great siege, stirred up such a wave of sympathy on the part of all democrats and such deep hatred on the part of all reactionists throughout the civilised world. The revolt itself was hopeless from the first. Even if better organisation and a bolder strategy had routed the Versailles troops, as might perhaps have been done, the German army still held its ground, and time would have enabled the forces of reaction to rally again to the assault. Nor is it too much to say that the failure and the butchery which followed threw back the movement of the proletariat of Paris fully twenty years. Leaders of the type of Delescluze and others who fell in the strife, or were slaughtered by Gallifet and his kindred ruffians in cold blood, are not very plentiful even in France. But when every account is taken of the blunders and mismanagement of the Commune the fact remains that this assertion by the workers of Paris of their right to control the administration of their own city, and their declaration of the solidarity of the workers of the world, marks a stage in the history of the advance of the "Fourth Estate" in its struggle for emancipation; and the martyrs of the Commune have since been revered as martyrs in the cause of human freedom by Socialists all over

the world. This, of course, was by no means the view taken of them at the time by the governing classes of Europe. In England the feeling against Communards was particularly bitter. Our leaders of opinion made out even the pulling down of the Vendôme Column glorifying Napoleon's victories by the great artist Courbet, to be a crime against civilisation. Our own capitalist press of that date in particular covered itself with infamy, rejoicing in the wholesale massacre of men, women and children without trial against the wall at Père La Chaise and on the plain of Satory.

Though not then a Socialist my sympathies were on the side of the men and women of Paris, who were hopelessly fighting for what they believed to be right. Yachting with my old friend Henry Spicer in his cutter the *Dione* we went together at Ryde to dine with a Mr. Bishop, the owner of a very fine schooner of that day. This was when the Commune was in full swing and I presume I championed the cause of the Parisian people rather vigorously, because I heard afterwards that Mr. Bishop complained that "Spicer actually brought a red-hot Communist to dine with me." The Positivists, however, could scarcely be accused of coming within the category of "red-hot Communists." Far from it. As I have often said of them, "their theories are all wrong but their actions are all right." This was no exception to the rule. As in the case of their admirable defence of Trade Unionism and Trade Unionists against the furious attacks of the majority of Englishmen of their own class in 1866, when the Broadhead outrage at Sheffield had set public opinion in bitter antagonism to working class combinations of every kind; so in this instance of the Communards of Paris the whole of the followers of Comte took the unpopular side and

Mr. Frederic Harrison voiced the opinions of Messrs. Beesly, Bridges, Coventry, Crompton and other Positivists, who made themselves heard elsewhere, in his memorable article in *The Fortnightly Review,* then edited by the present Viscount Morley of Blackburn.

This pronouncement by Mr. Frederic Harrison ran directly counter to the prevailing views of the well-to-do in this country. Not only so, but the Positivist leaders busied themselves in procuring employment for the Communist refugees. Later, I knew some of these Communists more or less intimately and it seems strange nowadays that such men as Clemenceau, Longuet, Camelinat, Jourde, Beslay, Rochefort, Felix Pyat and Cluseret, to speak only of the educated leaders, should have been put down as bloodthirsty desperadoes eager to massacre their fellow-citizens and to destroy the great monuments of their metropolis. But towards the end of the two months of resistance by the Communards to the invasion of M. Thiers and his army of reaction a positive blood-lust had seized upon the possessing classes here and elsewhere. Nothing was too bad for the supporters of the Commune. And had the hideous "torture of the boat," so graphically described by Plutarch, been suggested as a punishment for the principal Communists it is my firm belief the proposal would have been greeted with acclamation by some of the leading lights of English Society. Certain it is that the most atrocious slaughterings in cold blood and without trial ever known in Western Europe were regarded as quite a legitimate and even laudable vengeance for the attempt of the workers of Paris to control the destinies of their own city.

It so happened, however, that my old friend E. B. Michell, the famous amateur sculler and

athlete and my brother Hugh, both of them members of Magdalen College, Oxford, and thorough-going Conservatives, were in Paris during the Commune period, having succeeded, in company with Frederick Myers of Trinity, Cambridge, the author of *St. Paul*, etc., in getting into the city, just after the armistice and temporary German occupation. Michell also, I may say, was at the time a French *avocat* as well as an English barrister and thoroughly understood what was being said and done around him. They both came and dined with me the very day they got back from Paris, and hungry enough I remember they both were, in spite of previous efforts to make up for lost meals. Their personal experiences were alike interesting and exciting; but though they had not been very well treated by the Communist authorities they agreed that never in their time, and they both knew Paris well, had that city been so admirably managed in every way as under the rule of the Commune. All the most objectionable features of Paris life had been greatly mitigated or entirely suppressed, the streets were kept in perfect order, the police regulations were excellent without being oppressive, and the various public departments were well managed.

Michell published his view of the matter at the time in an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, then a monthly periodical of high standing, and it remains a cool, unprejudiced statement of a highly-educated English barrister, quite devoid of revolutionary ideas, of what he actually saw under his eyes. Some of the important reforms introduced by the Communards were of such manifest public utility that they have been maintained to this day. And the administrators themselves, with all the resources of Paris at their command, lived on a few francs a day. In fact, they did not recognise that they

were committed to a revolutionary policy at all, and endeavoured to keep within the lines of commonplace bourgeois ethic even in the midst of revolution. Thus with £60,000,000 of gold in the Bank of France, which nobody could have prevented them from using, a sufficient sum to have ensured them at any rate temporary success, the heads of the Commune actually went and borrowed £40,000 from the Rothschilds for public purposes! Revolutions are not made with rose-water in that way. Scrupulousness in leaders is at such times criminal.

The Commune failed as it was bound to fail. The Hôtel de Ville, the Tuileries and other public buildings were burnt down, whole streets were wrecked in the fighting, and Paris was given over to the reactionary troops for days upon days. So general was the opinion that the metropolis of France had sustained an irremediable shock that I remember being one night at a music hall in London and overhearing two Parisians discussing the situation. They both agreed that the condition of their city was most deplorable, and that the destruction wrought by desperate people within and infuriated reactionaries from without would take years to repair. One of the two was much more pessimist than the other. He was the owner of a fine flat in the Champs Elysées worth at least £1000 a year. "I would gladly let it for a term of years for 5000 francs a year." "Would you really?" said his friend. "Certainly, but I don't know any one who would be foolish enough to take it." "I am the foolish person you want. I will agree to take it now and run my chance." They actually went off together to the lounge, whither I followed them, drew up an agreement and signed it there and then.

As all the world knows, within three years, France and Paris had so completely recovered from

the German conquest, that Prince Bismarck would have attacked her again but for the menacing attitude of Russia. A few years later still and the despised refugees of the Commune were among the leaders of the Republic. A few years more and the ideas for which the men and women of the Commune fought and fell were being championed by an organised party in the French Assembly. No wonder the personality of Paris attracts the admiration and love of all advanced men and women throughout the civilised world. May her future be as glorious as her past!

From 1871 onwards I was again active in political journalism, with perhaps a little more of personal adventure than is usually associated with that sort of work. This was due to the fact that most of my writing was done for my old friend Frederick Greenwood, the best and most generous of editors, and that, happily for me, I was not at all dependent on my pen for my livelihood. It is strange in these days of trustified journalism to look back to the time when editors controlled the newspapers they edited, and Delane of the *Times* and Walker of the *Daily News* and Greenwood of the *Pall Mall Gazette* exerted a direct and recognised personal influence. The latter collected around him on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* a remarkable set of men, who wrote, in the main, because they had, or believed they had, something to say which they were anxious the public should hear. Sir James Stephen, Sir Henry Maine, Leslie Stephen, George Henry Lewes, Maurice and Francis Drummond, H. D. Traill, D. Lathbury, with Huxley, John Morley and Coventry Patmore contributing scientific and literary articles and reviews, were all writing for the paper at the same time. Goldwin Smith called it "an atheistical Tory organ"; but in truth it was much more a

literary sceptical organ than either, and allowed, also, as free expression to out-and-out democratic opinions, if ably expressed, as any journal in the country.

Greenwood himself was quite an admirable editor, and until he permitted his strong feeling against Mr. Gladstone to warp his judgment, a mistake from which I should have thought his admirable sense of humour would have saved him, he was thoroughly impartial in his views. But when once he became an active political journalist, Greenwood took the imperial duties of England very seriously indeed, and there was something in what Karl Marx called "the oleaginous hypocrisy" of the great Liberal leader which upset my old friend's equanimity altogether, and caused him to attribute to Mr. Gladstone all sorts of unscrupulous devices, which were, in truth, no more than evidence of what Thomas Carlyle called "Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary faculty of convincing himself that he conscientiously believes whatsoever tends to his political advantage"—a most convenient quality of mind for a party orator, but one exasperating to the last degree to a writer like Greenwood. But keen, incisive, humorous and original as Greenwood was as a publicist, and quite exceptionally sympathetic as his touch was as an editor—I never knew a contributor complain of Greenwood's editing—he attached far more importance to his suggestion of the purchase of the Suez Canal Shares than to the high position he achieved as a journalist and man of letters, who not only was independent himself but was the cause of independence in others. In this, in my opinion, he was wrong. No doubt it was an extraordinary thing for a private individual to bring about a State transaction which resulted in a market enhancement in the value of the shares, bought at his instance, of close upon £20,000,000

on behalf of mere "niggers," who don't count, especially when the guilty person happens to be more or less of a popular hero. I was howled down, and the Royal Geographers present thought that was the end of it. Not so, however. Colonel Yule, a member of the Council of the Society, was of opinion I ought to have been heard, and took up the case himself. He and I wrote and published a joint pamphlet, the matter was reopened, and Stanley's methods, as explained by himself, were held to need still further explanation when he came home. That was all the satisfaction we could get. But I still believe my action at that time, and then Colonel Yule's chivalrous behaviour, for feeling ran very high even against the respected editor of Marco Polo's works, did something to check filibustering journalistic missioners in their ruthless destruction of natives of the countries they explore.

CHAPTER X

INDIA

SHORTLY afterwards I began my studies of India seriously. I had met James Geddes, the hero of the famine in Orissa, in 1866, two or three years before, and had read his pamphlet "The Logic of Indian Deficit," being a reprint of his evidence before the committee of the House of Commons. But this had, for the time being, passed out of my mind, and I approached the economics and politics of India by quite another route. At this period, though I was a thorough Radical and democrat in home and colonial affairs, I held the profound conviction that British rule in India was beneficial to its peoples; that the suppression of the Mutiny, though disfigured by hideous English crimes, was on the whole justifiable; and that it was desirable to take the strongest possible measures to ward off from Hindustan the menace of Russian aggression. Even Geddes' arguments failed to shake my belief in the beneficence of our rule.

And this perhaps was natural enough. I had been brought up in an atmosphere of imperialism, so far as India was concerned. My family on both sides had been closely connected with that great country for several generations. Colonel Hyndman disarmed M. Raymond's force at the Nizam's Court in 1802, close relatives of mine had held posts under the old East India Company, one of my

uncles, General Prescott, had spent forty years of his life in the Company's service in the Madras Presidency, and another uncle, Colonel Mayers, had gone up Central India with Sir Hugh Rose's (Lord Strathnairn's) column in its famous march during the Mutiny, in command of the 86th. So it was natural, as I say, that I should have the common opinion of the educated well-to-do class about our dominance in Hindustan.

Through my old college friend Robert Dobbs I made the acquaintance of one of the most remarkable men I ever encountered, though few appreciated the great faculties which I believe were latent in him, and with the exception of Sir John Gorst none, I think, remain in active life who were intimate with Tom Palmer of Hyderabad. He was a son of the head of the great banking house of Palmer & Co. of Hyderabad, ruined by Sir Charles Metcalfe; his mother was one of the princesses or Begums of the Moguls of Delhi. He looked it. Tall, powerful, and dark-complexioned, with keen eyes, a strong nose, magnificent teeth and a firm mouth and chin, his whole appearance was that of one who, in a stirring time, would be a capable and ruthless leader of men. He was far more proud of his Indian than of his English blood, though this was apparent rather from what he did not, than from what he did, say.

Strange stories were told of him which, though I never accepted them as true, could scarcely be regarded as impossible when studying his face in repose. One was that the incident related by Sir William Russell of a man of his blood, on the British side, left in charge of Allahabad during the Mutiny, applied to him. He had, so it was said, many creditors in that city when he entered upon his duties. There were none left when he gave up control. It had been necessary to hang them all

for nefarious dealings with the enemy. I have never myself believed this of Palmer at all. When some one in London recounted it to him as laid to his charge, all he said was: "I heard that tale myself as I went up from Allahabad to Delhi." But Apocryphal as the tale undoubtedly was, what Palmer actually did on one occasion here in London gives some idea of his determined character. He used to have chambers on the very top floor at 5 Paper Buildings, Temple. A certain Colonel of his acquaintance had contrived by misrepresentation and a long skilfully-laid plot to cozen Palmer out of £800. Palmer later learnt that this Colonel had come into possession of a considerable sum in ready money, which was lying at his bank. Palmer somehow contrived to inveigle this gentleman to his chambers. Once there the astonished colonel found himself looking into the muzzle of a ·45 Colt revolver, with Palmer's relentless eyes taking careful aim at the other end of the weapon. "Now," quoth Palmer, "it took you, Colonel ——, eighteen months to rob me of that £800; it won't take you five minutes to pay me back." A cheque on the Colonel's bank was ready drawn; within the five minutes, after some bootless expostulation, the Colonel duly signed it; a few seconds thereafter he was comfortably disposed of in the chambers, incapable temporarily of utterance or motion, and carefully locked in, while Palmer went out and cashed the cheque. Primitive in method, but effective in result.

Such was the man who, acting as confidential agent in London for the Nizam, led me to consider much more carefully than I had considered hitherto our relations to the peoples of India. The matter in which he was interested was to obtain the restoration of the provinces known as the Berars to the ruler of Hyderabad. The grounds upon

return in triumph to Hyderabad as the benefactor of his country.

But luck is everything in politics. No sooner did Salar Jung arrive in Europe than ill-fortune began to dog his footsteps. He fell downstairs at his hotel in Paris and broke his leg. This was not only a serious matter for him, as injuring his health and affecting his nerves, but it threw all arrangements behind on this side of the Channel. When he came to London, therefore, he was in no good physical or mental condition for his encounter with the India Office, which surrounded him with its agents and did everything possible to make him politically uncomfortable. He felt this and said sadly, "I am not the man in London that I am in Hyderabad." Nevertheless, and in spite of all intrigues and mistakes, it was understood and agreed that when, at the close of his visit, the Dewan went down to Osborne to take his leave of the Queen he should formally ask for, and Victoria should herself concede, the restoration of the lost provinces. So Salar Jung went to the Isle of Wight on this historic mission, arrived at Osborne, and was at once ushered into the presence of the Queen as arranged. She, so it is averred, went forward three steps to meet him, and the Eastern Statesman was so overwhelmed by this act of condescension on the part of his Empress that he actually forgot to ask for the Berars at all. At any rate he did not get them and went back empty-handed to India.

My own opinion is that Sir Salar Jung had been threatened by certain personages in London as to what should befall Hyderabad, if he ventured to take advantage of the good dispositions of the British Government and the Queen, and that at the last moment, in his enfeebled state of health, his nerve failed him. In any case the Berars were not

surrendered, and remain under British dominance to this day. Probably in the long run this was just as well, for their surrender would have given an entirely false impression of the intention of our middle class to do justice in other directions.

The contentions of the official apologists in favour of retaining possession of the Nizam's provinces, in contravention of treaty rights and common honesty, were mainly based—as the God of Battles could not decently be called in as a final Court of Appeal on the record of official documents—upon the assumption that the people under British rule were much better off in every way than under native rule. I therefore set myself to inquire whether this was really the case, and I will say this, that I spared myself neither time, trouble, nor expense to enable me to arrive at the right conclusion. I began my investigations, as I have already said, with a strong feeling as to the beneficence of our rule in Hindustan, and I confined myself, in the first instance at least, to the study of official reports and histories and books written by Anglo-Indians of repute.

I discovered, to my astonishment and regret, that Report after Report and Commission after Commission proved the existence of such terrible and ever-increasing poverty among the agricultural population of India that I began to doubt whether our rule could possibly be as good as it was stated to be. The statistics of famine told on the same side, and I bethought me of Geddes' views, which I had not before fully accepted, and read his pamphlet and evidence over again. Then I found that even such well-known men as Sir William Sleeman, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Lord Teignmouth, Major Evans Bell, Colonel Osborne, had been greatly troubled as to the steady impoverishment of the common people when they were trans-

ferred from native to European administration, and attributed this entirely to the defects of our administration.

I also went thoroughly into the figures of the Public Works Department, and was horrified at the extravagance, incompetence, and jobbery admitted to have gone on even by officials themselves. The methods of taxation were next examined, and these seemed to me bad in principle and very onerous in exaction. The subject quite overmastered me. Every minute of my spare time was given to India, and volumes of Blue Books on India filled up the house. Then came the series of frightful famines from 1876-1879, and I persuaded Greenwood to allow me to set forth my new opinions in his paper over my initial "H." I had not written much before the letters made a stir.

People would not believe that what I stated was drawn entirely from official documents, without garbling or misrepresentation. A committee of the House of Commons was then sitting, of which Professor Fawcett, who had been my lecturer in Political Economy when I was at Trinity, chanced to be chairman. Mr. Fawcett had no idea, of course, who "H" was. But he wrote to the editor and requested that as "H" evidently knew much more about the Public Works Department and Indian finance generally than any of the witnesses who had given evidence, "H" should submit himself for examination. As, however, I had never been in India, and my knowledge had been obtained from sources open to all the world, Greenwood and I decided it was better I should not appear before the committee. I am inclined to think now this was a mistake. But the result was that Mr. James Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century*, learning that I was "H," offered me as much space as I could want, in reason, to state my case in his Review. It

was a great opportunity, and I resolved to take full advantage of it.

I have seen such strange coincidences occur during my long life that I am driven to the conclusion that we are unable to account for not a few of the incidents which greatly affect the current of our lives. The matter to which I now refer was an apparent trifle, yet it meant a great deal to the completeness of the case for India. I had finished my paper, and was about to send it off to the *Nineteenth Century*, feeling that I had not been able to put the statistical part of it as clearly and convincingly as it should have been put, when I strolled into Messrs. Kings, the Parliamentary booksellers, then in King Street, which has since been pulled down. I used at that time to go there frequently for Indian books and papers. As I left the shop I noticed a booklet from which the cover had been torn, and the words, *The Poverty of India*, in heavy black letters on a white ground, stared up at me. If the cover had remained I certainly should not have noticed it. "What is that?" I asked. "Only a mass of figures," was the reply. I at once seized the little volume, and found that Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji had therein placed at my disposal precisely the statistics about India which completed my own work. The article was published under the title Mr. Knowles chose for it, "The Bankruptcy of India," as the first paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1878.

As I look back over those three-and-thirty years I wonder at the sensation it made. The article was immediately translated into nearly every European language, as well as into more than one of the Indian tongues. Upwards of thirty offers to reply to it from distinguished writers poured in upon the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, and the subject was hotly discussed everywhere. I

was told confidentially that I should be hopelessly crushed under the weight of metal that was being brought to bear upon me, and so on. But my years of reading and reflection on this great issue had given me confidence, and I felt sure I was right. Nevertheless, I awaited the criticisms with anxiety, fearful that I might have made some irretrievable blunder. My three principal antagonists were Sir Erskine Perry in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. John Morley in the *Fortnightly Review*, and Sir Juland Danvers in *Fraser's Magazine*. I found it, however, even easier than I anticipated to reply effectively to my assailants, and the influence of my rejoinder was far greater than I could possibly have anticipated.

I had formulated in my mind a definite policy in regard to India and Asia generally, which called for the re-establishment of genuine Indian rule throughout Hindustan, under light English leadership, the terrible drain of produce without commercial return being stanched. Thus India from then onwards would, as I believed, have gained steadily in wealth and have become, on friendly terms with us, one of the finest Empires the world has ever seen. That, I say, was my belief then, that is still my conviction now. It would have been a magnificent attempt to make up for our criminal and ruthless plunder at the beginning, and the cold-blooded economic exploitation of the middle, of our regime, to have helped forward the splendid peoples of India to take up their rightful position in the world at its close. Having convinced myself that our system was injurious to India and really harmful to ourselves, I thought no time should be lost in remedying our blunders and in establishing a new system.

But I had another object in view which I only disclosed to a few friends and partly through them,

and partly directly, to the statesmen who at this time agreed with me and were afterwards prepared to carry out the policy. During my travels in Australia and America, I had become of one mind with those who held that in the near future China would—at this period Japan was scarcely thought of—adopt European weapons and methods of warfare and claim all, and perhaps a good deal more than all, the territory she had ever held in Asia. The bulk of the population of India is of the same Aryan stock as our own and its inhabitants have good historic reasons for fearing Mongolian domination. A self-governing, powerful Empire of India, therefore, with her 300,000,000 of population, supported by Great Britain, would have presented a formidable barrier to any hostile Chinese movement, while there could be little danger of similar aggression on the part of the Indians themselves.

It seems strange at the present time, but it is nevertheless the fact, that at that period, following upon my reply to my critics, the Conservative Party accepted this policy. After all, this was no more than to carry out on a larger scale the principles which Lords Salisbury and Iddesleigh had already adopted in regard to Mysore. However that may be, those two noblemen, with Lord Cranbrook, who was then Secretary of State for India, and Mr. Edward Stanhope, the Parliamentary Under Secretary, as well as Sir Louis Mallet, the Permanent Under Secretary, whom I saw almost daily, were all in favour of making a new departure; and Mr. Edward Stanhope, who was my close personal friend, was kind enough to reserve for me a seat "under the gallery" in the House of Commons, in order that, as he pleased to say, "you may hear the beginning of your policy proposed to the House of Commons."

I had seen before this a very great deal of Sir George Kellner, who was then Lord Salisbury's confidential assistant at the Foreign Office, and he told me that Lord Salisbury was quite satisfied as to the soundness of my contentions; and Lord Iddesleigh more than once confirmed this view to me when I met him, as I frequently did then, in private society. Lord Cranbrook being also on the same side, I had good reason to hope that this policy would be pushed to its legitimate conclusion; as it seemed scarcely possible that, even if the Conservatives were defeated at a General Election, the Liberals, who always claimed to have a deep sympathy with India, would fail to take up and even to extend a systematic change thus publicly begun. If freedom was desirable for the Servians and Bulgarians, it could scarcely be less advantageous to the peoples of India with their ancient and glorious civilisation.

Unfortunately all these legitimate anticipations were entirely falsified. Immediately the Liberal Government took office after the General Election of 1880, every reform in India which the Conservatives had introduced was set aside, and all the old jobs and abuses were revived by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington. This deliberate set-back arrested the whole current of events, and, sad to say, from that time to this the miserable system of draining India of her wealth to the extent of upwards of £30,000,000 a year for the benefit of the well-to-do classes in the United Kingdom—Ireland has had her full share in this nefarious business—and the crushing out of all initiative and vigour among the Indian population has been relentlessly kept up by both the English political factions. Though I have never ceased to work and agitate for India, this failure to

continue my policy of justice and development in 1880 has always been for me the saddest disappointment of my life. But my experience in regard to our two factions is that, when in office, alike in India, in Egypt, and even in South Africa, outside of the infamous and disastrous Transvaal War, the Liberals are worse than the Tories.[1]

I have dealt at some length with this episode in regard to India, not only because of the vast importance of right dealing towards 300,000,000 of people but on account of an infinitely smaller matter, though interesting to some, the effect, namely, which it had upon my career. I may mention that from 1874 onwards I began to acquire a certain position in the world of journalism and letters, and the strong line I took against the pro-Russian party during the Russo-Turkish War, while putting me at variance with a certain school

[1] Although the late Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Hartington, knew that I was bitterly opposed to the policy of the Liberal Government in restoring all the old jobs in India which his Tory predecessors had begun to suppress, he, as Secretary of State for India, wrote me with his own hand the following letter to my house:—

India Office,
December 18, 1880.

Sir—I regret to find that so long an interval has elapsed without any acknowledgment of the receipt of your letter of November 15th.

With regard to the prospect of immediate scarcity in the North-West Province and Oudh, I am in constant telegraphic communication with the Government of India, and I am happy to say that the most recent accounts are more favourable, to the effect that general rain has fallen, that food is plentiful, and prices easy, and that no relief is needed. I am aware that the local officials have sometimes taken too sanguine a view of the condition of the country; but in this case the tenor of reports previously received induces me to think that they have been fully alive to the probability of scarcity if not of famine, and that their present confidence is not without foundation.

With regard to the general topics touched upon in your letter, I can only at present say that I have read your observations with great interest, and am very sensible of the importance of the subjects to which they relate. I do not think that it would serve any useful purpose for me to attempt to enter into a description with you in this letter upon them; but I should be very glad as soon as I have a little time at my disposal to have the opportunity of some conversation with you on questions to which you have devoted so much labour and thought.—I remain, yours obediently,

Hartington.

of Radicals, brought me into contact with others, some of whom became my intimate friends. I could not for the life of me see then, and I cannot see now, that the desire to emancipate Christian populations from the decaying domination of the Ottoman Turk was sufficient justification for supporting the growing and aggressive despotism of Russia. The latter seemed to me far the more dangerous at that time to European democracy, and this opinion was shared by many democrats, not only in the United Kingdom but throughout Europe. Anyhow, I took that side as vigorously as I could, and it amuses me now to know that many friends with whom later I became so closely associated, used to denounce my letters signed "H" on this subject as specially obnoxious, though they had no idea who the writer was.

The fight was a very bitter one, and aroused more ill-feeling between the opponents than anything I can remember except, perhaps, Home Rule and the Irish Land question, which came on a little later. One result of my activity against Russia was that I discovered that I could speak, and this discovery was made, of all places in the world, in the old St. James's Hall. I had never opened my lips on a public platform before, and I began with an amount of nervous diffidence which was absurd on the part of a man of thirty-seven, who knew what he wanted to talk about and had something quite definite to say. However, much to my surprise, I found I got on very well with the audience, who apparently were sorry when I sat down. I should doubt whether anybody who has done such an amount of public speaking as I have ever began his apprenticeship to the platform at so late an age, and, even then, some three years elapsed before I took to agitation in earnest.

CHAPTER XI

NOTES IN AMERICA

On February 14, 1876, I married Matilda Ware, daughter of William Ware of Newick, one of the old race of Sussex yeomen farmers, now almost completely disappeared, who furnished some of the best fighting men on land and on sea known to our history. We had been lovers for many years before, and it was fitting we should be wedded on Valentine's Day. I have been unlucky, perhaps, in many ways, but my good fortune in my wife has made up for it all. Never once in these five-and-thirty years has she failed, even when ill and depressed herself, to strengthen and support me in all my arduous work, and never, no matter how harassing our domestic difficulties, has she lost heart or complained of the trouble which she has had to face, quite unnecessarily, in consequence of my mistakes. Had I followed her advice in business and politics we should certainly have held a much more secure and satisfactory position than that which we occupy to-day. But we have not finished even yet.

During the years from 1874 to 1880 I was called several times to America on my private business and became very well acquainted with Salt Lake City, to which I had paid a hasty visit when crossing the continent in 1870. Salt Lake City was then a town of about 5000 in-

habitants, under the absolute control of the Mormons. A more beautiful place I never was in. It lay upon a small flat valley, high above the level of the sea, surrounded by mountains which retained the snow on their summits and in the ravines until very late in the year. The air was clear and exhilarating to a marvellous degree, and the views up to and beyond the U.S. Fort Hampton, where a garrison was maintained to keep the Indians in check, were magnificent. The town itself was in its way perfect. Streams of rushing water ran down the streets on both sides; the houses were all pretty and all comfortable; there were no poor, no vicious class, and, as far as I saw, no drunkenness or debauchery outside of the handful of "gentiles" who came there in connection with the mines established by European companies.

The drawbacks to Mormonism and its polygamy have often been insisted upon, and nobody could fail to see the rough and vulgar brutality of Brigham Young with his seventy-two wives, or to note the salacious propensities of some of the wealthy elders who surrounded his successor. But, speaking only of what I myself saw, I can say most decidedly that I never was in a community in my life where, in spite of the great wealth of a handful of the rulers, the mass of the people were so well-to-do and healthy as they were among these Mormons. The religion of the prophet Smith lends itself easily to ridicule. The lives of even the richest of the Mormons were not conducted on the lines of the highest culture. There were harsh and cruel and disgusting and even terrible things done in the name of the creed they had adopted by the rude unlettered men who had taken it up. Women who had been induced to come out to Utah by the Mormon emissaries frequently found them-

selves also in a very different position from that which had been represented to them as to be their lot.

Men of the most desperate character, too, who had done terrible deeds of murder and butchery, went abroad fearlessly. I myself sat at the theatre next to a well-known murderer, one of the Destroying Angels, with his long pigtail curled round the top of his head, who was afterwards duly and comfortably hanged for the part he had taken in the hideous Mountain Meadows Massacre; when a great and well-to-do company of emigrants to the West, who had, unfortunately for them, been conducted through the Utah territory, were attacked without warning by an army of Mormons, disguised as Indians, and slaughtered men, women, and children, to the last of the caravan. This massacre was well known and commonly spoken of in Salt Lake City.

It was also as inconvenient, not to say dangerous, to run counter to the institution of Mormonism as it was to agitate for the abolition of slavery in the Southern States a few years earlier. Exceptionally ardent reformers were apt to be found now and then on the side-walk, in a state which called for no further medical attendance, as a hint to others not to allow their fanatical zeal for improvement to outrun their discretion. Wives, likewise, who did not obey their husbands in the Lord, according to the ordinances promulgated by Brigham Young and his disciples, in the name of the prophet Smith, were, I have heard, not so satisfied with the domestic arrangements of the saintly households as those who were more docile and submissive. Poor Mormons, also, at work on the irrigated farms which produced the agricultural wealth of the country, had a laborious and, in the first years, undoubtedly, none too enjoyable a life. They could not afford, certainly, those extensions of the

household and multiplicity of establishments which their wealthy co-religionists were able to keep up out of the produce of their ill-requited toil.

On the other hand, the Mormon rule can scarcely have been so wholly arbitrary and ruthless as has been depicted by "gentiles" and ex-Mormons; for my friend Godbe, himself an ex-Elder, a pleasing polygamist of the most engaging manners, was allowed to start and maintain a successful schismatic sect of his own. Attacks upon the established Church, of Smith or Young as the case may be, were not infrequent; and although I took some pains to get information about cruelty and injustice to women, I am bound to say I never could obtain, even privately, evidence of misbehaviour which could not be paralleled at any time in the most respectable families at home; while prostitution with its concomitant evils and diseases was wholly unknown.

Moreover, the higher pleasures of life were by no means lacking. The great theatre was always crowded at extremely low prices, and some of the very best acting I ever saw in my life was in Salt Lake City, with the President, surrounded by his wives, present. The singing, also, in the Mormon Tabernacle was delightful. As to general conduct, there could be no comparison whatever, in my time, between the behaviour of the Mormons and that of most of the incoming Gentiles. These latter being, as they thought, quite outside the range of Mrs. Grundy's canons of social life, carried on after a fashion which disgusted not only the Mormons but every decent Gentile within hail of them: squandering the funds entrusted to them for their mines on riotous living and on the importation of persons of notoriously bad character into the City of the

Saints. As an impartial looker-on, with no prejudices, I can safely say that the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, as represented out there in Utah, compared very badly with the devotees and disciples of Smith of Nauvoo; and I do not hesitate to assert that, as between Smithians and Christians, the former could have given away to the latter any amount of religious and moral weight and still have maintained the lead in personal conduct and general ethics.

In short, I have always thought the Mormons were very badly treated. Their founder, having undergone the familiar experience of experimenters in sociology and religion, finished up, St. Stephen-fashion, by being stoned to death by an orthodox mob in the Eastern States. His converts, with his fate as a lesson to them in American tolerance, betook themselves to the wilderness of Utah, then a wilderness indeed, peopled only with buffalo, grizzly bears and redskins. Bare, bleak, inhospitable and dangerous, there the polygamist Mormons of the New Religion settled themselves as the Latter Day Saints. Within a few years this desert was made to blossom as a rose, by their unremitting toil, while they established a system of irrigation-farming and cattle-pasturing that was a model to the whole West. Their peculiar institution and their curious religious literature attracted thousands of the half-educated from the cities of Europe and the Eastern States. They had got as far away as they could from civilisation in all its barbarism in order to give free scope to their vulgar superstition, and only asked to be let alone.

So they were for a long time. But the higher culture of capitalism and conveyance was bound to follow them up, and follow them up it did. The upholders of, and profiters by, the brothels

and dens of debauchery in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago were horrified at the idea of taking several women to wife simultaneously, instead of dealing with them, without marriage, successively. The higher standard of this Christian morality was at once apparent, and the newspapers proclaimed widely how shocked all decent people must be at such unseemly social relations as prevailed in Utah. What was much more to the purpose, a railway line was built down from the Transcontinental Railway, which connected Ogden with Salt Lake City, and, still more important, rich mines were discovered in Mormon territory. From that moment, it was certain that Mormon independence and conjugal impropriety of the polygamous type were alike doomed, and no long time elapsed before the shameless doings of the Latter Day Saints were suppressed in that district and the more ardent of the faithful went yet farther afield. Residence in Salt Lake for months at a time had made me quite familiar with its people, both saints and sinners, and I can safely say that I had there with them a very good time; nor do I see to this day what harm the Mormons did as a self-governing community.

CHAPTER XII

AMERICAN NOTES

As I was interested at the same time in California I saw a good deal at this period of the great West generally, and I witnessed on the spot that tremendous "boom" in the Comstock Mines with which the names of Mackay, Flood, Fair and O'Brien are indissolubly associated. Some day I may tell, from my point of view, the tale of that wonderful time in San Francisco which has scarcely yet been adequately told in Europe. Perhaps it is difficult to record the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about men who acquired enormous wealth and became on that account United States Senators and "some of our most distinguished citizens." However that may be, San Francisco was a most lively and interesting place at this period, and I should doubt whether anything quite like it will ever be seen again. The vast mineral wealth poured out from the famous Consolidated Virginia, California, Hale and Norcross and other rich mines seemed inexhaustible. Shares in these ventures went rocketing upwards and remained like fixed stars at an amazing altitude. Everybody seemed to be getting rich at once. Money was easy to get, food was exceedingly good, abundant and cheap, hotels were luxurious and houses were well built and well found. It was a most interest-

ing experience, and the more enjoyable to me that I never witnessed the collapse.

Here, first, in 1870, I met Bret Harte, who had just before written and published his *Heathen Chinee*, etc., the earliest copy of which I like to flatter myself I was the first to bring to London. Bret Harte was undoubtedly a man of great ability who somehow lacked what some one said was the shortcoming of Coleridge, "the genius of continuity"—he never did any sort of justice to himself in his longer works. And it was certainly the same with his conversation. Quiet, companionable, shrewd, and agreeable he shared with his fellow-San Franciscan, Henry George, the incapacity to convey a direct personal impression of the talent, with a clear streak of genius running through it, which he certainly possessed. It is impossible to go to any Western mining camp even to-day without recognising at once the types of men and women which he so artistically depicted. I had opportunities of judging of the truth of some of the incidents of his stories quite close at hand.

Thus, in Salt Lake City, I had a most sad and tragic experience of what a thoroughly bad woman can do to bring about battle and sudden death, and also what "shooting on sight" means in practice. "Shooting on sight" is a Far West institution. I never met with it in any other part of the world. Two men have a really serious difference. They part for the time being without actual bloodshed. One says to the other, "Next time I meet you I will shoot you on sight." That is fair warning. It is a perpetual challenge to a sudden duel. Whichever of the pair first catches sight of his enemy after this declaration on either side has a perfect right to shoot him at once without any further warning

whatever, whether the other party to the quarrel is on the look-out or not, and the death of the duellist who "hands in his cheques" is not regarded as murder done by the survivor.

I was going out in the early morning with a well-known mining man, one Smith, who told me he was about to get married to a Miss Rawlinson, daughter of a very rich Mormon land-owner of that name, to look at some mines in Bingham Cañon. I waited for my man till the very last moment to go to the station of the little railway that took us out there. He as nearly as possible lost the last tram-car—it would have been well for him if he had done so altogether—only catching it by running after it and shouting to us, who stopped the driver and waited for him. When we got to the station the train was delayed, and he was talking to a number of his friends, the Rawlinsons as I afterwards learnt, and he asked me to secure seats for us in the smoking car. This I failed to do, and told him as we boarded the train we must go to seats in the other car. He turned and went forward into the other car ahead of me.

As we walked slowly down the passage-way, he in front and I following behind, I saw a gaunt-looking person, with a long hanging tawny moustache and very bright eyes, rise up suddenly from one of the seats on the left of the car, thrust out a revolver and fire a shot into Smith's body. There was immediately a rush out of the car; for the man who had fired stood with his pistol stretched out in front of him as if intending to fire again. Smith had at once fallen on the floor of the car, and I managed to struggle to him with a friend and hold him up. Meanwhile, a detective in plain clothes, who had got in front of me, jumped forward to the man who had shot Smith, clapped his thumb under the hammer of his revolver, and then, aided by a police-

man who had made his way to his side, seized the delinquent and turning him round was taking him off in custody to the other exit from the car. Thereupon, Smith, who was leaning heavily upon me and apparently dying, made a tremendous, unexpected effort, wrenched his own revolver out of his hip-pocket and fired two shots point-blank right into his assailant's back. The latter tore himself from the grip of the detective and the other officer who together held him, jumped straight up so that his head knocked hard against the roof of the car, and then fell dead at Smith's feet.

All this took place in much less time than it has taken me to write these lines. We then lifted Smith up, took him to the bare little waiting-room at the end of the platform, and sent as quickly as possible for a doctor. Poor Smith was in great pain and groaning at intervals, though he gasped out words which led me to believe that his success in getting even with his antagonist had given him solid comfort through his own approaching dissolution. When the doctor came he examined the wounded man carefully and ordered him to be borne gently to his buggy, but he whispered in my ear as we carried Smith along—"Cannot last twenty-four hours." And so it proved.

This was a case of "shooting on sight," and as Smith had told me nothing about any danger he was incurring the whole thing burst upon me as a hideous nightmare; Smith himself being, so far as I had known him, a quiet sober man of business who never disputed with any one and never went into a bar. *Cherchez la femme!*

The *femme* in this case was Miss Rawlinson, the dying man's betrothed. She was reputed to be by no means averse from flirtation, and it was said that in more than one instance she had carried this

predilection of hers a very long way. In order, possibly, to cover up her own delinquencies, as all afterwards believed, she told Smith that Mr. Snedeker, a married man of great respectability, and a dentist of a high class in Salt Lake City, had chloroformed her in his surgery and outraged her when in that state. Smith, worked up by this story about Snedeker's criminal treatment of his future wife, met Snedeker, denounced him, and told him he would "shoot him on sight," and went round the town proclaiming his intention to do so. Snedeker took alarm and determined to leave the Territory, going round by Bingham Cañon and then by buggy to another railway, so as to avoid any chance of meeting Smith, but took a revolver with him. Smith by the purest accident came into the very same car as Snedeker, searching for him as Snedeker naturally thought, and—the rest as naturally followed.

Smith did linger for twenty-four hours, as the doctor predicted, watched over and served most assiduously and tenderly by his fellow Freemasons —it is wonderful how Freemasonry really means brotherhood outside of these islands—and then was buried in the cemetery up by the military camp Fort Hampton, Snedeker having been interred the previous day. That funeral of Smith's was one of the most imposing ceremonies I ever attended. It was conducted under full Masonic and Knight Templar rites. Quite a crowd of people gathered on the mountain side, with the bright hills around them and Salt Lake City lying like a gem in the valley below. There, in this wild country, far from the old continents, these strange and ancient symbolic formalities were gone through most solemnly by some of the roughest of rough Western men.

It all made a great impression upon me, and

when the arch of steel was formed by the Knights Templars in their costume, by stretching out their bare swords in arch form over the coffin, any sense of the incongruous faded from my mind, and I remembered only that I was assisting at a spectacle to which all present attached an exceptional solemnity. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, Miss Rawlinson, who was present, thought proper to go into hysterics. "Two good men dead for that strumpet!" growled a voice behind me into my ear. This sentence summed the whole thing up.

Coming down from a big mine in which I was interested, a few months later, I narrowly escaped making a close and possibly final acquaintance with another great Western "institution." It was in winter, and the mine was 9000 feet above the sea level. The road down was good in ordinary times, but just then it was very rough and largely covered with snow and ice. I started with the driver of the buggy in the morning to go down to Stockton to the Inn there and the terminus of the little railway from Stockton to Salt Lake City. We had barely got half-way down when my Jehu began to drive furiously indeed. He suddenly whipped up his cattle, which were a pretty speedy pair to start with, and they rushed down the descent as hard as ever they could go. There was a precipice going sheer down some hundreds of feet on one side of us and an equally steep cliff on the other. Time after time I thought we must be over, as we went bumping and swaying and slipping along at break-neck speed. Not a word would my man say, in answer to inquiries as to what was the matter and why we went so fast. At last he pointed his whip behind him and roared "Blizzard" at the top of his voice. On we went after that faster if possible and more dangerously.

I felt our latter end would surely come before we got to the bottom.

Somehow or other, nevertheless, we arrived safe and sound at the Inn door. Out we jumped, loosed the harness, took the horses into the stable, ran the buggy into an outhouse, and rushed inside. We had not been under cover five minutes before the blizzard broke. It was a terrific scene. One tremendous swirl of wind and snow and hail which seemed certain to sweep us clean away, Inn and all. It was quite impossible to see a yard ahead, and a man who came in from quite close by said he could not find his way at all, though he was not twenty yards off, until by sheer good luck he came full up against the house and groped round till he came to the door. He was quite exhausted and half-frozen when we, hearing his scraping on the wood, opened the door just wide enough to let him through. I could quite understand after this how it might happen that more than one person going out to get wood from a pile close at hand in such a blizzard could never get back and perished miserably. I have not the slightest doubt that, had not the driver indulged in that terrific race down the mountain side, we should both have died that day of cold and exposure or, as the owner of the hotel said to me: "Guess if you hadn't hurried up some we'd have struck your bones in the Spring."

In this same Inn at Stockton I had another exciting experience, not, I believe, uncommon out West but a little unsettling when undergone for the first time. I had long ago discovered that if you wish to remain at peace with all men in uttermost parts of the earth, the best way is to keep clear altogether of gambling saloons, to go to the bar as seldom as possible, and to retire to bed at a reasonable hour. I had carried out my

usual programme and gone to bed at this Stockton Inn, after I had had a bit of carouse with the miners and smelters there, including my own men from up above, when I gathered from several revolver shots that there was a "difficulty" below. How it happened I had not the remotest idea; but it is certain that several of the bullets came through the ceiling up into my room when I was lying asleep. Whether this was a *mauvaise plaisanterie* got up for my special edification, or whether the admirable shots below had gone mad in their cups and fired at large, I do not know to this day. But having checked a natural inclination to jump out of bed I fell to calculating the thickness and power of resistance to ·45 bullets possessed by the mattress on which I lay. Possibly my carcase was saved from perforation by that useful protection. At any rate I rose in the morning with a whole skin.

I suppose every one who has frequently crossed the Atlantic has some curious tales to tell of what he has seen himself or has heard from his fellow-passengers. I cannot claim to be in possession of any very interesting budget, but on one of my numerous trips across I became intimate with Cardinal, then Dr., Vaughan, with whom I had many interesting conversations. He was returning from Texas, where he had planted a Catholic Colony, and, as I had been interested in a famous tract of country—owned by Dolores del Soto, the descendant of the Conquistadore of that name who had married an American doctor—which lay close by I knew something about the difficulties he had had to encounter. This led to talk on other subjects, and we became tolerably intimate. Going down one afternoon into the saloon, after walking on deck in rather heavy weather, I found Dr. Vaughan engaged in vehement religious

controversy with three or four Presbyterian ministers from Boston. I have always liked Boston, and I shall ever remember with pleasure the Somerset Club, and a delightful three weeks I spent long ago with Messrs. Saltonstall, Sears Endicott, the father of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, and a few more Bostonians in the mountain districts of Pennsylvania; but I confess I have never been able to discern any attraction in Presbyterian ministers from Boston either ashore or afloat.

I sat down beside Dr. Vaughan to listen to the argument; for it is extremely rare for a Catholic priest to allow himself to be drawn into discussion, with those who profess another form of Christianity, on any religious topic whatever. However, there they were in the full blast of disputation, and before very long I was impelled to take a share in the argumentative fray. It was the old story between the Catholic and the Protestant; though, from my point of view, Dr. Vaughan got the best of the dispute throughout. But the appearance of a free-thinker on the scene settled the matter.

When the issue turned upon tradition, inspiration, ecclesiastical lore, and the supernatural generally, I left the field entirely to the Catholic priest. When the element of reason and private judgment was introduced, as against Vaughan, by the other side I had my little innings. The Bostonians did not like this at all. They were driven by degrees from position after position until at last they had no available defence left. Then they got up from the table, and as they withdrew one of them said, "It is not fair fighting: there is much more difference between you two on that side than there is between ourselves and Dr. Vaughan." I repeated this in another form as Dr. Vaughan and I went together up the companion on to the deck; "Yes,"

he said, "and it is a difference that will never be bridged over either." Years afterwards, when as Bishop of Salford Dr. Vaughan excommunicated Lord Petre, and later still when he delivered that remarkable address in celebration of the landing of St. Augustine at Ramsgate, showing the direct continuity of the belief and ceremonial of the Catholic Church from that time until now, I recalled this voyage across from New York. It is strange to meet in these days a man with a profound belief in the truth of his creed and in the efficacy of his own delegated spiritual powers. But Vaughan undoubtedly had these convictions strong upon him, and his fine presence and beauty of feature did much to impress them upon others.

What a different set of people were Harpending, Bill Lent, and Rhubery. Yet those names bring to mind one of the most elaborate frauds ever engineered, even in connection with mining, as well as a financial scandal that did a great deal to undermine the well-earned influence of the *Times* and to kill its famous editor John Delane. It was perhaps the fact that I used frequently to meet Mr. Sampson, the City editor of the *Times*, at the house of Mr. Samuel Laing, and that I had made the acquaintance of Mr. John Delane himself at his brother's house in Norfolk, which, apart from my crossing the Atlantic on friendly terms with the three arch-villains of the piece, gave me a close personal interest in the entire plot and its dramatic sequel. Of course, when I first met Messrs. Harpending, Lent, and Rhubery on board the White Star liner bound for New York, I had no idea whatever of the sort of people they were. One of them, however, Rhubery, I think, had a berth in the cabin with me, and Lent was convoying over to San Francisco one of the most charming young ladies I ever saw. As neither of the

three conspirators could speak a word of French, and the girl, who had just come out of a French convent, knew scarcely a word of English, Lent and the others were glad enough she should find some one with whom she could converse easily, and gradually I came to know the trio very well.

Also I learnt from a fine specimen of the Western man on board something about Harpending and Lent; he evidently wishing in a kindly way to warn me against my company. "That fellow Harpending just ought to have been strung up long ago. He and two or three others got a blamed Southern pirate out of 'Frisco harbour during the war, and if I had had my way he would have been hanged first and tried afterwards. Everybody knew he was at the back of it. What he has been doing since I don't know, but I reckon he and that Bill Lent are up to no good anyway. The Englishman (Rhubery) may be all right. I never saw him till now, but even him I don't like the looks of. Lent is a 'clever' fellow enough in his way; but he is a sport all the same, and if Harpending has him in hand, Harpending's boss, you bet. They have got some game on that will hurt somebody, and that pretty girl ought never to have been put in Lent's charge. I know her friends."

After this I watched the men more closely than before; but so far as I was concerned there was nothing whatever to object to, and I spent far more time with their young protégée than I did with them, as they were mostly gambling in the smoking-room. However, they told me they were going out on the part of some powerful capitalists in London and San Francisco to locate and develop in Arizona the most remarkable deposit of precious stones ever yet discovered on the planet, whose wealth, if they were not wholly

mistaken, would astound the universe. They talked of their venture with the greatest enthusiasm, and they certainly had plenty of money, as was afterwards clearly shown, to push their enterprise. I told my Western friend what they said. "I don't credit their scheme any" was his comment, "but what Harpending doesn't know in the matter of salting claims ain't worth getting on to. I have learnt that since I came on board." On arriving at New York we all parted company. I went my own way, and I had soon forgotten all about the dark-skinned, sinister-looking Harpending, the cheery, good-hearted gambler, Bill Lent, and the quiet, respectable Rhubery, as well as even the pretty girl with her delightful French and charming broken-English. On my return from America, however, I had occasion to go to Paris, and then the whole scheme appeared from quite another point of view.

I was staying at the Hôtel de l'Amirauté in the Rue Daunou. This comfortable place was then very empty, as indeed were at that time most Paris hotels. Mrs. Montgomery Blair of Washington, with her two daughters, to one of whom another visitor, Mr. Louis Janin, a Washington barrister, was engaged, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, a well-known American soprano of the day, and myself were the only guests who dined at the table d'hôte, except that Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt of "damn the people" celebrity used to come sometimes to see Miss Kellogg. Naturally, we got to know one another pretty well. At this time news of the wonderful discovery of precious stones in Arizona came over from San Francisco, and interested capitalists in London. The *Times* in its City column, conducted by Mr. Sampson, began to throw doubt upon and to ridicule the whole scheme. Those who believed in the discovery

or were concerned with the Harpending-Lent-Rhubery combination freely denounced Sampson as attacking the project merely because he had not been paid to support it, and pointed to the highly laudatory report by Mr. Henry Janin, an expert whose ability and character were beyond all reproach, as crucial evidence of the truth of the story. But the *Times* kept up its attack upon the scheme day after day. Every mail, however, brought long letters from Henry Janin to his brother Louis, with whom I was associating intimately every day in the hotel, telling him privately all he had seen and assuring him that a marvellous new deposit of gems had been found, about which there could be no doubt whatever, as he, Henry Janin, had dug up specimens himself. Louis Janin handed me the letters, and had I not seen Harpending and Lent all my suspicions would have evaporated. As it was, I felt sure Sampson had some private information from his Jew friends in the gem market, or he never would have run such a risk.

So the battle raged; but Henry Janin's report outweighed the *Times* criticism on the other side of the Atlantic, and I think Harpending got rid of the shares in his Company. By-and-by came the catastrophe on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Clarence King, the U.S. Government geologist and mineralogist, who had surveyed that particular section of Arizona where the deposits were located and had found no evidence whatever of diamond or other gem-bearing ground, believed his friend Henry Janin had been taken in and determined to go and see for himself. He went and at once found that the whole thing was an elaborate "plant," which had imposed upon the luckless Janin, because he had no knowledge whatever of gem-bearing strata. All sorts of precious stones in the rough

had been brought to the spot, and buried just for Janin and others to find them. The official expert said nothing but returned post-haste to San Francisco, rushed into Janin's bedroom at the Palace Hotel, got him up at once and persuaded him to leave by the boat starting in an hour or so for Yokohama, promising Janin to defend his honesty at the expense of his intelligence during his absence. The advice was good, as he would have been unsafe in San Francisco. So he went, and Harpending and Lent disappeared.

They had, as it appeared, bought £30,000 worth of rough stones in Hatton Garden, and had carefully buried them in Arizona. They carried them across on the trip I made on the White Star boat.

But that was not the end here in London by any means. Rhubery brought an action which was allowed to go to trial. In the course of it Rhubery's counsel proved conclusively that Sampson had taken bribes from Baron Grant in connection with that worthy's companies, and the famous Editor and the Manager of the *Times* both received a blow only less severe than that sustained by the credit of the famous paper itself. The whole thing made a great stir at the time and, in the case of Delane, brought about, as his friends believed, a sad end to a remarkable career.

It is difficult in these days to appreciate fully the great power wielded, or at any rate apparently wielded, by the Editor of the *Times*, or the dexterous manner in which he followed public opinion in many cases when appearing to lead it. Thus Delane was himself strongly opposed to that idiotic venture known as the War in Abyssinia which other journals were strongly advocating. Public opinion gradually came round to the view that something ought to be done, in order to rescue a worthless person named Rassam from captivity

in that country. Delane saw the change approaching, and made ready to turn round himself. My old friend Louis Jennings was writing leaders at the time in the great journal against the war. One fine morning, not having been to the *Times* office the day before, he read an article in the directly opposite sense. He went down as usual to see Delane and said, as he told me, "You won't want anything from me to-day on Abyssinia I suppose?" "No, not to-day, my dear boy, not to-day. There is something which will better reward your attention." And round went the *Times* in favour of one of the most useless expeditions in our history. But the *Times* was the *Times*, and it is astonishing how under different editors it has maintained its traditions of giving news and correspondence fairly. I, for one, regret the evil days it fell upon, partly in consequence of exposing a fraud; and many a City man has said since he preferred Mr. Sampson's brilliant unscrupulousness to the incapable rectitude which followed him in his City column.

I suppose few men can point to any one year in their lives and say that this marked the commencement for them of a new career. But that was undoubtedly the significance to me of the year 1880. It began with the General Election. That turned upon the Eastern Question. The fervent championship of Russia by the Liberal Party led by Mr. Gladstone in his famous Mid-Lothian campaign on the Bulgarian atrocities and supported not only by the Nonconformist Ministers but by the Anglican Ritualist parsons, had made this the one burning issue of the electoral struggle. Having throughout, as mentioned above, opposed this folly, as I considered it, on democratic grounds, I suddenly determined, in what I admit to have been a somewhat impulsive way, to stand for

Marylebone as an independent candidate. It is quite probable that had I continued in the field I should have won; for the two Liberal candidates were merely rich mediocrities of the type always favoured by Liberal statesmen and Radical wire-pullers. But for various reasons I retired, having drawn upon me a long denunciation from Mr. Gladstone in St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, who wound up by calling upon his audience to "drop a few tears" upon the final extinguishment of Mr. Hyndman. To this diatribe I replied on the following day, and ventured to predict that, in spite of the tears that fell in St. Andrew's Hall, the time had not yet come for wreaths to be placed on my political coffin.

Writing in 1911, with more than thirty years of additional vigorous political work behind me, and an active Socialist Party obviously the coming force in English public affairs, I think I am entitled to claim that my retort upon the celebrated rhetorician has been fully justified.

I confess I am one of those who never could greatly admire Mr. Gladstone. His great physical vigour, his wonderful rhetorical and argumentative gifts, his immense store of superficial knowledge, his marvellous faculty of accommodating himself to the situation, and his unequalled influence over the House of Commons were obvious to all. But I failed to discern that these qualities were controlled and applied by any very high political intelligence. He was not a consummate hypocrite, but his adaptability enabled him, almost unconsciously, to read himself into his own part for the moment so completely that he frequently believed that those who opposed him were inspired by personal malignity and egged on thereto by the devil. Only in this way can we reasonably reconcile his ardent advocacy of the emancipation of Italy and

the Balkan States with his monstrous conquest of Egypt, his intolerable tyranny in Ireland, and his complete indifference to our ruinous misrule in India. He "conscientiously believed" in the two first cases that which it was to his immediate political advantage to adopt.

Nobody, however, who did not live through this period can form any conception of the personal adoration felt for Mr. Gladstone by his supporters. To attack him, even to criticise any of his measures, speeches, or writings, was nothing short of an outrage upon morality and religion. Providence had him in His special keeping, and his orations and pamphlets, no matter how contradictory, were all direct emanations from the Most High. It was a singular hallucination which, as I say, Mr. Gladstone himself at times shared. When Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling) went to call upon him in Harley Street, at a moment when the Eastern Question was specially exciting, before, that is to say, the Berlin Congress and the "Peace with Honour" mystification, he was taken this way. In the middle of their conversation Mr. Gladstone got up, strode feverishly up and down the room, and declared at the top of his voice that he was a chosen vessel of the Almighty in this matter. Bulwer came away horrified, and stated privately that Gladstone was quite mad. He was, of course, nothing of the kind. He was only temporarily exalted and overflowing with an undue sense of his own importance. Of course, had he not been a man of splendid physique, as sound as a bell all through, such nervous crises would have shaken his intellect.

This physical soundness of his stood him in good stead many a time. Joseph Cowen told me that when the House had been turning night into day during the Irish debates for weeks on end, Gladstone

had on one occasion gone off to Downing Street, as everybody thought to rest. Not a bit of it. Some important point arose. Gladstone was sent for, and Cowen himself, wearied and worn out with bad oratory and worse air, was going home, when he met the Prime Minister, at 3 o'clock in the morning, coming jauntily along Parliament Street at a great pace, with his hat jauntily tilted and jubilantly swinging his stick. Physically incapable of fatigue, with a prodigious memory, and allowing no political prejudices to interfere with his personal opinions, it is easy to understand the effect he produced upon his contemporaries. I never spoke to him, or was in the same room with him, but I was anxious to know what he himself thought would be his place in the array of British statesmen, having come to an opinion upon this matter myself. So I got my old friend Thomas Woolner the sculptor, who was then taking a bust of "the Grand Old Man" and who knew him very well, to lead him up to an expression of opinion as to his own estimate of his historical position. "Would you not say, sir, that the world will consider you the last of our great commercial statesmen?" Gladstone, so Woolner told me, hesitated for a minute before answering, and then said, "I think that might probably be a correct estimate." It is a little curious, by the way, that Gladstone's head between the dates of two busts Woolner made of him had increased a full quarter of an inch in circumference.

CHAPTER XIII

VARIOUS EXPERIENCES

THE defeat of the Conservative administration in 1880 not only put an end to my hopes of the success of my policy in regard to India, but broke up all the old relations in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. George Smith, the owner, sold the paper to his son-in-law, Mr. Yates Thompson, on the ground, as he told me, that he could not stand Greenwood's attacks upon Gladstone any longer. As I had never been a Tory or a Conservative and, in fact, could not be, I did not see my way to following Greenwood into that camp. The new editor was Mr. John Morley, then at the height of his reputation as a publicist and by his past record justly regarded as the most important writer on the advanced side. I do not deny that I felt the severance from Greenwood very much, as our relations had been a great deal closer than that of mere editor and contributor.

I suppose I showed this when I expressed my sorrow at the change. For, sitting with my wife at the opera next to Mr. Davidson, the musical critic of the *Times*, whom we happened to know very well, and talking over the matter he said, "You really mustn't take these matters to heart. They come about in the natural course of things," which, indeed, was true enough. Shortly afterwards Mr. Yates Thompson, who was an old Trinity man of

considerable academic distinction, asked me to dinner in Bryanston Square. There I met Mr. John Morley, Mr. John Robinson of the *Daily News*, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. W. T. Stead. I have often thought of that dinner since. It was the first time Mr. Stead had appeared in London, where he was quite unknown. He was to be the sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Mr. Morley. Mr. Lang, Mr. Robinson and myself, who all knew one another before, walked away together. Curiously enough, different as we were in many respects, we all three had formed precisely the same judgment—not a very flattering one—of Mr. Stead. And, what is still more remarkable, that judgment has been borne out completely by events.

However, I did not at that time do much if any writing for Mr. Morley. I had arranged to take a trip to the United States, as the director of a company in which I was much interested, and in which Mr. John Stanley, then a close friend of mine, held shares. By this time, as a result of my studies on India, my conviction as to the hopelessness of Liberalism and Radicalism, my reading up of the Chartist movement, and my acquaintance with foreign revolutionists, I had come very near to being an avowed Socialist. My hatred of the capitalist system, whose mischievous effects upon society I had now fully recognised all over Europe, in America, and in England, in the East and in the West, was still more sentimental than historic or scientific. In fact, the downfall of the Chartist organisation, which had been a vigorous and capable protest against the revolting brutalities of the capitalist class in this island, and then the complete destruction of the Commune, followed by the break-down later of the International, had all led me to the belief that the horrors of existing human life were inevitable, and that mankind was

in the grip of a slave-owning class which, in one shape or another, must hold permanent sway over the majority of mankind. Nothing beyond mitigating its abominations seemed possible, though the revolutionary instincts, which I suppose I inherited from one of my revolutionary forbears, were still strong in me.

It so happened that my change from this attitude of mind came indirectly from an unexpected quarter. Among those whose acquaintance and then friendship I had made, in consequence of my opposition to the philo-Russianism of the Liberals and Radicals, was Butler-Johnstone, for many years member for Canterbury, and at one time the hope of the Conservative Party. He had, indeed, made the best first speech heard in the House of Commons since Single-Speech Hamilton's; due to the fact, as he himself informed me, that he had just written a long article on the subject for *Fraser's Magazine*, and had the proofs in his pocket. He also became very intimate with Lord Salisbury, and at one time admired him very much. I doubt, nevertheless, whether he ever understood that extraordinarily able man, whose policy was quite Venetian in its subtlety and patriotic unscrupulousness, and whose sole defect in my opinion was that he never fully acted up to his intentions. In fact, as Sir George Kellner, who had a great admiration for his chief, and who was at our house very frequently in those days, while he was acting as the *âme damnée* of Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office, told me, "Lord Salisbury never writes one of his brilliant despatches, which come down to me to be set up in print without a single correction or erasure, but that he turns round to see how he can get out of it."

In all human affairs it is necessary for vigorous action to pull down the shutters on one

side of the intellect. To see too much always is weakness.

But that is part of another story about which, possibly, I may say more later. At any rate, Butler-Johnstone took sides vehemently against the supposed philo-Russian policy of Lord Salisbury during the whole of the Russo-Turkish War, was present in Constantinople when our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs went there on a special mission and showed himself specially friendly to Count Ignatieff, actually went so far as to intrigue with the Ottoman Porte and the Pashas against his former friend, and even when the war began lent the Sultan Abdul Hamid £300,000—Butler-Johnstone inherited two huge fortunes—to enable that wily potentate to stir up a revolt in the rear of the Russian army; though, needless to say, the Sultan used the money for quite other purposes.

Believing Lord Salisbury's policy to be wholly erroneous and Lord Beaconsfield's to be entirely right, Butler-Johnstone was delighted to find any independent writer who, as he thought, shared his views, and who really in great part did. So he asked Greenwood who wrote a certain article, and, having found out, took a house with his dying wife close to us. Through him I got to know Dr. Rudolph Meyer, who had for a long time been one of Bismarck's private secretaries, and also that curious combination of men having all existing treaties at their fingers' ends, as well as a number of secret conventions about which they had more or less accurate information, who were known as "The Temple Club." Their methods were at times laughable, and they tried to hatch out more than one mare's nest; but they studied both facts and documents most carefully, which is a good deal more than some do who pose as diplomats

and statesmen to-day. As to Butler-Johnstone himself, with all his wealth, his knowledge of the world, his close acquaintance with foreign affairs, and his great natural talents, he made a sad end of his promising life; because he would believe that intrigue was more useful than it ever can be in great matters, and because he would not take account of events or recognise inevitable changes. But to me he was at this period a most genuine and valuable friend, in spite of all his drawbacks, and I learnt from him much of what to do and more of what to avoid in order to achieve any great object. I look back still with sadness to the memory of our friendship in those days when his wife, the Countess Vimercati, who died in my wife's arms, was slowly wasting away with consumption in our desperate climate.

But the greatest debt I owed to Butler-Johnstone was the gift he sent me of the French edition of Marx's *Capital* just as I was starting for the United States. By an accident we missed the tender for the Cunarder *Algeria*. It was blowing hard, and we took a wherry to catch the liner, which was beginning to up anchor for sailing. We were just in time, and were regarded by all on board as a runaway couple, until an old lady, who took my wife to task for running away from her family and friends, was informed that we had been duly married for more than four years. On the passage over, on the cars, and during my stay at Salt Lake City, which was my destination, I read hard at Marx; and although I did not at the time fully grasp all the significance of his theories, which indeed are rarely apparent to the student who reads him for the first time, I came to the conclusion that the only way out of the existing social difficulties was the inevitable development from capitalism to socialism, and that this could

never be peacefully brought about except by a thoroughly educated industrial democracy.

At this time the effects of the great industry, with its bitter class antagonism, relentless oppression of the wage-earners, frequent crises and consequent wholesale unemployment, and simultaneous growth of vast trusts and combines, were being felt more keenly in the United States than ever before. I had myself witnessed the devastating crisis of 1874, when flourishing centres of industry, but now in the full swing of active and profitable work, had become in a few weeks like cities of the dead, and whole districts suffered as if from a catastrophe of nature or a stringently enforced Pontifical Interdict in the Middle Ages. In 1880 all this began to be felt and taken account of in a serious manner.

The Great Republic, for all its democratic forms and vast unsettled territory, was as little immune from these economic scourges as the monarchies of Europe—suffered from them, indeed, relatively more—while wealth was accumulating in the hands of the few to an extent quite unprecedented even in the most lavish days of the Roman Empire. The United States was, I thought, rapidly developing into a huge unscrupulous plutocracy. Without, therefore, neglecting the business which had brought me again to Salt Lake City, and which in its way was important enough, alike to myself and to others, I was able to watch in the newspapers and magazines while I was alone out West, having left my wife in the Catskill Mountains with the intention of meeting her at Buffalo, the tremendous economic and social evolution that was going on throughout America. At this period, also, the agitation on the sand-lots in San Francisco was active, and the influence of Henry George with his *Progress and Poverty*

was making itself felt. So that, with Marx's analysis of capitalism in my hand, I had a good opportunity of comparing his theories with the actual facts I had left behind me in Europe, and with those which I could now see around me in America.

Strange to say, too, I met out West a vehement Irish Nationalist who put me on the track of the great Home Rule conspiracy, with its two branches of pacific organisation and desperate violence, which led me to a clear conception of what active support the growing agitation for Home Rule for Ireland would receive from the American Irish of both schools. It was thus an eventful trip for me in every way, and though I succeeded in the business object with which I set out, that was of little moment in comparison with what my last visit to the United States taught me as to the likelihood of trouble—economic, social, and political trouble—in the coming time.

Being then on very good terms with Mr. John Morley, I wrote to him in a private letter something of what I saw, or thought I saw, which had a very amusing sequel—amusing then and still more amusing now. I wrote that in my opinion the clash of class interest was becoming so vehement that no long time could elapse before it took shape in open conflict. Not even the enormous potential wealth of the Republic still remaining undeveloped could save her from this violent class struggle, which I held would be both bitter and continuous. Mr. Morley printed this anonymously in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—it was afterwards set out at greater length in my article on "The Lights and Shades of American Politics" in the *Fortnightly Review*—and thus came back to the United States again. So it happened that, just as I returned to New York from Utah, this passage appeared in the

New York Tribune, then edited by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, now American Ambassador in London, with the following comment: "England sends many fool-travellers to the United States, but never before such a fool as this." As the terrible fight at Homestead occurred a few months afterwards, when Mr. Andrew Carnegie turned loose the Pinkerton "Thugs," armed with Winchester rifles, to shoot down the workmen out of whose unpaid labour he had piled up his colossal fortune, and not long thereafter the Chicago Riots and other great strike disturbances astonished the world, I think I may claim that the fool-traveller saw a little more clearly what was going on than the home-keeping wiseacre who posed as the omniscient editor. I do admit, nevertheless, that, owing to reasons which I can see very clearly to-day, the class war has not reached the stage of revolutionary class crisis so quickly as I then anticipated. The wheels of economics do grind slowly though they grind exceeding small.

On coming back from the West, where I had a few exciting and rather exceptional experiences, I met my wife in the delightful city of Buffalo at the house of some friends, who had treated her with a hospitality and kindness remarkable even in hospitable America. Crossing over from Buffalo to Toronto we went down the St. Lawrence in magnificent weather, which made this little voyage through the Rapids and the thousand islands one of the finest trips in the world, visited Niagara, Montreal, Boston, Harvard University, and so back to New York. There we met, thanks to kind introductions, some of the ablest Americans of the day; and William Henry Hurlbert, one of the most brilliant men I ever encountered, who came later to so sad a downfall, was specially hospitable. It was at a dinner given by him at Sherry's that

I met Messrs. Evarts, George William Curtis, Thorndyke Rice, editor of the *North American Magazine*, for which I was then writing, Captain Gorringe, who brought over the obelisk to New York, and others, including Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, whom I then saw for the first time.

It was a most delightful gathering to begin with, and ought to have been so throughout. But Forbes thought proper to make a remark about American sailors which was a gross insult to every American present, and particularly to Gorringe. What was worse, he repeated it, in still more offensive shape. I never admired men more than I did the Americans at that table. Their behaviour was quite perfect. The other Englishman who was there, Mr. Dudley Ryder, and myself did our utmost to remove the effect produced by Forbes' brutality, by pretending that his words had no meaning; but the man who saved the situation for us all by his tact and firmness was our host. To this day I don't quite know how he did it, but he performed the marvellous feat of completely shutting up Forbes, pacifying Gorringe, and restoring the general good feeling. I have witnessed several unpleasant scenes, notably one at Venice between George Augustus Sala and George Meredith, but I never felt quite so much humiliated and inclined to crawl away under the table as I did on this occasion. Most of us walked up to a club together after dinner, without Forbes, and one of the Americans said in talking the matter over, "That is the sort of man we did not know you bred over on the other side. We have not a few of them here, unfortunately," which I thought was a nice way of putting it.

Hurlbert was the first man to point out to me

what he believed to be the inevitable tendency of his country towards aggression and Imperialism, a tendency which, I think, very few detected more than thirty years ago. He was of a Southern family, but he had been educated at Harvard, knew Europe well, and was one of the few Americans I ever met who spoke French perfectly. Talking to me about the future of the United States, long before Mr. James Blaine formulated his policy of combining the various American Republics, he said: "You will see that as this Republic becomes more wealthy and more powerful she will spread herself out, not only commercially but militarily. The old ideas of non-interference will rapidly fade away, and the necessities for new markets, combined with a desire to make themselves felt, will influence both rich and poor Americans in their external policy. We shall sooner or later go South and East, and our vast industrial and agricultural resources will be turned to the purposes of war. That will in its turn break down democracy, for the time being at any rate, and it would not in the least surprise me if we were to develop into Caesarism in course of time. There are all the makings here of a new and formidable aggressive power, while the obstacles to such a development are neither strong nor numerous. The very fact that we are not prepared for war, as you justly say we are not, will make us the more dangerous. A reverse or two to start with would rouse the whole nation, and then our inexhaustible resources would be drawn upon to the last ounce in order to win." His predictions have been fulfilled to a much greater extent already than I thought possible at the time, and we are obviously only at the beginning of the movement. Theodore Roosevelt represents the average American's ideas far more accurately than

it is pleasant to contemplate for the sake of the United States and the world at large.

There are some men in life one always wants to meet and never does. Laurence Oliphant was such a man in my case. Five times we were to have met at the same table, and five times we missed. I never saw him. To-day he is almost forgotten, and yet surely *Piccadilly* and *Altiora Peto*, his letters and his conversation, possessed qualities which ought to have preserved them. His eccentricities were as remarkable as his talents, and his versatility was exceptional—altogether a singular admixture of *littérateur*, man of the world, man of business, man of pleasure and mystic. At this date he was performing in the rôle of man of business, and had come over to New York on the important matter of a French Transatlantic Cable in company with a little Jew named Aarons, the agent of the French house of Lazard Frères. All was going on extremely well in New York, and the Lazards of San Francisco were expecting a visit from—singular combination!—Oliphant and Aarons to complete important subscriptions on the Pacific Slope, when one morning little Aarons came, in great haste and in obvious trepidation, to call upon Hurlbert. "What is the matter?" asked Hurlbert. "Ah, monsieur," said Aarons, "que faire? Ce monsieur Oliphant, il est vraiment impayable. Il est parti sans mot. Voilà sa lettre. Qu'est-ce que ça signifie?" Hurlbert took it and read it. It was in French and ran thus: "Dear Mr. Aarons, I feel that my moral nature will no longer support the atmosphere of intolerable iniquity and turpitude which pervades New York. My entire soul is degraded by contact with such vileness, and to remain here would finally corrupt what little of good still remains within me. I am going to the remote West for at least six months. There, in

commune with the great solitudes, and by the help of a noble friend, I hope to be able to disburden my mind and conscience of the foulness and sin with which it is now besmirched. You will therefore see me no more for six months." "That means," quoth Hurlbert, "exactly what it says; you will not see my friend Monsieur Laurence Oliphant for at least six months. He has gone off to the prophet Harris for six months." "Quoi, le prophète Arrice!" stammered the little Jew, whose face had turned green, "tout est donc tombé dans l'eau." Oliphant duly remained away in the West for his six months and cleansed his soul of New York's abominations, but in the meanwhile the financiers contrived to patch up the business without him, and poor M. Aarons recovered his equanimity as he pocketed his cash.

On the last night before we left New York on our return trip by the *Servia*, Hurlbert and Gorringe and Thorndyke Rice dined with my wife and myself at Delmonico's, and the former told us the following anecdote of Napoleon III., which he himself had heard from Dr. Corvisart and which I have never seen in print. The Emperor had just finished his *Life of Caesar*, and the manuscript was ready to go to the printers, when he bethought him he should like to take an independent opinion upon it. So he sent for Dr. Corvisart and asked him what Frenchman was best qualified to criticise his great work. "Well," said Corvisart, "there is no doubt about who is the very best man to advise your Majesty, but I can scarcely venture to mention him to you here." "Why not?" asked Napoleon; "what is his name?" "His name is Duruy, M. Victor Duruy." "Oh ho!" said Napoleon, "the man who has just been turned out of the Sorbonne for his revolutionary views?" "That is he, your Majesty." "What does that

matter? Why shouldn't he give me his judgment on a purely literary subject?" "I am a little afraid, Sire, he might be disrespectful." "Nonsense," replied Napoleon; "you kindly go to M. Duruy, Corvisart, present to him the compliments of Louis Buonaparte, and tell him that as I cannot, under the circumstances, give myself the pleasure of calling upon him, I shall feel it an honour if he will come and call upon me, privately, here in the Tuileries, and give me the advantage of his profound learning in Roman history as one man of letters to another."

Off went Dr. Corvisart on his mission, saw ex-Professor Duruy, and induced him to go to the Tuileries. Napoleon greeted him cordially and had the MS. all ready to submit to him, as Duruy had undertaken, after a few complimentary words, to look it through. "Before I hand you the parcel to take back with you, however, M. Duruy, it would give me great pleasure to hear your own views upon the Roman Empire as a whole, if you will kindly give them to me." Nothing loth, Duruy laid himself out to criticise the history of that great Imperial organisation, not forgetting to slip in a number of side sarcasms at the expense of the Empire under which he himself was then living. The criticisms naturally became more caustic and the satire more severe as the defects and weaknesses of the decaying Empire of Rome became more apparent, and, at the close of his brilliant survey of the most famous despotism of antiquity, M. Duruy was evidently much pleased with the opportunity that had been given him and the manner in which he had taken advantage of it.

"And how long, M. Duruy, do you consider that this Empire, whose inherent weakness you have so scathingly exposed, how long do you reckon that this colossus with the feet of clay maintained

itself upright and fairly vigorous ?" asked Napoleon. "I suppose," replied Duruy, "you would reckon the actual period of Roman Imperial supremacy from the proclamation of Augustus as Emperor in Rome to the removal of the seat of Empire from Rome to Constantinople by Constantine the Great ?" "Yes," said Napoleon, "that would be a fair view of its duration, and that would be—— ?" "About 400 years," put in Duruy. "Eh bien, savez-vous, M. Duruy," retorted Napoleon, "que dans les affaires humaines vous avez là ce qu'on appelle un grand succès ?"

William Henry Hurlbert, whom I saw so much of in America from time to time, and with whom we became intimate in England, was unquestionably one of the most interesting, well-informed, and brilliant Americans it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He had also nothing of what we are accustomed to entitle the American accent—no nasal intonation and no special prominence given to small and unimportant words. Though he was editor of the *World*, his faculties as a journalist and man of letters were not those which to the world at large seemed most important. Yet I myself saw him perform a literary *tour de force* which I consider one of the most remarkable I ever remember. An ode of Victor Hugo's had just appeared in France and arrived in New York by the mail on Saturday morning. It was a long ode with many variations of rhythm and metre. Hurlbert took it and translated it into excellent English verse, which followed for most part the changes of the French, in time for it to appear in the *World* Sunday edition. I congratulated him warmly on this extraordinary performance, but he did not appear to think very much of it himself. There was one trait of Hurlbert's which always surprised me. Although

a Southerner and a Democrat and a man whom the Republicans specially detested for having been a "Mugwump" during the Civil War, he contrived to keep on excellent terms with the Republican leaders, though they declared he was a very unscrupulous man. It was, indeed, through Hurlbert I got to know several of them, as well as General Hancock and other foremost men of the Democrats.

I have seen two American Presidential Elections and I still live, and the drums of both my ears, so far as I know, are quite sound. What is it makes the Americans, who come in the main of the cool phlegmatic stock of northern Europe, so tremendously excitable at election times? An ordinary set election address delivered by one of the leading party orators they will listen to with attention and in reasonable quietude. Interruptions at such functions are not allowed to nearly the same extent that they are in this country, as I particularly noticed when I heard a very able and telling address by Mr. Evarts quite undisturbed at the Cooper Institute in New York. But when it gets near to election time and delegates meet to choose other delegates or nominate candidates and so on—well, Babel was a Quaker's meeting to what goes on.

It was at such a meeting at Indianapolis, a respectable well-to-do city in Indiana, where I saw and heard electoral enthusiasm in full blast for the first time. Blast it was indeed. Upon entering and being given a good seat, as a stranger, I looked round the platform and the audience, and to all appearance a more level-headed, self-controlled set of people I never beheld. There was my mistake. In business they were, I doubt not, level-headed, in social matters, I am quite sure, self-controlled. But in politics, Oh my! You

bet! It all came like a flash. I never witnessed anything so sudden in my life. Some campaign reference by a favourite speaker, which I did not in the least understand, started the outbreak, and within sixty seconds the whole of that big audience went stark, staring mad. They cheered, they howled, they waved hats and handkerchiefs; they danced, they jumped on the chairs, they invaded the tables. Old gentlemen, white-haired and of venerable appearance, shouted till perspiration streamed down their faces and they were as hoarse as crows. And so it went on, enthusiasm deepening into positive hysteria, until this amazing effervescence gradually wore itself out, and quiet was restored in consequence of sheer exhaustion.

This was my first experience of a genuine whole-souled party meeting at the time of a Presidential Election. I was present at several similar scenes afterwards, having been in America, as I say, at the time of two such elections. But they always came upon me with a sense of novelty. I could not detect sufficient reason, though I followed American politics at the time pretty closely, for this furious and unrestrained excitement. Frenchmen and Italians are credited with far greater tendency to explosive electoral passion than Americans. But they are not in the same field with citizens of the Great Republic out on the political warpath. There must be some electrical influence in the atmosphere to account for this remarkable tendency to the unrestrained display of emotion and passion. I asked Hurlbert what it meant. He had become so accustomed to it all that, in spite of his wide European experience, he seemed surprised that I should regard such behaviour as exceptional. When he thought it over, however, he agreed

with me that the causes of these strange ebullitions of feeling are probably climatic.

Hurlbert's end was almost as sad as Oscar Wilde's. Call no man happy till his death. With all his brilliancy, his cynical view of his fellow-humans, and his profound knowledge of the world, he allowed himself, when already almost an old man, having married a most agreeable Catholic wife, to be dragged into a wretched intrigue which led to an ugly case, and the story of "Wilfred Murray" drove him into retirement until his death. We speak of people as we find them, and having always been on friendly terms with W. H. Hurlbert I greatly regretted his misfortunes, however much they may have been his own fault.

After a very pleasant day spent with a charming family at Harrison and visits to other friends, including Mr. "Sam" Tilden of the barr'l, who undoubtedly was cheated out of the Presidency when Mr. Hayes was elected, we dined on our last evening in New York with Mrs. St. Jullien to meet a number of well-known people. I never felt so sorry for any hostess in my life, and I don't suppose such a thing ever befell in a wealthy household in a metropolitan city before or since. We had to wait nearly two hours for dinner after our arrival. The efforts of all present to make the best of the situation were alike splendid to witness and honourable to take part in, and when at last we did sit down to table we made up for lost time in every direction. It was a most joyful party, and it broke up late. We learnt afterwards that a tremendous accident had occurred, and that the entire dinner had had to be cooked over again.

We returned by the *Servia* to London in the late autumn, found our house, left suddenly in charge of young servants, in perfect order, and

political affairs, left deliberately in charge of elderly statesmen, turned upside down. The latter had become quite interesting. The Liberals had introduced a Compensation for Disturbance Bill for Ireland; an excellent measure as far as it went. The House of Lords on that account, of course, threw it out. Hence serious trouble in Ireland, and the usual "great" Liberal agitation against the veto of the Peers. Mr. Gladstone was "in earnest" this time, the House of Obstruction would have to give way, it must be "mended or ended," such an anachronism must be swept aside, the whole course of progress was blocked by these coroneted impossibilists! And so on. To all this the Tories replied that the constitution was in danger and that the rights of property were being destroyed. Quite the nice old sham-fight, in fact, in 1880 that we have seen in 1909-11.

But to these historic political sham-fighters enter men, and women too, of a very different kidney, some of whose friends and supporters I had met on the other side of the Atlantic. The Land League appeared shortly on the scene as the more moderate section of the revolt in Ireland; dynamiters then rushed to the front as the irreconcilable element. Immediately I got back I went to Morley, and told him what I thought was approaching from the American Irish. Morley, in his fine, superior, practical manner, pooh-poohed the whole thing. There would be trouble in Ireland, no doubt, if the Lords did not give way, but as to any serious organised violence from the United States, that was absurd. At any rate, the upshot of the talk between us was that I should write for him in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and, later, when Coercion came on the ground, that on no account should there be any surrender on that issue.

I may as well mention here that this last portion

of the bargain Morley broke in a very strange way, and that his conduct in regard to this, his behaviour afterwards as Chief Secretary for Ireland and his championship of the crushing of Arabi Pasha, as exposed by literal citations from his articles of the time by Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt, have proved that his policy in India has been only the natural outcome of his previous tendencies; for which reason in particular I recall these strange "Radical" proceedings.

It was to advocate real Radicalism in its better sense that at this period a little journal called the *Radical* was started by three able Scotsmen, only one of whom is now living, and supported by others who afterwards did good service in different directions. It is not too much to say that though not Socialists, and indeed opposed to Socialism, Messrs. Samuel Bennett, William Webster and Morrison Davidson, with them W. M. Thompson, did their full share by their work on the *Radical* to rouse a sense of independence among the workers, when the great majority of the Liberal Party were grovelling before Mr. Gladstone and his pet Whig Coercionists.

Towards the close of 1880 and the beginning of 1881, there was a growing feeling that an effort should be made to rally together into a party the really advanced men and women who were in revolt against the obvious betrayal of all democratic principles at home and abroad by Mr. Gladstone's Government. The question was upon what basis such a party should be constituted. At this time there was no effective Socialism whatever in Great Britain. Without belittling in any way the work of the handful of Socialists at the old Communist Club, who raised a splendid cry of protest against the atrocities committed by the Versailles troops on the people of Paris when

the Commune was crushed in 1871, or the propaganda of the Labour Emancipation League, it is safe to say that in the autumn of 1880 the principles of what is to-day the greatest and, indeed, the only growing international party in the world had made no serious impression whatever on this side of the Channel.

Public opinion was not only indifferent, it was bitterly hostile in every way. The gross misrepresentations of the objects of the Commune of Paris and of the men who had taken part in that desperate attempt to realise ideals of emancipation and administration for which the time was not ripe, and to which the position of Paris itself at the end of the siege was hopelessly unfavourable, had so affected the minds of the English people that every Socialist was regarded as a bomb-thrower and an incendiary, and Socialism itself was constantly referred to as an Anarchist revolt against civilisation, social organisation and humanity at large. Moreover, there was then no literature to refer to, no books in English which could be obtained and read, either by the educated class or by the workers. At most, a few ill-printed copies of the famous Communist Manifesto of 1847 by Marx and Engels done into English could be found by searching for them in the most advanced revolutionary circles.

It is not too much to say, indeed, that the whole movement was dead so far as Great Britain was concerned. The Socialist conceptions of the old Chartists, which Marx systematised, coordinated and put on a scientific basis, had quite died down and nothing had arisen to take their place: the very names of their leaders were forgotten. Even the few convinced Socialists then in England did not all know one another. Not until the new movement was in full swing was I

myself aware, for example, that Adolphe Smith was a thorough-going Socialist, and had been a supporter of the Commune of Paris; that Belfort Bax—then as now the only original philosophic thinker in Great Britain—was as complete an advocate of scientific Socialism as he is to-day; that Carruthers was an out-and-out Communist and had written a book in support of his views; or that Stewart Headlam and his friends in their Christian Socialism had advanced far beyond the Christian Anarchism commonly preached.

It would have been quite useless, therefore, even to attempt to create at once an avowed Socialist Party. That was speedily apparent, and the steps which I took early in 1881 followed, I still think, the best course that could have been chosen.

On January 1, 1881, my article entitled "The Dawn of a Revolutionary Epoch" appeared as the leading paper in the *Nineteenth Century* and created a little stir. This was the public beginning of my attempt to establish a really independent democratic party of the people, apart from and opposed to the two capitalist factions, which had held sway in this country for so many generations. The article was not, certainly, such an one as I should write now. It contains many errors and displays a disinclination to speak out plainly in favour of Socialism which surprises me as I now read it. Evidently, although theoretically a convinced Socialist, the underlying prejudice against the ideals of Socialism existing in my own mind still had its effect and prevented me from giving in the *Nineteenth Century* a proper survey of the situation. In fact, I, unnecessarily as it seems to me now, accepted the limitations imposed by my surroundings. The following passage, however, shows that, in spite of a timidity which was regrettable, I recorded a little of what I saw:—

"At a period such as ours anything may happen. One of the features of the time is the prevailing incredulity among the educated of all civilised communities. Religious sanctions are shaken in every country, political institutions are themselves in a state of fusion—for who shall say Parliamentary government has proved fully successful?—the growing knowledge and power of the masses leads them to consider more and more seriously the strange inequalities of our existing arrangements, the spread of ideas from one centre to another is so rapid as almost to defy calculation. Can it be said then that we are safe for any length of time from the shock of one of those convulsions which may change the whole social prospect? Those who condemn democracy, who look askance at the determination to give political power to every class in order that all may be able to insist upon their share in the general advancement, are but rendering more probable the overturn they dread. The old days of aristocracy and class privileges are passing away fast; we have to consider now how to deal with the growing democratic influence, so that we may benefit by the experience of others. This can only be done by a steady determination at the outset to satisfy the needs and gratify the reasonable ambition of all." This, as is now only too obvious, was much too sanguine a view of the situation. Talking it all over with the editor, Sir James Knowles, he reproached me a little for my optimism as to the future. "Ah," he said, "you cherish these sanguine anticipations and you may be right to do so; but, mark my words, there will be a tremendous rushing back of the pebbles on the ebb of this temporary inflow before the next flood-tide of democracy and progress sweeps in." So it has proved.

CHAPTER XIV

DISRAELI

IF it is difficult for those who did not live through the seventies and eighties of the last century to understand the extraordinary personal regard amounting to unreasoning hero-worship which the Liberals felt for Mr. Gladstone, who could do nothing wrong and was held to be a sanctified leader immune from criticism; still more difficult is it for the young men of to-day to comprehend the position which Mr. Disraeli attained to at the end of his life of stress and strain. No man was more hated by his political opponents, or more distrusted by his political friends, than this strange Jew adventurer, who made his way to the very highest positions in the State, at a time when Jews were by no means so readily received as they are to-day, and in spite of the fact that he was a satirical novelist with no money save that which he obtained from his wife. My friend Butler Johnstone used to say that Disraeli owed his success, aside from the great abilities he possessed, and the persistence of his race in following up the line of his ambitions, to the fact that he was in reality a foreigner, who regarded all the problems of English society from the outside, with a detachment and coolness impossible for a native.

Thus, said my friend, when Disraeli looked round the House of Commons, after he had

definitely taken the Conservative side, he saw himself surrounded by men who did not understand him, who were bitterly prejudiced against him, who cordially disliked him indeed as much for his good as for his bad qualities. "That damned Jew" had, therefore, a hard row to hoe on his way to the leadership, and he needed a set of people who, like himself, were divorced from English politics proper, in order to form a sort of praetorian guard for him, and protect him from the intrigues of the Cecils and the cabals of the Carlton Club.

Hence, though probably in favour of Home Rule for Ireland from the first, he gathered round him a set of Irishmen who were deadly opposed to any such measure, who were always on the look-out to better themselves by political service, and who were consequently ready to back any man who was prepared and able to give them office in return for their steady support. The North of Ireland combination, the Hills and Hamiltons, the Taylors, the Beresfords, and so on, attached themselves to Disraeli, therefore, and Disraeli attached himself to them: they being well rewarded for their unfailing personal loyalty by obtaining places and dignities, through his influence, which they could never by any possibility have got in any other way. That, of course, is the tale of a malicious admirer, who at least had a good opportunity of seeing what was going on. As to Disraeli's foreign appearance my old friend used to say that when the sun shone full on the Conservative benches one afternoon, while all the rest looked white Disraeli appeared black. The sort of talk that was current about this famous *littérateur* and politician in Radical circles made him out to be black indeed.

I remember dining at the Windham Club with Mr. W. C. Borlase, who then held some minor post in the Liberal administration, Sir William

Marriott and Professor Thorold Rogers. We were a very jolly party, indeed, and sat up late. Rogers at the time was specially bitter against the Tory Leader, and would concede to him no good quality whatever. Rogers himself had taken a very active part in the General Election which had just finished, and prided himself upon having helped to save several seats for his party. He did this, so he averred, to a large extent by a very clever comparison of the great Tory leader to a well-known character in a famous drama. We three sat and listened as Thorold Rogers told of his oratorical masterpiece with great gusto :—

"You remember, ladies and gentlemen, the scenes which I am about briefly to describe. They must have imprinted themselves indelibly on your memory. Here is an old man of science and culture tottering on the verge of the grave, his frame enfeebled, his vigour failing, even his mind not so bright as it was. He waits, not patiently but resentfully, for the inevitable end, which shall for ever obliterate his cherished individuality and waft him off into the domain of nothingness and the unknown. As he sits, brooding over the past and repining at the present, suddenly a man appears at his side in answer to the worn-out veteran's appeal for a renewed life and re-invigorated intelligence and says to him :—'I will restore to you your vigour, I will give you back your vitality, I will resuscitate your intelligence, I will fire afresh your jaded passions, I will grant you again all the brightness of youth, all the freshness of early manhood, all the joys of vigorous maturity, and for my reward I ask but this small thing: that when you are thus born again I shall have the privilege of accompanying you constantly through your days of revived felicity.'

"The old man accepts the offer. He drinks off

the potion. Then we see him again. All that has been promised him has been fulfilled. All the pleasures of activity, all the delights of existence, flood in upon him once more. But wherever he goes, whatever be the charm of his surroundings, the delights of impassioned love, or the brilliancy of his companions, ever that fatal comrade keeps relentlessly by his side.

"You have recognised the familiar legend, ladies and gentlemen, and Faust and his sinister companion have risen before you as I spoke. Now consider. In 1847, after the death of Lord George Bentinck, the Conservative Party was destitute alike of the energy of youth and of the wisdom of age, worn-out, decrepit, useless. Ideals faded, policies destroyed, hopes of office and power finally evaporated. So it seemed. A new era was dawning which this weary-ful old figure could never even dimly see. Just at that moment a man comes to the party in its last agony and says: 'I will restore to you your health, revivify your powers, refresh your intelligence, obtain for you victory, office, domination. I ask but one reward for these inestimable services: that I who do all this for you shall be ever by your side.'

"The proposal was accepted, the miracle was worked, the new period was begun. Victory, office, political domination came again. But ever, ladies and gentlemen, during all the wild exultation of success, amid all the intoxication of triumph, that fatal man has stood gazing with cynical derision at the dancing of the resuscitated skeleton to which he had granted a new lease of life. And there he stands to-day, watching, with the same sardonic smile as before, the struggles against fate of the party into which he alone has breathed vitality and hope."

The thing was very well done; and, to say the truth, none of us round the table had before

credited Rogers with so much political verve or such trenchant though perhaps too elaborate satire. But that Disraeli was a sort of Hebraic Mephistopheles was a common opinion in those days, and Mr. Hill's virulent articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, while keeping pretty close to the truth, served to confirm the general impression; as did also the sphinx-like appearance of the man in his age, and the terrible epigrams which he gave vent to, or which were fathered upon him—*on ne prête qu'aux riches.*

Why Mr. Gladstone, who changed his opinions whenever it suited his convenience, after turning from the extremest Toryism to advanced Liberalism, should have been credited with the highest political morality, while Disraeli, who, having once chosen his party, stuck to it all his life without the slightest shadow of turning, was regarded as a man of few scruples I am at loss to understand. Both men entered political affairs with the thorough determination to achieve complete personal success. Gladstone with nearly all the advantages, Disraeli with very few. But the truth seems to be that, unless a man lives to a green old age and achieves the highest position, our countrymen cannot appreciate the sort of career which combines great literary achievement with remarkable political faculties. If Disraeli had died twenty years before he did he would have been regarded as a comparative failure for at least a generation after his departure. As it was, his abilities were only appreciated very late, and then more for what he probably took up as a useful political cry rather than for the valuable work he did and tried to do.

My view of Disraeli, with the exception of one very long interview I had with him, was entirely from the outside. I never heard him speak, and I

only once saw him in the House of Commons. What attracted me to his career was his manifest sympathy for democratic and social progress as opposed to middle-class Liberal hypocrisy and chicane, and his strenuous opposition to the advance of Russia, at a juncture when that power manifestly threatened danger to democracy in Europe. Maybe, also, the desire I then felt to see the British Empire consolidated so far as its free colonies were concerned, with India liberated from our ruinous dominance, led me to attach higher importance to his foreign and Colonial policy than it deserved, viewed from the Socialist standpoint.

But the real influence of the Jew statesman upon me was due not so much to his political as to his literary work. That he sympathised with the revolutionary Chartists is, I think, quite clear, and that he only gave up his adherence to their views when he saw that it was quite impossible their ideas should attain to political success in his day is, it seems to me, equally manifest. Nobody can read *Sybil* carefully, even neglecting the hint contained in the second title, *The Two Nations*, without recognising that the same current of ideas that affected Carlyle, Ruskin, Kingsley, and other well-known writers of this period also swept Disraeli in its direction, or without gaining the impression that, although compelled by the exigencies of an inferior profession—for party politics in England is a poor calling, however well remunerated it may be in the shape of money and reputation—to take sides, he never lost a chance of helping forward the political emancipation and social advancement of the class which he had begun by supporting.

I wonder how many of Disraeli's followers have ever read *Henrietta Temple* through? If it surprises students of Marx's life to learn that

he began by writing poetry, it must be with at least equal astonishment that those who take up Disraeli's novels peruse the love letters in that romance. Who would dream of the sarcastic, saturnine politician as the writer of those high-flown epistles? They are quite oriental in their passionate style and imagery. Then, again, who would think of Lord Beaconsfield as nervous? Yet I remember a friend who had watched him very closely under all sorts of circumstances, declaring to me that he was a man of the keenest sensitiveness which he kept under relentless control, and that his strange, calm, immovable face was only a mask covering very strong emotions. However that may be, his power of influencing other men either in the way of attraction or repulsion was remarkable. Frederick Greenwood was never the same man after his interview with the Tory leader on the Suez Canal business. His faculty of criticism where Lord Beaconsfield was concerned seemed to have left him, and his admiration for the Imperialist statesman intensified the dislike of his rival which was already keen enough.

On the other hand, of course, there were men and women who, ordinarily sound in their judgment of politics and business, could see no good in anything Disraeli ever did. My old college friend, James Lowther, was one of these; although he had held office under him and had therefore shared in the political success which at that particular period Disraeli and Disraeli alone could have obtained for the party. Disraeli was to him the "damned old Jew" for all time, and Lowther represented quite a large number of his party, alike in his sturdy conservatism of an English sportsman and in his strong prejudices against people he could not understand.

After Lord Beaconsfield had returned from his unwilling "Peace with Honour" expedition to Berlin, which he knew very well had benefited Germany and Austria — *tertius gaudens* — more than anybody else, and the Treaty of Berlin was "being carried out feet foremost" his career with all its great adventures was at an end. This, no doubt, he felt himself; for the long conflict between Lord Salisbury and Disraeli in the Cabinet had ended in favour of the former when, owing to Mr. Ward Hunt's illness, Lord Beaconsfield found himself in a minority, and, but for the Queen's own personal request to him, would have resigned office. It was a curious position and all sorts of stories were current. That Prince Bismarck formed a very high opinion of "that old Jew's" sagacity there is no doubt; whether, however, he committed himself so far as to contrast the two English plenipotentiaries, after the fashion which was commonly believed at the time, to the great disadvantage of Lord Salisbury, may well be doubted. There is one anecdote, however, which I like to believe was true; though as Bismarck and Disraeli were alone at the time the incident occurred we must suppose in this case that either the German or the English statesman was unduly communicative.

The two men are represented as having a large map of the world before them, discussing the question of colonisation, to which Prince Bismarck at that time was, or thought it wise to appear to be, opposed. During the conversation Disraeli's first finger wandered, as if by accident, over the great area of country covered by what are still known, as a whole, as "the Balkan Provinces." "Don't you think there is some fine colonisation ground here?" asked the English Premier. Bismarck's reply is not on record; but the struggle

for domination in the near East now going on shows that the English Plenipotentiary was not far wrong in his anticipations.

I used to hear a good deal about Prince Bismarck and his views and methods from Dr. Rudolph Meyer, who was one of his private secretaries, and who, having incurred his displeasure, made off to Austria and England in order to get out of the old Berserker's way and thus avoid imprisonment. What his precise offence was Meyer never told me. But he gave me a most amusing description of the Chancellor's efforts to make up for lost time in the domain of political economy of which he was entirely ignorant, even after his conversations with Lassalle. As Meyer himself truly said: "The day will never come when a Professor of Political Economy, as such, will be a statesman; but the day when a statesman can afford to be ignorant of political economy has come already." So, no doubt, Prince Bismarck felt before Meyer thus sententiously formulated his position. Felt his own shortcomings and tried to remedy them. And that is how it happened that my old friend found the Chancellor one night with works on "the dismal science" strewn on the floor all round him, his head wrapped in a wet towel, studying hard to master problems which, as Meyer said, he ought to have been familiar with in his youth.

Disraeli, probably, was as little versed in political economy as Bismarck, certainly his public utterances give no evidence of deep knowledge of the subject; but he had sufficient sympathy with the agitators of an earlier day to be able to anticipate in some degree the social needs of the period; though, like Lord Randolph Churchill at a later date, he was wholly unable to take his party with him. But I have always regarded this

encounter at Berlin between the German and the Jew Englishman as one of the most dramatic political events of our time. It was not Lord Beaconsfield's policy that was winning, and, of course, Prince Bismarck was very well aware of this; but he understood, nevertheless, that he was face to face with a profound and subtle intellect in the political sphere, and it would have been interesting to know what each really thought of the other.

I have never felt anything at all approaching to the same admiration for the politician, successful or unsuccessful, that I have for the man of ideas, whether in science, art, literature or sociology. The mere Parliament man, who does no more than trim his sails to suit the breezes of popularity, or manipulate the votes of the day for the advantage of his party, can rarely display, even if he himself possesses them, the higher faculties of originality and initiative. He is too much limited by his surroundings and by the human tools he has at his disposal. If, therefore, even the astronomer, or the chemist, or the social philosopher is inevitably the creature of his environment, and can do no more than help to anticipate by his genius results which would almost certainly be attained a generation or two later in any case, it is obvious that the statesman, however eminent he may be, is still more restricted in his field of operations. But in Great Britain this is not the general view. The prominent politician, or general, or admiral, is the really great man to whom statues are raised or days of celebration devoted. Darwin, Faraday, Simpson, Robert Owen or Thomas Paine, Shelley or Dickens or Browning are placed upon a much lower level than Canning, Peel or Palmerston, Gladstone or Disraeli.

To us English the political arena is the great dramatic show of the day and of every day. It is

like Laurence Oliphant's novel *Piccadilly*, which gave the actual experiences of his personages as going on simultaneously with the record of the daily doings of the world. The continual play of life and character in Parliament, on the best platform, with the best sounding board in the world, gives Englishmen a direct interest in politics which is almost equal to the excitement they derive from horse-racing and football. The conflicts of the principal political leaders, ever in the public eye with the limelight of the Press continuously thrown upon them, constitute a sort of gladiatorial display, in which intellectual skill of fence, oratorical ability and tactical dexterity in party affairs have taken the place of physical training and mastery of weapons in the Circus. With these ideas in my mind as to the relative importance even of the highest and most successful politicians, I went to see Lord Beaconsfield at the end of his life in Curzon Street without any of that feeling of hesitation which came over me when I visited the great Italian agitator in the purlieus of Fulham, or when I first called upon the greater German theorist in the commonplace surroundings of Haverstock Hill.

My object in seeking an interview with the famous old statesman at all was, if possible, to enlist Lord Beaconsfield's sympathies in favour of the policy which I was absolutely convinced in 1881 as I am to-day was the policy that, if taken up in earnest and pushed vigorously and persistently to its legitimate conclusion, could alone save this country and the empire from disastrous collapse. Lord Beaconsfield, though he had retired from active politics, still retained great influence, and if I could, by some happy chance, obtain his help on the side I took, he might at the very close of his life help to divert the people of the United

Kingdom from the sordid, barren Imperialism, which even then was deteriorating the intelligence of the educated classes, to a higher conception of our duties towards our fellow-subjects and mankind at large.

This may appear to have been a very quixotic mission on my part. Lord Beaconsfield was supposed to be the greatest and most capable Imperialist of his time, and Tory Democracy was certainly not translated by his party as meaning anything very democratic, or as calculated to lessen, in any way, the supremacy of the mother country over its conquered dependencies abroad, or the domination of the upper classes over the producing class at home. That, in spite of all this, I hoped to be successful in my attempt is a tribute to my sanguine temperament, or possibly the unfriendly might say conclusive evidence of my sublime self-confidence.

And so in 1881, when I stood at Lord Beaconsfield's door, I was thinking much more of what I wanted to say to him than of what he might be good enough to say to me. I knew I had to deal with a man of imagination, who had conceptions far above the level of the miserable buy-cheap-and-sell-dear school which had so long prevailed over our policy, wholly regardless of the well-being of the people so long as the capitalist and profit-making class gained wealth. Having also achieved all that could be achieved in the domain of politics and society, there was no reason why he should not take an impartial view of the future. Ushered up into the drawing-room I found myself in two apartments of moderate size with old-fashioned folding doors between them thrown open. The furniture, which also seemed old-fashioned, was upholstered in red damask, and the curtains and wall-paper were red, much gilding being apparent

everywhere. The whole was a gorgeous colour symphony in scarlet and gold. Entering from a doorway in the back room came a strange figure, likewise, I was going to say, upholstered in red; for that was the impression produced upon me as Lord Beaconsfield, in a long red gabardine, came very slowly and almost painfully forward, with his head somewhat bowed, one eye completely and the other eye partially closed.

As this strange figure with its remarkable face, so deeply lined, with the curl over the forehead showing so clearly above, and the lower lip protruding so strongly below, advanced into the room, it came across my mind that I had to do with a resuscitated mummy of the same race whose previous existence had been in the Nile Valley, what time the Pharaohs had held his Semitic forefathers in subjection. And it occurred to me, too, that if my views were of any value I might succeed in raising those closed and half-closed lids, and awakening something akin to vitality in that mask-like face. And then, as suddenly, the remembrance of those satirical utterances by this same inscrutable personage, with his play-acting propensities and his marvellous power of detachment, came back to me, and I wondered how I should meet similar caustic epigrams if he happened to indulge in them at my expense.

He had, for instance, been specially courteous to Professor Fawcett, the blind Radical, when he first entered the House of Commons, sitting by him outside, and talking to him in so pleasant and flattering a manner that Fawcett, who had, of course, no idea that Disraeli had been conversing with him, asked a neighbour who it was that had spoken so kindly and appreciatively. Yet upon a friend saying to him afterwards as Fawcett was boring the House with one of his long dry

speeches: "What a pity it is Fawcett has not got his eyes." Disraeli replied, "If he had they would have been damned long ago." This and similar remarks, I say, came back to me, and I hoped I should be able to hold the old statesman's attention sufficiently to keep him from such vitriolic criticism.

He took a seat on a couch by the fire-place and motioned me to an armchair by his side. The move was to me. It was like opening a conversation with a graven image. I began, I remember, by expressing my regret that his policy in regard to Russia had not carried the day; as all democrats would feel that this huge semi-barbarian power gaining strength at the expense of its southern neighbour must be an ever-increasing danger to the freedoms of Europe, bound up as she inevitably was with the maintenance of the military autocracies to the west of her, and that I could not believe, even now peace had been brought about, that the position, with Cyprus annexed and the doubtful gendarmerie experiment in Asia Minor undertaken, was quite what he would have wished. He bowed his head. And I went on to say that I specially mourned the overthrow of his administration because I felt that, as Sir Louis Mallet had put it to me, the last chance of justice being done to India had faded. This was venturing on dangerous ground; for I had an idea that Lord Beaconsfield, having given up the lead to Lord Salisbury, in what was still nominally his own Ministry, was scarcely in sympathy with the policy which Lord Cranbrook, with the support of other members of the Government, had begun: the gradually building up, that is to say, of Indian rule in Hindustan under British guidance. However, all that followed this was another assenting motion of the head.

Thereupon, I touched upon domestic affairs, and said I had hoped to witness an inauguration at home of some such palliative social policy as that which he had shadowed forth in his early works, and had since, from time to time, as I understood, endeavoured to press upon his colleagues. I added that, in my opinion, the only hope of rapid improvement in this direction, Radical and Socialist as I was, lay with the Conservative party. Measures of this kind, if introduced by that party, could not be opposed by the Liberals, without imperilling their cohesion as a political organisation; whereas, if the Liberals introduced Bills in favour of such beneficial social changes, the more reactionary Conservatives would be sure to revolt and find a factious backing in the country. It seemed to me, therefore, that what was going on in India, in Ireland, in Egypt, and at home was worse than would have happened had the Tory Government remained in power.

For the first time the sphinx-like figure on the couch delivered its oracle. In deep, low, almost sepulchral tones it said, with the very worst French accent I have ever heard, thickly pronounced and almost unintelligible, "Tu l'as voulu Georges Dandin," and the eye that was half closed began to open. "If you mean John Bull by Georges Dandin, Lord Beaconsfield, I venture to say the issue was never properly put to him. Peace with Honour was a dead formula: Peace with Comfort was what the people wanted to hear about." He turned towards me at this little joke, and the other eyelid began to lift. "Peace with Comfort is not a bad phrase. Who used it?" asked the deep, slow voice. "Why, I did, of course," I replied, rather sharply; "who else?" The moment I had uttered the words I felt they might have offended the old gentleman, which I

need scarcely say was not at all what I wished to do. But they had quite the opposite effect. He appeared to wake up entirely, opened both eyes, and, I could not be deceived, the face smiled as he now turned full towards me.

"You have, I presume, some ideas on the subject, Mr. Hyndman?" I said I had, and that it was upon this I wished to have his opinion. "What do you mean by comfort, then?" "Plenty to eat, enough to drink, good clothes, pleasant homes, thorough education and sufficient leisure for all." "Utopia made to order?" "Rather a happy life for everybody growing naturally out of the conditions of our time." "A pleasing dream, not, I fear, easily realised in fact. And how would you begin?"

Thus encouraged I set to work in .earnest, and put before the old statesman things as I saw them and as I wished them to be. At that time, it may be borne in mind, *laissez-faire* still held mastery in England, and Socialism in its modern form was almost unknown in this island. I was full of the matter myself, and eager to put my ideas into words. I referred, therefore, to the efforts of the Chartists with which Lord Beaconsfield had sympathised in his youth, and urged that the work they had set on foot should be taken up afresh and applied to the more advanced period we had reached. Without complete education of the whole people nothing could be done. They must be intelligent participators in the changes to be brought about, and the completest democratic forms ought to be placed at their disposal in order that they should be able peacefully to help in the transformation by their own initiative and voting power.

"I have done all that I could do in the latter direction." "But it needs also much superior

education," I answered, "to any we have to-day for the democracy to comprehend the real issues, and to exercise their influence in an understanding way." "Your difficulties have then already begun." "Of course there are difficulties, or success would have been achieved already, but a democracy without education can mean only either perpetuation of the present anarchical system, or worse anarchy still with no system. There is no other way out than through collective organisation by the democracy under its chosen agents for the benefit of all. You admit that." "I admit nothing, Mr. Hyndman; I am listening to you." "Well, we cannot go on as we are going without national decay and eventual collapse. Our people are being crushed into the cities, where they lose their bodily and mental vigour, or the more capable of them emigrate straight from the country to the Colonies, and leave only the weaklings to perpetuate the race at home. The process of deterioration is going on steadily. There are fewer agriculturists every year, and the recruiting ground for healthy inhabitants of the cities is thus being reduced every year. All can see that the physique of the population is falling off. And at the very same time we are grasping more territory than ever before."

"Suppose all you say is true, what then?"

"We must recognise this truth at once, and reorganise our entire Empire at home and abroad, replacing go-as-you-please by a resolute policy of general social improvement throughout Britain, adopting Home Rule and general Colonial Federation instead of domination, and granting self-government to India. This would bring us abreast of a great and harmonious policy that would, possessing a powerful navy, give us, with our extraordinary geographical position, the lead of the democratic movement throughout the

world." "Why not say Socialist movement? That is what you mean." "I have no objection, though we are barely ready for that yet." And then, as Lord Beaconsfield kept on asking questions and making short comments, I went clean through the whole thing. In the middle of it Lord Rowton sent up the butler to say he was ready for Lord Beaconsfield if he should at all need him. I rose at once to go. "Tell Lord Rowton, with my compliments, I shall be glad if he will wait for me for a few minutes." I sat down again and started at it once more, until I had contrived to tumble out somehow, in the additional hour to which the few minutes extended, pretty nearly all I had to say, advocating collective control and ownership in every direction.

"And you think," said Lord Beaconsfield, "you have any chance of carrying out such a policy as things stand here to-day?" I replied I could not feel confident, but I would have a good try at it. "You can never carry it out with the Conservative party. That is quite certain. Your life would become a burden to you. It is only possible through such a democracy as you speak of. The moment you tried to realise it on our side you would find yourself surrounded by a phalanx of the great families who would thwart you at every turn: they and their women. And you would be no better off on the other side." "But this party system," I rejoined, "need not go on for ever?" "No, but private property which you hope to communise, and vested interests which you openly threaten, have a great many to speak up for them still. I do not say it to discourage you, but you have taken upon yourself a very—heavy—work indeed, and" (smiling), "even now you are not a very young man to have so much zeal and enthusiasm. It is a very difficult

country to move, Mr. Hyndman, a very difficult country indeed, and one in which there is more disappointment to be looked for than success. But you do intend to go on?" I said I did. "Then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

But I never did see Lord Beaconsfield again. He had an attack of illness shortly afterwards, and died within a few weeks. Taking a lady of my acquaintance, who knew of this long interview with me, down to dinner, two days later, she asked him how it went on. The reply was, "Your friend Mr. Hyndman came to talk, and I am bound to tell you he did talk," but she herself gave me to understand that his tone about the whole thing was very friendly. Certainly, nothing could have been more so than his attitude during the three hours I was with him. The impression Lord Beaconsfield left upon my mind was that he was dissatisfied with the great personal success he had achieved, and would have wished his life to have been other than it was. Whether this impression was due to any pose on his part, or arose from the sheer weariness he suffered from at the end of a long and arduous career, it is, of course, impossible for me to say. From that day to this, however, I have always felt that Benjamin Disraeli was neither so thorough-going an Imperialist, nor to himself so triumphant a personality as his enthusiastic admirers and decorators of his statue believe every April 19th.

CHAPTER XV

START OF SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

During the opening months of 1881 several more or less important gatherings were held with a view to establishing a really democratic party in opposition to the monstrous tyranny of Mr. Gladstone and his Whigs in Ireland and their equally abominable policy in Egypt, with the object also of bringing about democratic changes in England. Among those who took part in these preliminary meetings were Mr. Joseph Cowen, then member for Newcastle and quite at his best as an orator, both in and out of the House of Commons; Professor Beesly, the well-known Positivist who took the chair at the first public meeting of the "International" in 1864; Helen Taylor, the step-daughter of John Stuart Mill; Herbert Burrows, Morrison Davidson, Butler Johnstone, for fifteen years the Tory member for Canterbury and a strong philo-Turk; the two brothers James and Charles Murray, old Chartists, intimate friends of Bronterre O'Brien, and like him Catholics; Morgan and Townsend and Oliver, also old Chartists; Dr. G. B. Clark, an active Radical and free-thinker, afterwards member for Caithness; Justin M'Carthy, the Irish M.P. and popular historian and writer; John Williams, the famous proletarian agitator and leader of the unemployed; James Macdonald, Joseph Lane, Garcia, and many more. I was the

main mover in calling these meetings together, but with the exception of Butler-Johnstone, Justin M'Carthy and Joseph Cowen I scarcely knew any of those present.

At the principal meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel, which I myself called, I leant over to Herbert Burrows and asked him his name, while even sturdy Jack Williams I was only recently acquainted with; though he had come up to Devonshire Street to talk to me and I had seen him at the old revolutionary club in Rose Street. Of course, with so many different sections involved, it was impossible at first to agree upon much beyond a thorough-going political programme, and I very much doubt whether any of those present, except myself, Jack Williams and perhaps Butler-Johnstone, had the least idea that it was intended to lead up to the formation of a Socialist party in Great Britain. This, too, although already lectures were being delivered in the Radical Clubs on "The Curse of Capital" and similar subjects by myself and one or two more.

There was certainly no general feeling in this direction, and it was not considered of the slightest importance that even so revered a person as Mr. John Stuart Mill was among the advanced Radicals at the close of his life had declared almost without reserve in favour of Socialism. I felt that a blow ought to be struck, but how or when to strike it I scarcely knew. We had gradually gathered around us enough of the Radical Clubs and Irish committees of the metropolis to call a Conference of all in sympathy with our programme. The decision to call this Conference was arrived at, I think, at the end of April or the beginning of May 1881. I still felt greatly puzzled as to what I ought to do, especially as it was arranged that I should take the chair.

After talking the whole matter over carefully with my wife, I came to the conclusion that I ought to take a plunge myself and that, as Tory Democracy was beginning to make way and Liberalism had given itself over to Coercion and Aggression, I ought to formulate a definite policy for the whole Empire, giving at the same time full expression to those ideas of the Socialists which the new organisation intended to advocate. I told nobody of my intention, but I set to work at once to write my little book *England for All*, which contained a longer exposition of the summary of my views that I had tumbled out on Lord Beaconsfield and was the first Socialist work that appeared up to 1881 in English. I do not pretend for a moment that this booklet covered the whole of the ground by any means; but, in the main, the policy therein sketched out for Home, Colonial, Irish, Indian and Foreign Affairs holds the field to-day; though very unfortunately, as I think, our governing classes, instead of taking the lead in carrying it out, as they might and should have done, have put every possible obstacle in the way of progress in every direction. What I hoped to see was an England that, having reorganised herself at home and abandoned mere dominant imperialism abroad, was able to come to the front, with its free federated communities, as the champion of national freedom, democracy and Socialism, in Europe and all over the world. What I longed to realise then seems scarcely attainable even now. Here nevertheless is my dream of that day, the concluding passage of my *England for All*:—

"Thus in every direction the policy of the democracy is clear and well defined. Freedom, social reorganisation, thorough unity at home, justice, self-government, and consideration for our

colonies and dependencies, and a warm friendship and ready assistance for the oppressed peoples abroad,—such is the work we are called upon to begin and carry out. Democracy, which the so-called 'governing-classes' jeer at as anarchy, incapacity, and self-seeking, means a close confederation, first, of our own people, and next, of the workers of the civilised world. This is a policy not of to-day or of to-morrow, now to be taken up and again to be laid aside: it is an undertaking in which each can continuously bear his share, and hand on the certainty of success to his fellow.

"The current of events will help on the cause of the people. Within the past generation greater changes have been wrought than in centuries of human existence before. For the first time in the history of mankind the whole earth is at our feet. Railways, telegraphs, steam communication, have but just begun to exercise an influence. Education and intercourse are breaking down the barriers of ages. The men who do the work of the world are learning from one another how it is that the poor and the miserable, the unfortunate and the weak, suffer and fall by the wayside. In our own country, which has led the way to the new stage of social development, all can see that the lot of the many is sad, whilst the few are rich and luxurious far beyond what is beneficial even to them. Our action in redress of these inequalities and the better ordering of our affairs will guide and encourage the world. We, perhaps, alone among the peoples can carry out with peace, order, and contentment, those changes which continental revolutionists have sought through anarchy and bloodshed. Religion, which should have helped in this striving for a happier period, has suffered the rich and powerful to twist its teachings to their

to give my assailants quite as good as they bring. So our Teutonic "Grand Llama of the Regent's Park Road," as I called Engels, by reason of the secluded life he led and the servile deference he exacted, did not have matters all his own way; though with respect to his writings I may claim on excellent grounds that I was the very first person outside Germany to give him full credit for the admirable work he had done for the movement independently of Marx.

That, however, I was not wrong in my estimate of Engels's overbearing character and outrageous rudeness will be apparent from the following anecdote of what befell Adolphe Smith, a Social-Democrat of some forty years' standing, a master of his own subject, national and international hygiene, and one of the most courteous and considerate as he is one of the ablest of men. He was with a party of Danish Social-Democrats who were going to pay their respects to Engels at his house. They asked him to go with them, as they were sure Engels would be glad to see him. Smith said he doubted this, as Engels bore him a grudge on account of a dispute in the International some twenty years before when Smith was little more than a lad. The Danish comrades, however, would not hear anything of this, and pressed Smith until he accompanied them on their visit.

They were all received very well at first, Smith passing in unnoticed with the rest. But in the course of conversation one of the Danes addressed Smith in such wise as to awaken the memories of Engels. He jumped up, rushed up to Smith saying, "What, are you Smith, Smith-Headingley? You are! then get out of my house. I am amazed you should have had the impudence to come here." Other flattering observations followed, until Smith

got in a word congratulating the old bear upon his notions of politeness and hospitality and took his departure. The reason for this ungoverned outburst of fury was that Smith had actually joined with Vesinier and others in publishing a manifesto of protest against the autocratic, drill-sergeant fashion in which Marx and Engels had conducted the old International, opposed as it was altogether to French and English notions of reasonable consideration for those with whom they were working. But this, as I say, was twenty years before, and Engels need not so far have forgotten himself in his own house as to lose his temper on so ancient an injury. At the close of his life, when he was dying of cancer of the throat at Eastbourne, he expressed his regret, however, that he had probably been mistaken as to the Social-Democratic Federation and myself. He certainly was as to Adolphe Smith.

At any rate the Democratic Federation was founded and began its work in earnest. The rent of our rooms and the salary of the Secretary were paid by myself. Few even of those who were with us thought much would come of it. Of this I had amusing evidence at an early meeting. A vigorous Radical and Secularist named Sadler had been appointed Secretary at the salary of £2 a week which I had offered. I had remained behind that evening, and several of the members were going down the stairs at the Westminster Palace Chambers where our offices were. I overheard, as I came out and followed them down, Sadler saying "I don't believe in the concern a bit, but when I heard that £2 a week were going about I b—— well determined to have some of it." Yet Sadler made a very good secretary of his kind, and he got his £2 a week regularly, without ever knowing that I had overheard his remark—by no means the only

queer utterance I remember as coming to my ears from men who have been supposed to be earnest in the cause.

Sadler went the way of so many English workers, when they have a secure place at what they consider "a good screw"; but when he became generally known in London as "two of Irish" it was necessary to get rid of him. Sadler was a basket-maker by trade. Morgan, one of the old Chartists, was a slipper-maker, a very different class of man, and, though he never became a thorough Socialist, he understood his own class and its shortcomings very well. Walking back with him one night accompanied by another member of the Executive of that day named Butler, who was little better than an Anarchist, the latter began to talk of the rack and ruin they would wreak on the upper classes when their turn came. "Would you?" said Morgan; "about that time we should be putting a Provost-Marshal's guard at the street corner where you live with strict orders to hang fellows like you." As Morgan was a lean and lathy customer, very active on his legs and handy with his fists, Butler allowed this remark to pass with a mild protest. But Morgan, who had been a boatswain on board a man-of-war, and a very smart one too, could hold his own in other company. As we made way, and it began to look as if one of those fine days we might have an active revolutionary party in London, an artillery officer, Major Edwards, who partially sympathised with our objects, invited several of our working men, including the two Murrays and "Bill" Morgan, down to Woolwich, where he treated them very well, and showed them one of the biggest guns from the Arsenal. "There," said the Major, "what is the use of you fellows talking about fighting and coming to close quarters with the upper classes?

What could you do against a gun like that?" "Yes," replied Morgan, "and what should we be doing while you were getting that plaything into position?" Major Edwards, of course, did not know that Morgan had had any experience with pacifist tools of this sort.

During the whole of 1881 the Irish question overshadowed all others, and our organisation, young as it was, took a very active part against Coercion, and supported the Irish cause to the fullest extent we could. We sent a large Commission to Ireland to examine into the land problem, and to report upon the action of the Land League. I went over to Dublin myself and spoke in Phœnix Park with two quite admirable speakers Winks and Sabin, then active members of our body but now forgotten. I joined the Irish Land League which had been started by the famous Michael Davitt, who afterwards became my close and intimate friend, and I served as a member of the Executive of the Land League of Great Britain. The mention of this last-named organisation recalls to my mind a rather amusing incident. I have generally been considered a perturbing rather than a pacificatory agent in public affairs in Great Britain, and even on the Continent of Europe. But among Irishmen my truly urbane disposition and peace-loving tendencies were at once appreciated at their real value. So obvious was this in the Council of the Land League of Great Britain, that I received more than one letter from my friend Justin M'Carthy, then President of that body, to the following effect: "My dear Hyndman, we expect to have rough times this evening. I hope you will be able to be present in order to throw oil upon the troubled waters, etc." I have always felt that this was an invaluable testimony to character coming from

such a quarter. I hope some of my opponents will take careful note of it.

One sitting of that Executive will be always present to my memory, which occurred later but may be mentioned here. Parnell was in Kilmainham Gaol and some two or three hundred of the best men in Ireland were in custody at the same time. The agitation on the land question was spreading to England and Scotland, and a "No Rent" manifesto was issued. We were about to hold a big conjoint demonstration of Irish Land Leaguers and English Socialists in Hyde Park, with Joseph Cowen, I think, in the chair, in order to protest vigorously against such a monstrous policy as that of the Liberal Party in Ireland. I was strongly in favour of making the "No Rent" agitation a prominent feature in our pronouncement, and I moved that the Manifesto against Rent should be displayed and read from all the platforms. Thereupon Frank Byrne the secretary, who was, as afterwards appeared, hand in glove with the extreme section, but acted most fairly as secretary, read out a letter from Kilmainham in Parnell's own handwriting ordering that no such step should be taken. The more advanced men present were not prepared to give way to this extraneous dictation, and I was quite determined myself that my resolution should go to the vote. The discussion got warm. A hint that weapons were handy was given. The value of chair legs as shillelaghs and as aids to debate presented itself to my mind. I even looked hard at the tumblers and water-bottle on the table and bethought me of the reflection Charles Lever put in the mouth of one of his favourite characters: "A wine-glass, my boy, is useful on occasion, but a cut-glass decanter well aimed and low I have seen do excellent service."

But—I shall always declare the result was due to my mollifying pacifism—things quieted down, revolvers were not drawn, less lethal implements were not brought into play, voices resumed their melodious intonation, and my resolution in favour of the "No Rent" manifesto being promulgated in the Park was put solemnly to the vote. It was carried with equal solemnity—the Irish can do these things well when they like—and I at once jumped up, upon our majority being declared, and proposed that, in order to compose any possible differences, the decision should be made unanimous. This was done, the "No Rent" cry was raised in earnest, and Parnell was released within three weeks. Why? Parnell was not a "No Rent" man by any means, and he alone could keep the advanced movement from becoming formidable. I firmly believe that was the reason of his prompt release.

I never spoke to Parnell but once, and then it was merely as two old Cambridge men meeting by chance in the offices of the Irish Party. I confess he did not produce upon me a favourable impression, but that, of course, is of no importance. What was more to the point was the dictatorial and arrogant attitude he assumed towards his supporters. It may have been necessary, and the conduct of the persons whom he dominated when living during the quarter of a century which has passed since his death looks as if it were, but it was scarcely pleasant to see. On one occasion he was talking in the large reception room of the Land League offices to a member of our organisation when perhaps the most prominent man among his followers looked in at the door. On noticing Parnell he said, "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," and out he went without another word, though he had more right in the room than Parnell had. Yet that Parnell was a first-rate

Parliamentary leader cannot be doubted, while his strictly limited fanaticism was precisely suited to the times, which, I am forced to admit, were much less revolutionary than they looked.

It is strange now to recall how very revolutionary they did look. It seems incredible, at this time of day, that a Liberal Government, headed by Mr. Gladstone and comprising such men as the extreme Radical Mr. Chamberlain then was, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Henry Fawcett, and others, with a strong Radical party behind them numbering some one hundred and thirty strong, should have been engaged in putting down in Ireland, by sheer force of arms and police brutality and buck-shot, those ordinary commonplace liberties which on this side of the Channel are regarded, too laxly, as beyond even Whig interference; and that this should have been done in the interest of one of the worst landowning classes that ever preyed upon a community, whose outrageous proceedings that very same Government had vainly attempted to check. It was an extraordinary position. Everybody admitted that Ireland had been badly governed and that some change ought to be made. Even Lord Beaconsfield spoke of the need for a revolution by legislation. But, as usual with English affairs, reforms were postponed until revolution was knocking hard at the door. Even those who lived through the period can scarcely think themselves back into the days when a dynamite explosion was organised in the House of Commons, when Victoria Station was nearly blown to pieces by clock-work bombs left in the cloak-room,—my wife and I slept that night close by, and were roused and shaken by the shock,—when a serious attempt to wreck London Bridge was only averted by the two dynamiters entrusted with the task blowing themselves up in their boat instead of the bridge,

and when grave apprehensions were entertained as to the safety of Westminster Abbey. Dean Stanley, whom I met at dinner while this was all going on, seemed quite relieved, in his courtly way, when he discovered that I, a pronounced Home Ruler and Land League member, had no sympathy whatever with the desperadoes who were reported to be plotting the destruction of his cherished cathedral.

Party feeling naturally ran very high indeed. Ladies of high position who not long before had listened with pleasure to the charming conversation of Mr. Justin M'Carthy drew away from him as if from contamination in a drawing-room, and he himself said to me: "It is a terrible work, Hyndman, going on night after night in the House of Commons with the whole Assembly bitterly against you. At times it is most depressing, and nothing but the profound conviction of the justice of our cause keeps me up against the furious attacks and howlings of the overwhelming majority of the members." When, also, Mr. Gladstone declared in the Guildhall that he had sent Mr. Parnell to prison for his treasonable efforts, any stranger would have imagined, from the enthusiasm with which his announcement was acclaimed, that some great triumph of justice and right had been achieved.

It was during this period of storm and strife, also, that the surgical knives afterwards used in the Phœnix Park assassinations of Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish were kept concealed in the offices of the Land League and the Irish Parliamentary Party by Mr. Frank Byrne, the secretary spoken of above. I think a good many of the "respectable" people and comfortable Parliament men of the Irish Party, who then frequented the handsome rooms in Westminster

Palace Chambers, would have felt a little ill at ease had they known that these ugly implements were so close to them, that their trusted secretary held them in safe custody, and that the wife of that official conveyed them to Dublin for use on the fatal day. Assassination is a nasty form of protest against tyranny, and it is not always used with the greatest discrimination as to the persons removed. The death of Mr. Burke and particularly of Lord Frederick Cavendish, naturally roused a great deal of indignation, especially among those whose tyrannical methods had been the cause of their taking-off. Then came the treachery of Carey, who betrayed all his accomplices, but whose one good action was that he swore he did not recognise Mrs. Frank Byrne, who herself gave him the knives, when she appeared in the witness-box.

But a more tremendous revenge than any of these had been prepared, and but for an accident would have been carried out. I am very glad it wasn't; for the reaction it would have occasioned might easily have led to a sort of White Terror, both in this country and in Ireland. This conspiracy was to place a number of men with bombs in the gallery of the House of Commons, then much more easy of access than it is to-day, these desperadoes being backed up by another set of equally determined persons in the lobby below. The set in the gallery having thrown their bombs, with judicious political impartiality, at both the front benches, were to rush down and out as fast as they could, while their fellow-conspirators took up the tale of slaughter by crowding on to the floor of the House and shooting with revolvers all who had not been already despatched or intimidated by the bomb explosions.

Happily the man who held the key of the entire plot drank a trifle more than was good for him

the night before, lost his nerve at the last moment, and failed to call the sworn band of assailants together. So the thing fell through, and the plot was never renewed. Quite possibly it may be denied that any such terrible scheme was ever set on foot, now that a quarter of a century's undisturbed residence in London has rendered some of the active members of the conspiracy quite constitutional persons. But the facts are as I state them, and the names of not a few of those who were to take part in the attack are known to me. As a matter of fact, and to my certain knowledge, at least two of the best known sympathisers with Ireland in the House of Commons, who were privately and solemnly warned not to be in their places on that particular night, refrained from going, in view of the quarter from which the intimation of danger came, and even went so far as to notify members of the Government that something very serious was on foot. And all this occurred less than thirty years ago! Similar policy from above is producing similar revolt from below in India at this present time.

Strange to say, I saw the news of Carey's treachery as informer displayed on the placards of the evening newspapers as I went into Earl's Court Station, after having visited my old friend Colonel Yule in Pen-y-Wern Road hard by, with Tchaikovsky the Russian Anarchist. We had gone to Yule in order to obtain his signature to a Memorial to the French Government I was using my best endeavours to get signed in favour of giving Kropotkin, then imprisoned at Clairvaux for complicity in Anarchist plots, better accommodation, and the right to see his wife. The names appended to that Memorial were those of some of the most distinguished men of science and men of letters in the country, which I think did

them great credit; for Kropotkin was far better known at that time as a vehement advocate of "the propaganda-of-deed" than as a geographer or a *littérateur*. The man who refused most positively to lend any help at all was, as it happened, Thomas Huxley, who gave it as his opinion that Kropotkin was already too well off as he was. I was rather surprised at this from Huxley; but fortunately the lack of his signature made no difference, and Kropotkin was accorded by the French Ministry that amelioration of his prison discipline for which the English Memorial asked.

I had previously made Prince Kropotkin's acquaintance and friendship upon an introduction from Joseph Cowen, that consistent friend of the revolutionists and subversionists in every country but (in later years) his own. As said, Kropotkin, in those days, was an out-and-out direct action Anarchist. He was overflowing with enthusiasm and vigour. When he came to our house I was at once captivated by the charm of his manner and the unaffected sincerity of his tone. His appearance was to me what I then thought was typically Russian, a bright engaging face, in spite of its irregular features and nose of the Kahmack type, lightly brushed long hair, and heavy beard and moustache. At first I tried to argue with him about his Anarchist opinions, which seemed to me entirely out of accord with his intelligence and naturally charming disposition. I found this was quite hopeless. You could pin him to nothing, and his capacity for genial misrepresentation of Social-Democratic thought and principle and argument transcended belief. But I tried hard, nevertheless, for a time to convince him that no society of any kind could dispense with leadership and authority of some sort, voluntarily constituted and freely submitted to.

According to Kropotkin, however, each commune, each individual, could be bound by nothing, and nobody and no number of people could, under any circumstances, be overruled in their individual rights, no matter how many thousands or even millions of people might be permanently injured or starved by their recusancy. As to existing social relations, Kropotkin took the view of Bakunin that any action was not only justifiable but imperatively necessary which the individual himself judged to be calculated to terrorise or shake the horrible society of to-day. These opinions Kropotkin expressed freely, not only in private conversation but in his journal *Le Révolté*. And, notwithstanding his pleasing character and humane disposition, there can be no doubt that at that period he was quite serious in these beliefs, and wholly devoted to his propaganda. He could not also detect any incompatibility with his theories in his own conduct as Editor of his paper. I asked him one day who appointed him Editor? He looked puzzled but answered, "I did myself, of course." "Do you," I asked, "print all the contributions and letters which come to you, in agreement with, or in protest against, your own ideas?" "Certainly not," was the reply; "it would be utterly impossible to do so." "But who then decides," I went on, "as to what should be put in and what should be kept out?" "Why, I do: I am the Editor." "There is no appeal from your judgment?" "Of course not. How could there be?" "Then, Kropotkin," I wound up, "let me tell you you are no better than a tyrannical journalistic Czar, and some day we shall hear of your 'bombing off' by one or other of the high-souled comrades whose lucubrations you have so despotically suppressed."

On another occasion we argued the matter of

railways. "Do you seriously contend," I urged, "that if it were of the greatest importance to construct a railway between two large and populous centres of industry, and the direct route lay through the land of a commune peopled by, say, a hundred persons, and that any other line would necessitate a detour of a couple of hundred miles, thus entailing enormous additional expense at the outset and the permanent daily cost of 200 miles of extra transport, you would consider that the two great cities ought to be held up and prevented from building this railroad because this handful of peasants objected?" "Oh, but they wouldn't object." "Yes, but if they did, how then?" And so we went on, Kropotkin admitting in the end that he would religiously respect the rights of this inconspicuous minority to obstruct progress. At a public meeting where one of our Social-Democratic comrades raised the same question about the railroad, and persisted in having a plain answer, it has always been stated that Kropotkin, nettled at the heckling he experienced, closed the discussion amid shouts of laughter by saying, "Damn the railroad!"

A much more serious objection to Kropotkin and other Anarchists is their wholly unscrupulous habit of reiterating statements that have been repeatedly proved to be incorrect, and even outrageous, by the men and women to whom they are attributed. Time after time I have told Kropotkin, time after time has he read it in print, that Social-Democrats work for the complete overthrow of the wages system. He has admitted this to be so. But a month or so afterwards the same old oft-refuted misrepresentation appears in the same old authoritative fashion, as if no refutation of the calumny, that we wish to maintain wage-slavery, had ever been made. There is

evidently, as we might expect from their doctrines, a close community of sentiment and method between Anarchists and Liberals.

Not only do they both consider that the grossest misrepresentation and disregard for truth is quite allowable against an adversary, but, strange as it may appear, Anarchist after Anarchist, attracted by this similarity of sentiment and method, turns Liberal. The very last time I met Kropotkin he bitterly reproached me and Social-Democrats generally for our opposition to the Capitalist-Liberal party and its special organ the *Daily News*. It is very odd indeed, but nearly all the extreme Anarchists whom I have known have gone off sooner or later in the same direction. Nor is this confined to foreigners resident in Great Britain, who become so imbued with admiration for our seductive pseudo-freedoms that they think Englishmen have only themselves to blame for their economic and social subjection, but native English Anarchists go off in the same way and show a like tendency towards the most hypocritical and offensive forms of Capitalist-Liberalism.

Abroad it is the same. I knew Aristide Briand at one time pretty well. He was then an even more ferocious and a much less urbane Anarchist and Subversionist than Kropotkin. At International Congresses, as Secretary and Boss of the anarchistic and general strike elements of French Trade Unionism, the man made himself a perfect nuisance, upsetting the proceedings systematically and insisting upon having far more than his share of the talk—an ill-conditioned, overbearing, self-idolising creature: that was the impression which the vehement propaganda-of-deed Anarchist Briand made upon all who met him at these Congresses. And I believe at the time he meant it all. He was a thorough-going individualist, eager

to fight for complete freedom of the individual as a step to social freedom, and had not the slightest regard for principle, or for the opinion of anybody but himself. Yet he has been Prime Minister of France, having applied his individualist principles, on Capitalist-Liberal lines, wholly and solely to his own personal advancement. Evidently a natural process of evolution in his entire disregard for others and religious worship of himself.

Kropotkin, of course, has never thus carried his change or modification into practical life. On the contrary, he has in this respect remained throughout quite true to his principles, such as they are, and has refused to benefit himself personally in any way whatever, even when he might have done so without reproach. That is why, notwithstanding his pro-Liberal attitude in England, his outrageous travesty of Social-Democracy, and his rather amusing perversions of natural history to support his own peculiar views, Kropotkin has never forfeited the esteem and goodwill of his opponents in the movement; while on the platform and in private life his popularity has been well earned by his never-failing good temper under all circumstances.

But the movement owes him more than this. In my opinion Kropotkin's "Aux Jeunes Gens," which I translated into English under the title of "An Appeal to the Young," and which in that shape has been distributed far and wide in all English-speaking countries, is the best propagandist pamphlet that ever was penned. Even to-day I can read it again with pleasure. The thing is a masterpiece, alike in conception and execution. Nothing ever written so completely combines the scientific with the popular, the revolutionary with the ethical. Anarchist in sentiment, here and there, it may be; but all sectional differences are

merged and carried away in the broad sweep of its universal sympathy for down-trodden humanity, and its adjurations to men and women of all classes to combine for the attainment of a life worthy of what mankind under Socialism may and will be. At one time we saw a good deal of Kropotkin, his wife, and daughter, and I introduced him to the late Sir James Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century*, for which periodical he has done most of his writing in English. Of late years we have met seldom, but, notwithstanding very sharp differences of opinion, our cordial friendship and good feeling remain.

CHAPTER XVI

KARL MARX

It was natural as I drove with Karl Hirsch to make the acquaintance of Karl Marx in his modest dwelling on Haverstock Hill that my mind should go back to the visit I paid to Mazzini in the Fulham Road years before. Different and even antagonistic as the two men were in many respects, and bitter as was their struggle for control in the "International," when Marx was in the long run completely successful, they were alike in that they both had given up their lives entirely to an ideal, had remained in poor circumstances when power and ease and comfort were at their disposal and had exercised a personal and intellectual effect on the youth of their generation quite unequalled, I think, by any two other men of their time.

That Marx's was far the more powerful mind cannot be disputed. Writing now more than a quarter of a century after his death, it is clear to all the world not only that his analysis of the capitalist system of production stands alone, as the sole exhaustive work on the subject in existence, but that his theories in regard to the materialist basis of history are steadily supplanting in the main all other views and that his general influence is increasing every day. In fact, no economic or sociologic contributions to the science of human development can be complete at the present time

without taking full account of Marx's profound investigations. Mazzini, on the other hand, who during his life enjoyed a far greater popular reputation, has ceased to produce any vivifying effect on current thought. Having known both men well I should say that while Mazzini's influence on those around him was personal and individually ethical, Marx's was almost wholly intellectual and scientific. I should not venture, however, to compare two great men of such widely-different personalities and race so long after death had they not been actual rivals during life. My own view is that I approached Mazzini with admiration for his character and remained devoted to him for his elevation of thought and conduct, and that I went to Marx compelled to recognise a supreme analytic genius and eager to learn as a student.

And so I found myself with Hirsch at 41 Maitland Park Road and, ushered in by their old and trusty servant, saw Marx in the large room, on the first floor facing the gardens, which he used as his study. I wonder whether any great man fully bears out the conception you have formed of him before meeting him. I presume not. The first impression of Marx as I saw him was that of a powerful, shaggy, untamed old man, ready, not to say eager, to enter into conflict and rather suspicious himself of immediate attack. Yet his greeting to us was cordial and his first remarks to me, after I had told him what a great pleasure and honour I felt it to be to shake hands with the author of the *Capital*, were agreeable enough; for he told me he had read my articles on India with pleasure and had commented on them favourably in his newspaper correspondence. We were with him at that time for fully two hours and it did not take me long to appreciate that

Marx's conversation was quite on a level with his writing.

When speaking with fierce indignation of the policy of the Liberal Party, especially in regard to Ireland, the old warrior's small deep-sunk eyes lighted up, his heavy brows wrinkled, the broad, strong nose and face were obviously moved by passion, and he poured out a stream of vigorous denunciation, which displayed alike the heat of his temperament and the marvellous command he possessed over our language. The contrast between his manner and utterance when thus deeply stirred by anger and his attitude when giving his views on the economic events of the period was very marked. He turned from the rôle of prophet and vehement denunciator to that of the calm philosopher without any apparent effort, and I felt from the first that on this latter ground many a long year might pass before I ceased to be a student in the presence of a master.

I had been surprised in reading the *Capital* and still more when perusing his smaller works, such as his pronouncement on the Commune of Paris and his "XVIIIth Brumaire," how he combined the ablest and coolest examination of economic causes and social effects with the most bitter hatred of classes and even of individual men such as Napoleon III. and M. Thiers, who, according to his own theories, were little more than flies upon the wheels of the great Juggernaut car of capitalist development. Marx, of course, was a Jew, and to me it seemed that he combined in his own person and nature, with his commanding forehead and great overhanging brow, his fierce glittering eyes, broad sensitive nose and mobile mouth, all surrounded by a setting of untrimmed hair and beard, the righteous fury of the great seers of his race, with the cold analytical powers of Spinoza and the

Jewish doctors. It was an extraordinary combination of qualities, the like of which I have known in no other man.

As I went out with Hirsch deeply impressed by the great personality we had left, Hirsch asked me what I thought of him. "Well," I replied, "I think he is the Aristotle of the Nineteenth Century." And yet as I said it I knew that this did not cover the ground. For one thing it was quite impossible to think of Marx as acting the courtier to Alexander while carrying on the profound studies which have so deeply influenced later generations, and besides he never so wholly segregated himself from immediate human interests—notwithstanding much that has been said to the contrary—as to be able to consider facts and their surroundings in the cold hard light of the greatest philosopher of antiquity. There can be no doubt whatever that his hatred of the system of exploitation and wage-slavery by which he was surrounded was not only intellectual and philosophic but bitterly personal.

I remember saying to him once that as I grew older I thought I became more tolerant. "Do you," he said, "*do* you?" It was quite certain he didn't. It has been, I think, Marx's deep animosity to the existing order of things and his scathing criticism of his opponents which has prevented many of the educated well-to-do class from appreciating his masterly life-work at its full value, and has rendered third-rate sciolists and logomachers, like Böhm-Bawerk, such heroes in their eyes, merely because they have misrepresented and attempted to "refute" him. Accustomed as we are nowadays, especially in England, to fence always with big soft buttons on the point of our rapiers, Marx's terrible onslaughts with naked steel upon his adversaries appeared so improper

that it was impossible for our gentlemanly sham-fighters and mental gymnasium men to believe that this unsparing controversialist and furious assailant of capital and capitalists was really the deepest thinker of modern times. A very superficial acquaintance with the controversial writings of Thomas More or John Milton would have enabled them to understand Marx from this point of view a great deal better. He was fighting to a finish all through his life, and that finish will be protracted, I venture to predict, until his greatness is universally recognised.

But in 1880 it is scarcely too much to say that Marx was practically unknown to the English public, except as a dangerous and even desperate advocate of revolution, whose organisation of the "International" had been one of the causes of the horrible Commune of Paris, which all decent respectable people shuddered at and thought of with horror. Very few well-known Englishmen ever saw him, and of those who were well acquainted with him, I think my old friend Professor Beesly is the only one whose name would be generally recognised as that of a leader of opinion. I consider myself fortunate, therefore, that I was at this time able to get to know him as well as I did.

Marx's health was now failing. His more than Herculean labours on his great book had sapped his marvellously strong constitution. No wonder. He would be at the British Museum when the doors opened in the morning and would leave only when they closed at night. Then, after his return home, he would again work on, giving himself only a short rest and time for food, until the early hours of the morning. Sixteen hours a day was quite an ordinary day's work for him, and not unfrequently he put in an hour or two more. And such work as it was too! It was not surprising

that he was now forbidden to do any writing or thinking after his evening meal. This was a serious privation to him but it gave me for a few months the opportunity of calling upon him, when I knew he would be disengaged, and of learning from him more directly and more personally than I could have done in any other way. Thus it came about that, at the close of 1880 and the beginning of 1881, I had the advantage of very frequent conversations with the Doctor, and gained a view of himself and his genius, his vast erudition and his masterly survey of human life which I think was accessible to very few outside his immediate family circle.

Our method of talking was peculiar. Marx had a habit when at all interested in the discussion of walking actively up and down the room, as if he were pacing the deck of a schooner for exercise. I had acquired, on my long voyages, the same tendency to pacing to and fro when my mind was much occupied. Consequently, master and student could have been seen walking up and down on opposite sides of the table for two or three hours in succession, engaged in discussing the affairs of the past and the present. I frequently spoke with him about the Chartist movement, whose leaders he had known well and by whom, as their writings show, he was greatly esteemed. He was entirely sympathetic with my idea of reviving the Chartist organisation, but doubted its possibility; and when speaking of the likelihood of bringing about a great economic and social transformation in Great Britain politically and peacefully he said: "England is the one country in which a peaceful revolution is possible; but," he added after a pause, "history does not tell us so." "You English," he said on another occasion, "like the Romans in many things are most like them in your ignorance of your own history."

Great improvements have been made in this respect since Marx uttered this dictum; but even now it is humiliating to compare a clever educated Englishman's knowledge of the history of his country with the knowledge which nearly all Irishmen have of the history of Ireland.

On the Eastern Question Marx was anti-Russian to the highest degree. This constituted a link between us. He regarded Russia under Czardom as inevitably the great support of reaction all over Europe, as she had been in 1848, and he could not understand how was it possible for any considerable portion of the people of this island, apart from the politicians, to regard the increase of Muscovite power and influence as other than a serious danger to Western civilisation. He carried this justifiable antagonism, unconsciously intensified may be by his hereditary begettings and belongings and the atrocious treatment of his race in Russia, to an abnormal extent, and even accepted David Urquhart's views on the East with a lack of direct investigation that surprised me in a man of so critical a mind. But all must be weak somewhere, and the weaknesses of this great thinker lay in his judgment of current events and practical measures, as well as in his estimate of men.

The exquisitely funny mistakes made by himself and Engels during the most successful period of the "International," and their singularly autocratic view as to the rightful management of what was supposed to be a democratic body, have never been fully recorded. Members of the "International," such as Hermann Jung, Adolphe Smith, Cremer, Vesinier, and others, have had too much respect for the magnificent work done by these men in the domain of theory to enlarge upon their defects or shortcomings in the region of practice. Those, however, who were behind the scenes and knew all

that was going on might reasonably wonder how so strangely-composed a set of people should ever have had the influence and exercised the terrorising effect on society that at one period the "International" unquestionably did. The ideas were sound enough and the very possibility of their being accepted by the people occasioned the alarm. Marx, as has been wittily said, introduced the great industry into the field of international social revolution. But nearly fifty years later that system is scarcely yet an actual fact.

As to his judgment of men, it is enough to say that he was too tolerant in his estimates on one side and too bitter on the other; whilst even in the affairs of Germany he and Engels opposed Liebknecht's policy of conciliation and consolidation with the Lassalle Party, when this was absolutely essential to the success of our movement in that country. It only shows what marvellous and unforgettable services he rendered to the cause of humanity and Socialism that all these minor errors have faded from memory, and only his splendid work in political economy, history and internationalism is remembered.

I asked him once how the conception of social surplus value and the social basis of exchange in social labour value occurred to him. He told me that the whole idea came upon him, as he was studying in Paris, like a flash, and that he believed the illuminating notion of the social economic forces of the time, working themselves out quite unconsciously and uncontrolled into monopoly and Socialism, beneath the anarchist competitions and antagonisms of the capitalist system, first arose in a co-ordinated shape from his perusal of the works of the early English Economists, Socialists, and Chartists. The conception once clearly formed in his mind and the materialist view of the develop-

ment of history thoroughly grasped and verified, all the rest became merely a matter of the exposition of the theory and the piecing together of facts in accordance with, or in apparent opposition to, that theory. It is a great mistake to imagine that Marx had any desire to belittle his obligations to his predecessors, or to deprive them of any credit that was their due. He himself called my attention to books and pamphlets, other than those cited by himself in his works, which proved that the revolt against capitalist profit-making in its modern shape had not always been by any means wholly unconscious or ignorant of the real causes at work. Any new investigation of freshly-put thought on his own subject he welcomed with delight; nor was he much concerned about the wholesale plagiarisms from himself of which he might have reasonably complained.

In these matters, as in some others, Engels was far more exacting and arrogant than Marx was himself. Marx's readiness to change his views when sufficient evidence was adduced against his own opinion was also much greater than is commonly supposed. Thus, when Lewis H. Morgan proved to Marx's satisfaction in his *Ancient Society* that the gens and not the family was the social unit of the old tribal system and ancient society generally, Marx at once abandoned his previous opinions based upon Niebuhr and others, and accepted Morgan's views. In other questions of less importance he was equally open, as indeed a man of his exceptional intellectual power could scarcely fail to be.

My close acquaintance with Marx at this period naturally brought my wife and myself into contact also with Mrs. Marx and their daughter Eleanor. Marx and Eleanor dined with us more than once in Devonshire Street, but Mrs. Marx was already

too ill to leave the house. Mrs. Marx was a refined and highly intelligent woman of great charm of manner and conversation. Come of an aristocratic family, her father being a statesman of the highest distinction in Hanover, she had committed an unforgivable offence against her caste by marrying the man of genius who was now her husband. From Mrs. Marx my wife heard much about Marx which brought him into far closer touch in our minds with the common life of common mortals.

They had suffered much for their opinions and had undergone many vicissitudes of fortune. On one occasion Marx himself being in great need went out to pawn some household silver. He was not particularly well dressed and his knowledge of English was not so good as it became later. The silver, unfortunately, as it turned out, bore the crest of the Duke of Argyll's family, the Campbells, with which house Mrs. Marx was directly connected. Marx arrived at the Bank of the Three Balls and produced his spoons and forks. Saturday night, foreign Jew, dress untidy, hair and beard roughly combed, handsome silver, noble crest—evidently a very suspicious transaction indeed. So thought the pawnbroker to whom Marx applied. He therefore detained Marx, on some pretext, while he sent for the police. The policeman took the same view as the pawnbroker and also took poor Marx to the police station. There again appearances were strongly against him. "Saturday night, foreign Jew, handsome silver, noble crest, etc.": the case was already decided before the investigation began. In vain Marx explained, in vain expostulated. His explanations were futile, his expostulations useless. To whom could he refer as to his respectability? Whence had he this handsome silver he was so anxious to

get rid of? Why did he wait until dark to pledge the plate? There was nobody he could call in at the time. His truthful statement as to the origin of the spoons and forks was received with laughing incredulity. The number of the house where they lodged was not considered sufficient.

So Marx received the unpleasant hospitality of a police cell, while his anxious family mourned his disappearance, and awaited in trepidation the husband and father who did not come and the cash that they so badly needed. So Saturday night passed. So Sunday. Not until Monday was the founder of Scientific Socialism able to show conclusively, by the evidence of quite "respectable" friends resident in London, that he was not a thief and a burglar, and that the Campbell-crested silver was honestly his property. This story, which Mrs. Marx told us, half-laughingly, half-sorrowfully, has been told more than once before; but I tell it again here, as showing the sort of dangers to which the unwary foreigner is exposed in London from suspicious pawnbrokers, and even from our much-belauded police; and also as a hint to other refugees whose necessities compel them to resort to their "uncle," to enter upon the conference in daylight and not on a Saturday night when people are out of town.

But Marx's poverty led him into more trouble than the temporary inconvenience of being locked up for thirty-six hours. Possibly I should not refer to this but for the serious effect it had upon my own relations with Marx himself. Engels, differing in this respect from Marx, had the money-getting faculty fairly well developed; and, having secured for himself a reasonable fortune by cotton-spinning in Lancashire at a comparatively early age, retired, had money at command, and devoted himself to studies in which he showed he was

second, and second only, to Marx. I do not myself believe that Engels, whom I never spoke to, nor even saw, was a bad man, though certainly I have no reason personally to take other than a most unfavourable view of his character; but he was exacting, suspicious, jealous, and not disinclined to give full weight to the exchange value of his ready cash in his relations with those whom he helped.

Marx was, to put it in the common form, "under considerable pecuniary obligations" to Engels. This, Mrs. Marx could not bear to think of. Not that she did not recognise Engels' services to her husband, but that she resented and deplored his influence over his great friend. She spoke of him to my wife more than once as Marx's "evil genius," and wished that she could relieve her husband from any dependence upon this able and loyal but scarcely sympathetic coadjutor. I was myself possessed at that time of good means, and though I am quite sure that neither Marx nor Mrs. Marx had the slightest idea that I either could or would take the place of Engels if need arose, I am equally certain that Engels thought I might do so, and, annoyed at the friendship and even intimacy which was growing up between Marx and myself in the winter and spring of 1880-1881, made up his mind to break down what he thought might be a rival influence to his own. The effect of all this came later.

Meanwhile, as I say, my friendship and regard for Marx grew rapidly. He told me much about Heine, with whom he had a long correspondence which has never even yet been published; about Lassalle, his appearance, his vigour, his curious spluttering utterance when excited; of his own struggle against Bakunin and the sad downfall of the International—all of which was of course of

PART IV.
Sec. 39.

shown how the meter could be cut out at will. It was eventually found, after dismantling the installation, that a tapping had been taken from a switch in the lighting circuit to one of the fuses in the power switchboard, the wire (which came direct from the supply, and not through any meter) replacing the corresponding power wire which did pass through the power meter. A switch made or broke connection at will. The motor circuit had also been tampered with, the original connections to the circuit having been changed and the seal broken and replaced by one of different date. The accused fell back on the old plea that "an enemy hath done this"—a very common defence in the unchanging East—and produced accounts to prove that the lower consumption was due to a falling off of business; but these accounts showed only the amount of grain milled, and not the money paid out or taken. The Magistrate said, "The prosecution evidence is clear and beyond suspicion; accused has done nothing to shake it. His accounts are of a most curious nature, and I very much doubt their genuineness. . . . The conduct of the accused clearly shows that he was fully cognisant of what was going on when the theft was discovered." Accused was sentenced to one year's "rigorous imprisonment" and to pay a fine of Rs.500, or a further six months in default.

The action of the licensee's staff, especially in taking a police officer to witness the investigation, was such as to leave no loophole for escape from a Court of Justice. The accused was seen manipulating the gear which enabled him to get a free supply, and it was then operated by the licensee's staff. No doubt there would often be difficulty in doing this, as previous cases cited above show; but the offence is so common that it should be possible to cope with it.

Sec. 40.
Penalty for maliciously wasting energy or injuring works.

40. Whoever maliciously causes energy to be wasted or diverted or, with intent to cut off the supply of energy, cuts or injures, or attempts to cut or injure, any electric supply-line or works, shall be punishable with imprisonment for a term which may extend to two years, or with fine which may extend to one thousand rupees, or with both.

Cf. *Indian Elec. Act, 1903, s. 39 (2).* See also *sections 48 to 50 of the present Act.*

Maliciously.—Licensees wished this section to be extended to cover such acts when done mischievously. This was unnecessary, as acts so done are punishable already under sections 425, 426, 427 of the Indian Penal Code, where "mischief" is also defined.

XLV of 1860.

With intent to cut off the supply.—In Great Britain a discharged employé was sentenced to 9 months' imprisonment for opening the field circuit of a tramway generator with the intention of cutting off the supply.—*The Electrician,* Jan., 1904, pp. 462, 502). So far as the licensee is concerned, it matters little whether the *intention* is to cut off the supply or not, seeing that the supply will be cut off if a supply-line is cut. Cutting with this intention occurred on the first public supply undertaking in India, and was traced to the persons who had hitherto supplied oil for the public lamps—see notes on section 45. But more serious instances have occurred where bare overhead lines have been deliberately cut, with a view to stealing the copper. In such a matter there would be no negligence (section 46). The remedy here would be for theft under the Indian Penal Code, not under the Indian Electricity Act. In one of the Indian States, the telephone wires carried on the posts for transmission were so cut and stolen; but this ceased after a connection was made to the high-tension lines at night.

press; and partly on account of the bright journalistic merit of the book itself. Marx looked it through and spoke of it with a sort of friendly contempt: "The Capitalists' last ditch," he said. This view I scarcely shared. I saw the really extraordinary gaps in the work and its egregious blunderings in economics, but I also recognised, to an extent that Marx either could not or would not admit, the seductive attractiveness for the sympathetic, half-educated mob of its brilliant high-class journalese. I understood, as I thought, that it would induce people to think about economic problems who never could have been brought to read economic books pure and simple; and although I saw quite as clearly then as I do now that taxation of land values can be no solution whatever of the social question, I felt that agitation against any form of private property was better than the stereotyped apathy which prevailed all round us.

There was another opinion which I held and put to Marx, which also I repeated when I wrote a notice on George in the *Saturday Review* shortly after his lamented death. There is such a thing as teaching by error. It was, or so it seemed to be to me, quite impossible for any intelligent person to read through *Progress and Poverty* without detecting its gross economic mistakes. The glittering superficiality of George's attacks upon private ownership of land must surely, I thought, lead the least observant to reflect upon the drawbacks to the private ownership of capital. When George stated that all which was not wages was rent, it seemed incredible that any one should fail to inquire who then takes profit and interest? What had become of them? Therefore, I argued, George will teach more by inculcating error than other men can impart by complete

exposition of the truth. Marx would not hear of this as a sound contention. The promulgation of error could never be of any good to the people, that was his view. "To leave error unrefuted is to encourage intellectual immorality. For ten who go farther, a hundred may very easily stop with George, and the danger of this is too great to run." So far Marx. Nevertheless, I still hold that George's temporary success with his agitatory fallacies greatly facilitated the promulgation of Marx's own theories in Great Britain, owing to the fact that the public mind had been stirred up to consider the social question, and political economy generally, by George's easily read book. But that George's fluent inconsequence should be uncongenial to Marx's scientific mind is not surprising. George was a boy with a bright farthing dip fooling around within the radius of a man using an electric search-light.

The longer I knew Marx the more my admiration and regard for him increased, and the more I could appreciate the human side of his character. This modification of my view of him is, I think, unintentionally apparent in what I have written about him above. At first the aggressive, intolerant, and intellectually dominant side of him preponderated; only later did the sympathy and good-nature which underlay his rugged exterior become apparent. Children liked him, and he played with them as friends. As I comprehended Marx's views more and more thoroughly, and appreciated not only their accuracy and depth, but their vast width and scope, I determined I would do my utmost to spread a knowledge of his works and theories in the English-speaking world; while endeavouring at the same time to ally his bolder conceptions to a more immediate policy of my own. It never occurred to me, I confess, that the

result of my first effort in this direction would be that I should have a serious breach with Marx himself, and that he would, misunderstanding my action entirely, enter upon a series of attacks upon myself of the most vindictive character, followed up by Engels with even more of vitriolic fervour for years. But our friendship remained, so far as I know, undisturbed up to the middle of 1881. What upset it I shall briefly state in its place. I unfortunately destroyed most of Marx's letters to me at the time of our difference, but one I have discovered which appears below.

December 8, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR—Mrs. Marx, like most sickly people whose illness has assumed a chronic character, becomes sometimes suddenly unable to leave her bedroom and then fit again for social intercourse. Believing she could within a few days pay a visit to Mrs. Hyndman, she did not write to her at once, but as we are this week inundated with visitors from the Continent, she begs me to write you that she will give herself the pleasure to call upon Mrs. Hyndman next week.

I welcome the prospect of the journal you speak of. If you say that you do not share the views of my party for England I can only reply that that party considers an English revolution not *necessary*, but—according to historic precedents—*possible*. If the unavoidable evolution turn into a revolution, it would not only be the fault of the ruling classes, but also of the working class. Every pacific concession of the former has been wrung from them by "pressure from without." Their action kept pace with that pressure and if the latter has more and more weakened, it is only because the English working class know not how to wield their power and use their liberties, both of which they possess legally.

In Germany the working class were fully aware from the beginning of their movement that you cannot get rid of a military despotism but by a Revolution. At the same time they understood that such a Revolution, even if at first successful, would finally turn against them without previous organisation, acquirement of knowledge, propaganda, and [word illegible]. Hence they moved within strictly *legal*

bounds. The illegality was all on the side of the government, which declared them *en dehors la loi.* Their crimes were not *deeds*, but *opinions* unpleasant to their rulers. Fortunately, the same government—the working class having been pushed to the background with the help of the bourgeoisie—becomes now more and more unbearable to the latter, whom it hits on their most tender point—the pocket. This state of things cannot last long.

Please to present my compliments to Mrs. Hyndman.—Yours very truly, (Signed) KARL MARX.

It is, I suppose, the lot of all active and vigorous agitators to have serious differences with their closest friends and co-workers. I have, unfortunately, had more than one sad experience of this kind, and unfortunately just at the time when I most appreciated him and most admired him, such a breach occurred between Marx and myself. Suffice it to say here, that when I published my little *England for All* Marx felt, or was persuaded he felt, that I had wronged him by appropriating certain of his ideas without due acknowledgment, and with a view to my own personal advancement. As assuredly I had nothing whatever to gain personally by setting on foot the Democratic Federation, and as also I printed the following in the Preface to my book, I cannot see that Marx had any ground for complaint.

In this changeful period when the minds of men are much troubled about the future, and many seem doubtful whither we are bound, I have attempted to suggest for the Democratic party in this country a clear and definite policy. The views expressed in this little work do not, I am aware, accord with the commonly received politics and economy of the day. Holding, as I do, strong opinions as to the capacity of the great English-speaking democracies to take the lead in the social reorganisation of the future, I think it right to state them, and to show at the same time how seriously the working people suffer under our present landlord and capitalist system.

From the luxurious classes, as a whole, I expect little

support. They have plenty of writers ready to champion their cause. To the people alone I appeal, and their approval will be my reward.

It was for the Democratic Federation that I originally wrote this book, and I present to its members the first copies to-day.

For the ideas and much of the matter contained in Chapters II. and III. I am indebted to the work of a great thinker and original writer, which will, I trust, shortly be made accessible to the majority of my countrymen.

H. M. H.

June 8, 1881.
10 Devonshire Street, Portland Place,
London, W.

However, this incident caused a breach between us, and we did not become friends again until shortly before his lamented death. In the interval, Marx, with his usual tendency to bitter personalities, had himself written some things about me, which I don't think he recalled afterwards with any satisfaction. But Mrs. Marx's lingering illness, his own deteriorating health and certain annoyances and disappointments which are almost certain to come to such a man as Marx, had together ruffled the evenness of his temper and disposed him to see the worst side of things.

Besides, Marx was not a good judge of men, nor ready to give way even on indifferent points in order to secure agreement and arrange cohesion. That he should have given his full confidence to Maltman Barry, who most assuredly was not a Socialist, and to Edward Aveling, who, though he became a Socialist and the virtual husband of his daughter Eleanor, was untrustworthy in every relation of life, is sufficient evidence that Marx was apt to judge men rather in accordance with what he hoped to find than with facts as they existed. Moreover, not being himself naturally addicted to suspicion, he had become exceedingly distrustful

PART IV

Sec. 46
Penalty for negligently wasting energy or injuring works.

46. Whoever negligently causes energy to be wasted or diverted, or negligently breaks, throws down or damages any electric supply-line, post, pole or lamp or other apparatus connected with supply of energy, shall be punishable with fine which may extend to two hundred rupees.

Cf. *Indian Elec. Act, 1903, s. 39* (7).

In Great Britain there is no penalty for this offence, but the incorporated section 20 of the Gas Works Clauses Act, 1847, provides for the payment of a "sum of money by way of satisfaction to the undertakers for the damage done, not exceeding five pounds." In a case under that section it was held that the common law right to recover damages by action was not ousted by this section (*Crystal Palace Gas Co.* v. *Idris* (1900), 82 L.T. 200). Presumably under the Indian Electricity Act also the owner of the damaged apparatus could sue for damages. See section 48 as to compensation.

Sec. 47.
Penalty for offences not otherwise provided for.

47. Whoever, in any case not already provided for by sections 39 to 46 (both inclusive), makes default in complying with any of the provisions of this Act, or with any order issued under it, or, in the case of a licensee, with any of the conditions of his license, shall be punishable with fine which may extend to one hundred rupees, and, in the case of a continuing default, with a daily fine which may extend to twenty rupees:

Provided that, where a person has made default in complying with any of the provisions of sections 13, 14, 15, 17 and 32, as the case may be, he shall not be so punishable if the Court is of opinion that the case was one of emergency and that the offender complied with the said provisions as far as was reasonable in the circumstances.

Cf. *Indian Elect. Act, 1903, s. 39* (*8*).

This section imposes a penalty for all breaches not otherwise specially provided for, *i.e.*, default in complying with the Act or with an order under the Act both as to licensees (Part II), suppliers under special sanction (section 27), users under Part III (who are not licensed), consumers, local authorities and the general public; and, in the case of a licensee, as to his license, which is deemed to include the schedule to the Act. It will be noticed that certain breaches of the rules are specifically provided for by section 37 (*3*) and in Chapter VI of the rules themselves; other rules have no specific penalty attached, and it is presumed that in those cases this section, 47, would apply, seeing that the rules "have effect as if enacted in this Act."

Provided that.—The sections mentioned in the proviso deal with new works; alteration of pipes or wires; laying supply-lines, etc., near other works; notice to telegraph-authority; protection of telegraphic and other signalling.

Sec. 48.
Penalties not to affect other liabilities.

48. The penalties imposed by sections 39 to 47 (both inclusive) shall be in addition to, and not in derogation of, any liability in respect of the payment of compensation or,

Party were Internationalists. That was the main difference.

Liebknecht, who was the main agent in bringing about the unity of the two sections, told me he had more trouble with Marx and Engels and the little knot of extremists who, not unnaturally perhaps, were inclined to deify these great thinkers than he had with all the rest of the German Socialists put together. They could not understand that men like Bebel and Liebknecht and their intimate associates, who were right in the middle of the fray, must be able to judge better of the necessities of the time than themselves, who were so much confined to their libraries, and could not feel how things were going. But the policy of the men on the spot won, and neither section has ever had any reason to regret the calling together of the splendid Congress of Erfurt which gave birth to the greatest and the best-disciplined Socialist Party in the world.

If I speak of these mistakes of a great mind in practical life, it is because I have noted here and there a disposition to set up Marx as an infallible authority as to what ought or ought not to be done under the conditions of our own day. Obviously, if he could not judge correctly as to what was going on in Germany, and was certainly none too sound in his views about politics in England, when living, it is a great blunder to cite him as an authority in relation to events occurring when he is dead. None would have been more ready to condemn such foolishness than Marx himself.

But these are all of them small matters when compared with the magnificent achievements which are now admired even by his opponents. If we wish fully to comprehend what he did we have only to look at the Socialist movement before his

theories were accepted, and then to take account of it to-day. Giving the very fullest credit to all the precursors of Marx, and in nowise disregarding the fine preparatory work of St. Simon, Owen, Fourier, the Catholic agitators and Protestant friends of the people, the English Chartists and the French revolutionaries, as well as the labour economists of this and other countries, it is not too much to say that Marx found Socialism a chaos of inco-ordinated ideas, bootless sentiment and Utopian experiment, and placed it finally upon a scientific basis. His analysis of capitalism and his synthetic adumbration of Socialism hold the field. They form the groundwork of the Socialist Party advocacy in every country. It is astonishing how exactly in the main his predictions have been fulfilled. If here and there, as in the department of agriculture, his forecasts have been apparently falsified, a closer examination shows that they have been fully realised on another plane. It is certain also that the upholders of theories in opposition to Marx's in the field of economics and history have hitherto had very little success, except in so far as they have adopted his methods without acknowledgment.

He was undoubtedly a genius, and I consider it one of the great privileges of my life that I was permitted to know him well.

I cannot leave this subject without touching upon that materialist conception of history which is perhaps Marx's greatest title to fame; though the whole of his system, economic and historic, stands together as one complete view of human society, and it is no accident that of late years all the really original work that has been done in historical investigation has been on his theories. But those who assume, as some of his most eminent followers such as Kantsky and Lafargue appear to

do, that Marx saw nothing in history but the immediate and direct action and reaction of material conditions reflected accurately and continuously in class wars, political struggles and social developments are in my opinion quite wrong.

None could have been less of a dogmatist on social development than he. That material conditions do in the main, and in the long run dominate and guide social evolution nobody, I judge, would dispute at this time of day. But to state that the investigations of the Greeks into the properties of conic sections, or of the Hindus into algebra, were due to immediate and direct material influences is to my mind as absurd a proposition as to contend that all mathematical expansions or imaginary quantities which, admittedly, have no practical material application to the recognised facts around us, do nevertheless arise out of these unrecognised material conditions, and are unconsciously impressed upon our brains. Yet the most recent writer of the extreme material school, Paul Lafargue, himself a son-in-law of Marx, does go to this length; and Karl Kautsky in his controversy with Bax in the *Neue Zeit* went nearly as far in his historic argument. The point is serious. Marx, I am confident, never excluded from his survey the counter-action of the psychologic upon the main material factor of action either in society or in the individual.

CHAPTER XVII

SOCIALIST AGITATION

Why my personal remembrances of Henry George should force themselves upon me here I can scarcely say. Perhaps it is that George himself was in his way a sort of intellectual Anarchist who could not look upon production and still less upon exchange from other than the individual point of view. At any rate, Henry George, whose *Progress and Poverty* referred to above made a great stir, by this time (1882) had come over to Ireland in order to look into and write upon the land question, and travelling on to London, he and his wife and children, after having paid a visit to Helen Taylor, stayed at our house for a month. I admit that I was anxious to have him and his family with us, not only for his own and their sake, but because I hoped, quite mistakenly as afterwards appeared, to convert him to the truth as it is in Socialist economics. It seemed to me quite incredible that a man who could go so far as he had gone would not traverse with ease the remainder of the distance, and thus obtain a sound conception of the whole subject.

But I did not make sufficient allowance for the seductiveness of error, or perhaps for the natural disinclination of a man who has written a world-stirring book, to admit that he had only captivated his great audience by clever misapprehensions

agreeably put. George was in his way as provoking as Kropotkin. He would be forced by sheer weight of argument to a certain point, and then, the moment the pressure was withdrawn, back he would go to his old notions, of William with his plane and Henry with his axe, sharing the advantage derived from the loan of these individually owned and controlled tools by James or John, as the foundation of modern interest and profit. It was useless to be angry with him or to press him too hard; for then he only went off to some of his devoted single-tax worshippers, from whom he returned more single-taxy than ever. However, I believe I may take to myself some of the credit of inducing him to write his *Social Problems,* a book which, though it never attained anything approaching to the popularity of his early work, showed that he was beginning to understand that, in our complicated modern society, man cannot live by land alone. George was a delightful personality. He had no great depth of mind, and he did not pretend to have it. What he saw he saw clearly, and he held fast to the ideas which had taken hold of him, not he of them. The religious turn of his thought I never fully comprehended until I was debating against him with Mr. Henry Labouchere as Chairman at the old St. James's Hall. Then his arched bald head rose up like an apse on the other side of the table, and I saw that his bump of reverence was of cathedral proportions.

Humorous, good-natured and fond of discussion, his was not by any means a first-rate intellect. I don't think my old friend and comrade, Theodore Wright, will ever forget the debate between George and myself, which he was so very kind as to take down in our dining-room for publication in the *Nineteenth Century,* on George's second visit. I

am quite sure I never shall. His hesitations, his corrections, his incapacity to appreciate what he had said just before gave me a new and by no means a pleasant experience. I am not, I regret to say, blessed with an over-abundance of patience, and what I had was soon exhausted, though, of course, I could not show that to such a good fellow as George really was.

It was this incapacity of his to understand his exact position, or where he wished to go, that landed this honest, sympathetic, well-meaning man in the sad mess he got into afterwards in America. Though he saw the evils of Trusts as clearly as any of us, he could not believe that they were the natural and inevitable outcome of the last stage of competitive capitalism; that they could only be dealt with advantageously on a collective basis; or that if land were taxed up to its highest possible value this would rather accelerate than retard the development of Trusts. Consequently, he fell into capitalist hands and was every way the worse for it. But that he meant well to the working class from whom he sprang I have no doubt whatever.

His indifference to some of our English prejudices was at times rather annoying. On one occasion we were passing the top of Great Portland Street, going home to lunch, when George espied a barrow-load of whelks at the corner being sold by the costermonger who owned them. "I say, Hyndman," quoth George, "I like the look of those whelks. I guess I'll take a few of those whelks." "All right," said I; "if you like them I'll have some sent in for you." "No," was the answer; "I like them here and now." Expostulation was useless. So George consumed his whelks from the barrow while I, got up in the high hat and frock-coat of non-whelk-eating-at-the-corner civilisation, stood by and saw him do it. I had not then

cleared myself of old class prejudices even to the extent I have to-day, and if George had any grudge against me, either then or later, he certainly paid me out on that occasion. I never see a whelk stall at a street corner to this day but I feel inclined to bolt off in another direction. After all, it is the very small things of life which cause the greatest annoyance. But I always look back with pleasure to my relations with George.

Though overlaid in the early months by the Irish agitation, the Socialist propaganda of the Democratic Federation went steadily on, and we slowly gathered around us most of the abler young men of the advanced section. The Press thought proper to laugh at all this, and one Tory organ went so far as to write, "The Democratic Federation as Mr. Hyndman will persist in calling himself!" That, of course, with the intention of discouraging the others. But an incident in the early days is worth recalling as proving what a feeble set the Radicals were. There was a contested election in Tyrone, when the feeling against the Liberal Government was very bitter indeed. A Mr. Harold Rylott was chosen as an independent candidate to make a fight against Liberal Coercion and in favour of Home Rule. This raised a tremendous hubbub among the Gladstone-worshipping Liberals who, of course, denounced poor Rylott and his supporters as traitors, reactionists, sinners against the light, etc., and tumbled out the old familiar Liberal lies against them which had done service so often before and have done similar service so often since.

Why is it, by the way, that Liberals are so strongly addicted to "terminological inexactitudes" in politics? Why is it that their special party creed renders it incumbent upon them to play tricks with the truth whenever it suits their

purpose? How does it come about that no sane man would think of placing the slightest reliance upon the Liberal Party carrying out when in office the pledges made at the polls in order to obtain a majority? The Tories nowadays represent capitalism as completely as Liberals. They would, at need I do not doubt, be as brutal and unscrupulous in the future as they were in the forgotten past. But it is a very extraordinary thing that for the last fifty years all the shooting down of the people has been done not by them but by the Liberals. The Tories have not undertaken to introduce and carry through important social measures and then abandoned them altogether as inconvenient when in power. We have even obtained from them, purely for their own political ends I at once admit, some of the most important remedial measures, social and political, on the Statute Book. But Liberals act as I state. Why is this? I do not pretend to say: "Sammy." "Yes, sir." "Have you dusted the pepper?" "Yes, sir." "Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Then come to prayers." Do Liberals really carry into the political sphere similar methods to those by which they have piled up fortunes in the industrial field? I cannot say. But this seems to be a probable explanation.

At any rate, our ablest predecessors and forerunners in the championship of the cause of the workers on both sides of the Irish Channel, the noble band of Chartists, whose work, after a full generation of apathy, we Social-Democrats took up, and whose glorious memory we have revived and cherished—Ernest Jones, George Julian Harney, Bronterre O'Brien, Henry Vincent and the rest of them—found, as we have found, that the Whigs and the Liberals are the worst and most

treacherous enemies of the people. In no country, so far as my study of history tells me, has any political party ever played such a game successfully for so long a period. The Radicals have throughout been merely the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the Whigs, the Liberals, and their lawyers. "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe," said Mr. Bernal Osborne fifty years ago; and when any of their abler men have a subordinate office chucked to them, in order to quiet the restiveness which at long intervals comes upon the party, they prove to be as unscrupulous and as tyrannical as their leaders.

But the Tyrone Election was a temporary revolt against all this wretched Liberal tyranny and repression in Ireland. Any one would have thought that the Radicals would fully sympathise with such action. The Democratic Federation did warmly, and we issued a Manifesto, which I signed.

This pronouncement of the new advanced party was placarded all over Tyrone, and was published in the anti-Coercion and anti-Liberal papers. Thereupon the Radical Clubs of London, and most of the Radicals, forsook us and fled. We all of us regretted this, but it was really the best thing that could have happened, and hastened our development towards clear-cut definite Socialism, a tendency which, I think, was strengthened by a little pamphlet I republished in that year giving Spence's famous pamphlet on "The Nationalisation of the Land in 1792," and adding to it some notes on "Nationalisation of the Land in 1882." About this time, too, men and women of great ability joined our body. It is indeed sad to look back and see the number of really capable people who joined us in this year, and then to note that, instead of remaining with us and constituting a great party,

so many of them drifted away and formed cliques. In addition to Morris there were with us at this time, Carpenter, Bernard Shaw, Bland and Mrs. Bland, Quelch, Scheu, Olivier, Graham Wallas, and others.

In January 1882 I took the Hall at Westminster Palace Chambers for a series of public discussions on "Practical Remedies for Pressing Needs." The "remedies" proposed, the stepping-stones advocated, included, among others, the Feeding of Children in the Board Schools; the Organisation Co-operatively of Unemployed Labour; the Eight Hour Law; the Nationalisation of Railways and Mines; and the Construction and Maintenance of wholesome Homes for the People by public bodies, national and municipal, at public cost. These discussions brought me into contact with many whom I did not know before, and cemented the ties existing between those who were already members.

It is very sad to recognise, after twenty-nine years of assiduous agitation, that not one of these remedial measures has yet been passed into law, and that the physical, mental and moral degeneration of large masses of our population, which they were specially intended to check, has gone steadily on ever since. The capitalist class and their hangers-on in this country will not accept admittedly beneficial palliatives of their anarchical system, even when its ill-effects on the national health and well-being have been officially acknowledged. In France, and more particularly in Paris, an effort was, however, at once made to deal with the feeding and clothing of necessitous children, whose proper physical development was seen to be the most valuable asset of the entire State.

It has been the fashion to say, until lately, that individual beneficence and public charity are quite

sufficient to meet the case of anaemic and half-starved children who, owing to their physical condition, are quite unable to take advantage even of the poor sort of education provided at our common schools. Of the imperative need, not only for feeding but for clothing such children and, from any wide national and citizen view of the problem, the extreme desirability of removing them altogether from their slum quarters in the cities, there can be no doubt whatever on the part of any impartial observer who has looked into the facts as exhibited in the schools. But we still cling to the old ideas that the community is in no sense responsible, and that somehow or another, in this direction as in others, we shall "muddle through." But that we can succeed without collective effort is quite impossible, and the failure of charity to cope with the problem is now everywhere apparent.

I saw one attempt of the kind very close, and its hopelessness impressed itself upon me from the first. My wife may, I believe, rightly claim to have organised more free meals for children in London during several successive winters than any other person. Each winter she distributed, with the help of Lady Jeune and others, fully 30,000 free meals. It was very hard and distressing work, though the benefit to the children of even one really good meal a day, and this my wife always gave them, was speedily apparent. But there were tenfold and more the number outside unfed, and even those who got the meal in winter were not provided for in summer. So the whole field to be covered was manifestly too extended to be adequately dealt with by individual effort, while the strain on the health and strength of the organiser was too great. Nevertheless the improvement wrought in the children's physique, even by this pitiful little attempt to build up the

coming generation of citizens into something like vigorous humans, showed what fine results could be achieved by adequate administration on a scale commensurate with the enormous numbers to be supplied with food, whose conditions of existence are still getting worse rather than better.

Even more marked was the improvement brought about by taking the children down to the seaside and feeding them well for a few weeks. The parents actually did not know their own offspring, in not a few cases, when they met them at the railway station on their return. Thus in all those instances in which the children have not some constitutional ailment—as unfortunately is the case with quite a large percentage in London and in the manufacturing districts—good food, good air, good surroundings, and careful treatment soon pick them up; though, of course, all the health thus gained quickly disappears again in the atmosphere and environment of the working-class districts. Personally I was amazed at what good food and kindness did in a short time. If, also, the children were taken young enough the improvement in their manners was as remarkable as that in their physique.

Much as I had seen of the poor and their ways, I could not have believed that such ignorance and uncouth misbehaviour could exist, until I saw some of the first of these meals given in very poor localities. The children looked at the white cloth spread on the table, and one of them asked, "What's that for?" "Oh, that's a sheet, don't yer know." And then one of the mischievous ones pulled the "sheet" with everything on the table clean off, to the great delight of all the rest, everything not broken having to be replaced again. Then when the food was brought up and put on the table they fought for it to begin with, not like

young savages, for I never saw savage children of any tribe fight for their food, but like ravenous young animals, after a fashion that was as sad to reflect upon as it was disgusting to witness. How my wife put up with it all I could not understand. However, she did, and, by degrees, the whole attitude of the children to the meals and to one another entirely changed. When they learnt by experience that there was plenty for all; that they could be comfortably seated round a clean cloth, which looked much nicer clean than messed; that if they only waited with reasonable patience, while not keeping too still, they would be quickly served, the children behaved very well indeed. In fact they became quite well-mannered little creatures, ceasing to grab at the bits of meat or bread and taking care not to spill things about. In short, from dirty, disagreeable little animals they developed into decent little human beings.

This taking their meals in common was in itself an education for them in manners. But then the meals were good, wholesome, substantial meals, though cheap per head when provided in large quantities, and the children, being allowed to have as much as they wanted, did not go hungry away. Unfortunately, the continued strain on my wife's health was so great that she was obliged to give it up, even if she had not been compelled to recognise that what she was doing, good as it was from the point of view of philanthropy in its little way, was merely a drop in the bucket as compared with the needs of the children of London. I do regret, however, even now, more than twenty years later, that no use could have been made of her exceptional knowledge and powers of organisation in this direction to show, on a large scale and under public administration, how such meals should be cooked and served.

I cannot here refrain from saying a few words as to the short-sighted incompetence of our governing classes, under the profit-mongering dispensation of the modern bourgeoisie, in all that relates to the welfare of the children of the community. I have lived among what are called "savage" tribes, and though I have often noted their, to us, cruel method of treatment of the worn-out aged or *bouches inutiles*, I have never met a set of barbarians who permitted the children of the tribe to be neglected—never. They are regarded as of the highest importance, as being those who have to carry on the work of the whole community in the next generation. No such conceptions of the communal ethic have until lately been accepted by English civilisation. The whole problem is looked at from the individual, or separate family, point of view. It is the duty of parents to secure enough under the competitive arrangements of our day, to snatch enough, that is to say, out of the proletarian scramble for existence, to enable them to feed, clothe, and house adequately the children they beget. If not, so much the worse for the children! They must suffer for the sins—or social disadvantages, which mean in practice the same thing —of their fathers and mothers, who should have kept their sexual desires ungratified or the children from being brought into the world.

And yet the very same people who talk and write in this way are the first to cry out against any falling-off in the increase of population, and to rush to support schemes of charity for arresting the spread of tuberculosis and other poverty-engendered diseases. That it would be infinitely more to the advantage of the community, and would help even to maintain our army in a higher state of efficiency, to prevent the coming in of such maladies by reasonable attention to the children

in their early years, through collective attention and support, is an idea which has only just begun to make way among the highly-educated classes, so blighted has their intellectual development been by a false semi-theological view of the duty of society to its members. To myself who have watched the deplorable physical decay of millions of our population for nearly two full generations, owing to the lack of any rational conception of what ought to be done, the whole thing seems perhaps the most astounding case of social and political imbecility the world has ever beheld. Even the working class of Great Britain has scarcely understood, up to to-day, the importance on every ground of our claim that, if only as a matter of economy, children should be fed and clothed free, in order to enable them to take advantage of the free teaching now at their disposal.

But to return to the experiment in Paris. The French Socialists on the Paris Municipal Council took up this suggestion of feeding and clothing all the needy children who attended the public free schools. School kitchens, it was proposed, should be established, from which good meals would be supplied at a cheap rate. Those children who could afford to pay should be called upon to pay; those who could not should receive their food and, if necessary, their clothing free of charge without pauperisation, and without the fact being known that what they got was gratuitously provided. There are eighty-one members of the Municipal Council of Paris, of whom but nine at this time were Socialists. But the arguments of this small minority, headed by my friend the distinguished Dr. Paul Brousse, afterwards President of the Council for two years in succession, carried all before them, and the famous Cantines Scolaires, supported half by subvention from

the Municipality and half from the voluntary subscription of the Charitable Societies, were set on foot. No difference whatever being made between those who paid for their meals and those who did not, by degrees, naturally enough, the proportion of the latter has greatly increased.

But this gratuitous feeding and supply of good clothes to children who need them has produced an extraordinary effect upon the appearance and general health of the little ones in the poorer quarters of Paris. Compare children coming out of poor schools in the French Metropolis with those coming out of our schools in poverty-stricken districts in London, and I declare that that observer must be a bigot indeed who fails to note the terrible contrast to our disadvantage. So marked is the change for the better that, though several attempts have been made in Paris to go back to the old system, they have utterly failed; and M. Sorget, the great Paris builder and contractor, one of our chief opponents at the start, was so convinced by what he saw of the good that had been done that he became a strong upholder of the scheme.

Nearly ten years after the establishment of this plan of feeding and clothing poor children in Paris, I headed a deputation to Mr. Acland, then at the head of our Department of Education, to beg him to help in the setting on foot of a similar or a better system in England. Mr. Acland in his reply admitted that he had seen the very good results of what had been done in Paris, and evidently wished to aid us. But nothing was done. This was in 1892. Nineteen years more have gone by, and the utmost we have extracted from the reactionary capitalist-ridden House of Commons is a permissive Act, allowing the

Municipalities to impose a halfpenny rate to go towards feeding necessitous children. In the overwhelming majority of cases, our precious Bumbles of the Municipalities have, of course, declined to adopt the measure at all.

CHAPTER XVIII

GROWTH OF THE MOVEMENT

In November 1882 we held the first meeting which produced a direct public effect. At that time a clergyman, the Rev. Lewery Blackley, set forth a scheme whereby, on a basis of compulsory thrift and forced insurance, the working classes of Great Britain might be legally persuaded to make a sound provision for their old age, by stinting themselves of the necessaries of life in their youth and maturity. This idea was warmly welcomed by the well-to-do, was puffed in the capitalist Press, and was belauded by the men of God of every persuasion. The only class which objected to the reverend gentleman's vicarious philanthropy was the one for whose benefit it was intended. The feeling against it on the part of the workers was very strong indeed, which was natural enough.

The Democratic Federation took the matter up, denounced and exposed the whole project, challenged the Rev. Lewery Blackley to public debate, and so on. But we had little chance of dealing adequately with the plan and its supporters until, unluckily for them, they called a public meeting, to sanction and bless the whole enterprise, at the Holborn Town Hall. Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., known to us as the "sainted Samuel," was announced to take the Chair, and two or three respectable personages were announced to support

the speaker of the night, the worthy rector who had worked out this device for stewing the workers in their own juice. Thereupon we set to work quietly but persistently, and we succeeded in packing at least two-thirds of the hall with our sympathisers. Mr. Lloyd was the organiser on the other side. Just before the meeting, Mr. Lloyd was congratulated by one of the committee on having secured such an excellent audience. He received this tribute to his skill and energy with the modesty and self-appreciation of one to whom such a success was nothing unusual. I looked round the hall at the same time and felt equally gratified. The first sign of discord was shown when Mr. Morley took his seat as Chairman. His appearance was received not with cheers but with vigorous groans. It was quite amusing to note his surprise at this greeting. But we had appealed to all our friends to give Mr. Blackley and his mover and seconder of the resolution a fair hearing, which they all three accordingly had.

Then our two chosen speakers went forward to move an amendment we had drawn up. Mr. Morley ruled this out of order, and called upon Mr. Finch Hatton, a young aristocrat of wealthy connections, to speak. Thereupon uproar arose, accompanied by strong language and much excitement. Mr. Morley stuck to his guns. Then I told him plainly that if he did not adhere to the ordinary rules of public meetings we should argue the matter out on the platform. A compromise was arrived at, whereby Mr. Finch Hatton had ten minutes before Patrick Hennessey, a well-known agitator of those days, and James Rowlands, the cab-drivers' secretary, spoke for our amendment. After that we insisted upon the amendment being put. Put it was, and carried by at least two to one amid great cheering. The chairman declined

to put the amendment as a substantive resolution, so we did that for him and occupied the platform for that purpose. Little more was heard of Mr. Blackley until he blossomed out into a canon as a reward for his useful philanthropy. We on our side felt encouraged by our victory, and went forth to suppress and exalt others of a like "philanthropic" turn of mind.

One result of this meeting was to bring to us a knot of very clever enthusiastic young men who then were bringing out the *Christian Socialist*. Joynes, Champion, and Frost, with them H. S. Salt and two or three more, were as promising and capable a set of men as ever threw in their lot with an advanced movement. Even their names are now almost forgotten, but the good work they did has survived both death and disappearance. J. L. Joynes had been a master at Eton and had given up his place on conscientious grounds. No more genial, fearless, and lovable personality ever took part in our movement than Joynes, and his literary ability was of great service. His work on behalf of fair-play in Ireland was most timely. Some of his translations from the German of Freiligrath, Hervegh, and others are admirable, and preserve in English the full spirit of the original; while his letter in words of one syllable to the present Duke of Westminster, when a little boy, which I published in *Justice*, was as telling as anything of the kind ever written. His early and lamented death, I lay to the door of the vegetarians. Vegetarianism may keep a lot of useless people alive: it certainly killed a valuable and delightful personality in J. L. Joynes. Notwithstanding his chaff of "Quarrelsome Corpse Eaters," as he called us flesh-consumers, he was taken and we were left—quarrelling.

Frost, another of the *Christian Socialist* trio,

fell under the influence of an extraordinary adventuress who called herself Mrs. Gordon Baillie, and unfortunately, owing to her influence, got into all sorts of mischief which ended very badly indeed. I have always partly blamed myself for this ending. Though Mrs. Baillie was a very fine-looking woman, I took a great dislike to her from the first, and when she laughed cheerfully at a phrase from a French writer I used in an address I delivered on the French Revolution, to the effect that the Count de Charolais had *ensanglanté la débauche*, I told Frost she was a very dangerous woman for him to consort with. I had far better have held my tongue. Opposition only made Frost more eager, and off he went with her. Champion, the third of the party, was a much more complex individuality than either of the other two. Years afterwards, when he had completely wrecked one of the most promising careers a young man could have had before him, I was talking about him with Dr. Hunter, the member for Aberdeen, and like Champion, a Scotchman. I happened to mention to Hunter that Champion's mother was an Urquhart. "Oh," said Hunter, "Urquhart blood in him—that accounts for it all." All this came afterwards, but when they joined the Democratic Federation at the beginning of 1883 there could not have been a more valuable set of enthusiastic recruits to the movement.

Since these days, Champion having upset us all here and lost our regard and friendship by more than mere political misunderstandings, has largely made amends for his action in this country by his work for Socialism under the most distressing physical circumstances in Melbourne, where he has helped to keep alive the spirit of Social Democracy and to uphold the Red Flag against the discouraging compromisers of mere Labourism. In this he

has been greatly helped by our old friend and fellow-agitator, Tom Mann. It has always seemed an extraordinary thing to me that Champion should ever have gone wrong as regards Socialism and his comrades. A smart artillery officer, with a good knowledge of the world and a successful career before him, he gave up his profession, as Joynes did his, on conscientious grounds and then threw himself into Socialism, when assuredly nothing whatever was to be gained personally, pecuniarily, or politically by doing so. He worked hard in the movement, ran great risks, showed remarkable pluck and ability, and became the darling of the organisation. I was at the time not in the best of health myself and, not anticipating certainly that I should attain to my present age in activity and vigour, I looked to Champion, with his initiative, trained intelligence and determination as the very man to carry on the work without faltering, and to maintain our growing party in good order and fighting train. This, too, was the idea of all of us, practically without exception.

He himself seemed to feel this. Speaking, and he spoke well, in Regent's Park on one occasion he said, when appealing to others to join us: "Now is the time to come into our ranks. Now is the time when it is an honour to be with us. Victory for us in the future is quite certain. The day is not far distant when those who are in the fighting line with us now will regret, with Henry V. at Agincourt, not that we are so few but that we were so many to share the greatness of the glory to be won." Why then, seeing all this, having refused to join the superior, upper-chamber-furnished Fabians, why did he go off as he did? I am at a loss to know. But leaving the "Urquhart blood" theory of Dr. Hunter aside, I am inclined to attribute his defection at a critical

time to my own action. It was Champion's birthday, and he dined with us. After dinner I set to work to tell him all I saw, or thought I saw, in the future, and I believe I convinced him that we could not hope to succeed at once or for a very long time. Thereupon, with the usual exquisite illogicality of the human mind, he set to work to try to make twelve o'clock at eleven by carrying on an intrigue with the Tories in order to bring about some reforms in his own day. I dare say this was done with complete honesty; but the amusing part of the story is, as he himself will recognise should he read this, that he was carrying on his trade with men whom I knew much better than he did, and who used his advances to them as an argument to me to give up Socialism altogether and join their party; seeing that the man I trusted most implicitly had so little faith in the movement that he wished to attain success for his cause in this roundabout way.

I have never felt annoyed at any attempt to squeeze genuine palliatives out of either faction. Until we Socialists ourselves obtain control, it is obvious that we can only get half-measures out of one political camp or the other. But Champion, I fear, did not maintain that complete independence which is absolutely essential in order to have any real weight in such matters. Moreover, I also think, though this may be fanciful, that when I gave him the original edition of Voltaire's *Candide* I did the movement a very bad turn. I do not know any work more calculated to destroy the confidence of any one who is not thoroughly grounded in Socialism than *Candide*, and I fancy at that time it had this injurious effect on Champion's mind. Anyhow he left us, and became sub-editor of the *Nineteenth Century* and seemed likely at one time to play on the Tory side the same game

that his fellow-Scot, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, has of late years so skilfully engineered to his own advantage on the Liberal. How he came to give up all this and went to Australia I do not know. But, once there, he has, as I say, done most useful work for the cause. His friend Frost, after going through desperate experiences, is now, Champion writes me, happily married and a Professor of English at a Foreign University. If it is any satisfaction to them to know it, I may tell them they have been very much missed in the movement, to which they could have rendered very great service in the years that have passed.

1883 was in more ways than one a noteworthy year for us. Though those who were not ready to accept Marx's theories or to mix familiarly with the working class went off and formed the bureaucratic Fabian Society, which has since so assiduously promulgated the doctrines of middle-class permeation and high-toned intrigue, their withdrawal was more than compensated by the adhesion of others and the increased zeal of those who remained. In the autumn of the year I published *The Historical Basis of Socialism*, which has, I think, been of service in giving a sound foothold to many who might otherwise have floundered in the slippery paths of bourgeois history and economics and has become a sort of classic in its way. As no copy can be bought under £2 and I have been constantly asked for a new edition, I have long intended to bring it up to date; but as this would entail a great deal of rewriting and many additions I have not yet found time to do so, though twenty-seven years have now passed since its publication. I set to work to write the book in the spring of 1883 because, as I well remember, I was struck by a remark of Lassalle's that he regretted he had not written what he had to write before he went out

into the exhausting toil of public agitation, and I resolved to do something of a serious character before, like him, I was swept into the whirlpool of social and political strife.

True though it may be that, as Paul Louis Courier very forcibly argued, nearly all the most important educational work of the world has been done by pamphlets and speeches, which are but spoken pamphlets, there is an attractiveness and permanence about a book which no pamphlets or speeches can achieve; unless they attain to the high level that leads to their collection and embodiment in a book afterwards, and few can expect that their passing output of writing or speaking will satisfactorily arrive at this eminence in a durable form. A carefully thought-out work on a matter of importance, on the other hand, may be of real use in the transition period towards general acceptance of the views set forth—if, that is to say, it is of any use at all.

Moreover it is true, as Kropotkin says, that History has to be re-written from the new point of view; from the point of view, that is to say, of the interests of the great mass of the people and not merely as a record of the doings of the dominant classes, who have held control in succession in different countries and whose ambitions or greed have entailed the wars and piratical struggles by land and by sea with which historians have too largely busied themselves. My *Historical Basis of Socialism* was an attempt to do something of the kind, for which I admit I was not sufficiently equipped; but then as I did not know any one that was more so, I made bold to try what I could do. I was gratified when many years later my friend, Professor York Powell, was kind enough to say the work had been of value to him, and my comrades and friends of the Church Socialist

League have expressed the same opinion, and are lending the book out daily as worthy of study.[1] The references, I think myself, are still worth looking over. I often tell the workers who sometimes imagine the abler men of the upper classes do not watch what is going on, or study our literature, that they are quite mistaken as to this. I have had many opportunities of noting precisely the contrary.

This particular book of mine had not been out a fortnight when I happened to dine in company with some leading politicians. All of them had apparently read it, and one of them, Mr. Goschen, was kind enough—though, of course, strongly opposed to us—to congratulate me on the industry and learning it displayed. As Social-Democrats are so commonly spoken of as ignorant, I think I am at liberty to refer to this incident. But the truth is there was in 1883, and there is in 1911, a very great disinclination on the part of our University men as a whole, and our Professors in particular, to free their minds from the shackles of the old bourgeois economics and sociology. They even seem afraid to deal with the facts of the period other than in a disjointed and pragmatical fashion, without any guiding theory whatever. In any case the fact remains that the leading

[1] In reference to *The Economics of Socialism* Professor York Powell wrote me, years later, the following encouraging letter:—

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,
1/12/'96.

DEAR MR. HYNDMAN—I have read the book you kindly sent me, and I like it greatly, as the exposition, handy, clear and well-put, of your standpoint and the Marxists'. The poem is also excellent.

I wish we were safer from external trouble. Reaction will follow disaster inevitably if only for a time. The present parties without future, without talent, without faith are doomed of course. They are too ludicrous. I hope to see you here again and shall call sometime if I may on you at the "House of Wisdom," Queen Anne's Gate.

I sat up till two to finish your book, it interests me greatly to see the Marx position clearly put.—Believe me, Yours faithfully,

(Signed) T. YORK POWELL.

Please remember me to Mrs. Hyndman.

Continental Professors, several of whom I have the satisfaction of numbering among my acquaintances and friends, are pursuing a much bolder course in their investigations, with the result that the country which produced William Petty, John Bellers, Steuart, Adam Smith and Ricardo is left completely in the rear in the increasingly-important spheres of study—Political Economy and Material Sociology.

It should not be forgotten that the Democratic Federation had now developed, as I had hoped from the first it would, into a thorough-going revolutionary organisation. This is clearly shown, among other things, by *The Summary of the Principles of Socialism* which I wrote in collaboration with William Morris at the beginning of 1884 for the Federation, and which has had a large circulation ever since. Our Stepping-Stones or Palliatives were only formulated and agitated for as ameliorative measures to the existing capitalist anarchy. Throughout we all of us preached, then as now, that no great or permanent benefit could accrue to mankind at large until the payment of wages by one class to another class is finally put an end to and the means of making and distributing wealth are owned and controlled by the whole community. This meant, of course, a complete social transformation, the destruction of the money fetish and the apportionment of wealth—then easily made as plentiful as water—among the whole community, who would all from youth up share in the light, general, useful work and participate fully in the delight of life thus rendered easy of attainment for everybody. It is no mere tinkering fiscalism or pottering Labourism which has kept up the enthusiasm of the Social-Democratic party in this island from 1881 onwards for more than thirty years.

CHAPTER XIX

CLEMENCEAU

I HAVE always found it quite impossible to carry my political animosities into my personal relations, unless the particular individual has done some unforgivable injury to the Socialist cause. That, probably, is the reason why I cannot feel the bitterness which affects my French friends towards the eminent Frenchman of politics and journalism, M. Georges Clemenceau. I regard him as the most brilliant man I ever knew, and not even his injustice as Prime Minister to the workers on strike, which seemed to me quite contrary to his character and career, has failed to dispel the charm which his personality has for me.

I first made M. Clemenceau's acquaintance when he was the editor and controller of *La Justice* and the Ministry Maker and Unmaker of the French Assembly. He was then, as ever, a vigorous and at the same time judicious advocate of an Anglo-French understanding, but his paper was by no means remunerative and I have always thought it was a great mistake he got no support from the Francophils on this side of the Channel. But I suppose a vehement opponent of the Second Empire, an ex-Mayor of Belleville, a thorough-going Freethinker and an extreme Radical, though not a Socialist, could scarcely be regarded without prejudice by any

Englishmen with money. Yet, looking back at the circumstances, I wonder, even so, that so patriotic a Frenchman and at the same time such a genuine friend of England should not have been offered help from this country; though whether he would have accepted it, even if given quite unconditionally, is more than I can say.

At the period I speak of, and for many years afterwards, Clemenceau combined in his own person a number of remarkable qualities. He was at one and the same time the best leader of opposition, the best debater, the best conversationist, the best shot, and the best fencer in France. Those were the days when duels might quite easily have serious consequences for one or both of the persons engaged. And few indeed cared to tackle a left-handed pistol-shot and a left-handed fencer like Clemenceau, who drank no spirituous liquors and was always in training. M. Paul de Cassagnac, who had actually killed three men himself, cried off a duel when M. Clemenceau challenged him. He felt he would be so much nearer to his latter end as to be unable to distinguish the difference between that posture and sudden death. Later, in addition to the qualities mentioned above, Clemenceau suddenly added to them the faculty of being the best journalist in France. As editor of *La Justice* he did not write himself. But when he found himself more or less stranded politically as well as pecuniarily, he took to his pen with the success stated. Yet he was then fifty-two. This I believe to be unprecedented. High-class political journalism, especially in Paris, calls for a combination of faculties which any one who knows anything about it would think it impossible should be developed to such an extent in a man well past middle age. However, so it was.

Clemenceau's personal appearance gives the impression of his character and disposition. Boundless energy and brightness, indefatigable alertness and intellectual aptitude. "In the game of life as in the game of cards you must always have your stakes on the table." So wrote Balzac. And Clemenceau always had his stakes on the table, and he was ready to risk his all at any moment. When the French Socialists began to abuse him and to minimise his great qualities they spoke of him as "this Calmuck," which appeared to me rather strange as a term of contempt, seeing that the imputation in this shape is rather racial than personal. But the reason for it was that Clemenceau, with his broad over-hanging forehead, keen and gleaming but rather deep-set eyes, highish cheek-bones and heavy moustache, had something of the look of the Tartar peasant to those who could not see below the surface.

As a matter of fact Clemenceau looks what he is, the most brilliant man in French politics of his period. I admire Jaurès immensely as an orator; at times he rises to very great heights, though I wish now and then he used fewer words in order to attain to them. Yet, when on one occasion it came to a direct personal conflict between these two brilliant orators in the French Assembly, it could not be disguised that although Jaurès, standing as the champion of Socialism, had far the best case, Clemenceau, to the sorrow of us all, got much the better of him. Those long elaborate rhetorical periods in which Jaurès delights, and which delight his hearers, could not hold their own against the short incisive thrusts of a more concentrated style of oratory. It was a lesson to Socialists not to trust to rhetoric in hand-to-hand encounters. Clemenceau is above all the man of the moment, ever equal to either

fortune. It may be admitted, also, that he seeks conflicts rather than in any way avoids them.

It is said that Clemenceau had another tendency, not quite so admirable, which on a special occasion cost him a good deal—practical joking. There was a certain deputy in the House of Assembly who was desperately poor and scarcely able to sustain his family. Returning home each evening, therefore, he took in his pocket some of the large roll sandwiches which lay on the buffet in the House. Clemenceau, so they say, noted this proceeding and one night carefully removed from his fellow-deputy's pocket the sandwiches which had been placed there. What truth there is in the story I do not pretend to say—very likely it is pure invention; but in any event the result which was attributed to this *mauvaise plaisanterie* was awkward for Clemenceau. He has never at any time been a rich man and he was on this account desirous of being elected President of the Chamber, a post to which he was fully entitled and to which is attached a salary of £4000 a year. He lost by only one vote and this decisive vote was declared to be that of the deputy, otherwise one of his supporters, who suspected him of having played the trick of removing the rolls needed for the family supper, which he discovered were missing when he got home.

General Boulanger was Clemenceau's cousin, and that statesman used his influence to get his relative appointed War Minister. It is only fair to remember, in view of what happened later, that this step was quite justified in the first instance; as undoubtedly the French army has to thank that ambitious and unfortunate General for very great improvements in its supply of food as well as in its barrack discipline. But no long time elapsed before the nominee of the Radical

Republican leader developed, or had thrust upon him, a policy of reaction most dangerous to the State. I was a good deal in France at the period of Boulanger's rise and fall and nothing struck me more than the indifference of the advanced party to the danger of his rapidly increasing popularity. His overwhelming successes in the Nord and the Dordogne seemed to come upon the Republicans quite unexpectedly; while my friend Dr. Paul Brousse, as well as M. Clemenceau himself, both told me they thought he was on the down grade when he was on the point of beating the respectable bourgeois, M. Jacques, by a tremendous majority, for the city of Paris.

How well I recall that now almost forgotten crisis. Such a political victory, it was felt, could only end by the General proclaiming himself either a Napoleon, a Cromwell, or a Monk. This opinion was general. Another 2nd of December was looked forward to on the night or the morning after the great election; by the reactionists and royalists of all shades of opinion with open rejoicing, by the Republicans with ill-disguised trepidation. I was in the crowd outside Durand's Restaurant where Boulanger was fêting his triumph with his friends. Whether he had made any preparations for a coup and let the opportunity slip from sheer lack of determination or too much easy self-indulgence I do not pretend to know. But the Home Secretary of the day, M. Constans, a most resolute and unscrupulous man, had taken full precautions on the other side, and Boulanger and his friends would assuredly not have reached the Elysée without a very bloody struggle against the Republican troops, whom M. Constans had concentrated around that palace.

Hour after hour passed. The strain of waiting became almost intolerable. The crowd itself

seemed to lose patience. At two o’clock it is said the watching Minister felt convinced that whatever chance Boulanger possessed had evaporated and went off contentedly to bed; whither as a humble spectator I had, out of sheer weariness, retired an hour before. From that night onwards Boulanger’s career seemed to me the saddest of modern times. What a mournful descent, slowly and hopelessly, having the qualities of his defects as well as the defects of his qualities, from being the idol of the people and the triumphant member for Paris to the heart-broken and worn-out adventurer committing suicide over his mistress’s grave. “Character is destiny,” says Carlyle. Yet I have always felt sympathy for poor Boulanger, much as I should have rejoiced to hear that he had been shot, if he had attempted to destroy the Republic on the morrow of his great political victory. He fell a victim to woman and a soft disposition. Did not Disraeli say that a politician should have for his wife or his mistress one whom he returned to at night with repugnance and left in the morning with delight?

It was at this time I had a conversation with M. Clemenceau in his flat in the Rue Clément Marot which made a great impression upon me then and afterwards. I had been talking at length with my friends of the Socialist sections, and it certainly seemed to me that the time had come when this formidable political controversialist and leader should himself take control of the French Government in the transition stage, by consolidating in office the really powerful Radical forces which he led and making ready to hold out his hand to the growing Socialist power. A man who had overthrown no fewer than eighteen administrations incurred by doing so a heavy responsibility himself.

How many more ministerial scalps did this terrible Apache "brave" desire to hang on his political girdle? The question was commonly asked, and Clemenceau himself was the only man who could effectively answer it.

Seated comfortably in his delightful library, surrounded by splendid Japanese works of art, of which at this time he was an ardent collector, M. Clemenceau spoke very freely indeed. Of course, he knew very well that I was no mere interviewer for Press purposes and, indeed, I have always made it a rule to keep such conversations, except perhaps for permitted indiscretions here and there, entirely to myself. Seeing that M. Clemenceau at seventy is to all intents and purposes as alert and vivacious and in every sense active as he was more than twenty years ago, there is no need for me to enlarge upon his quick and almost abrupt delivery, his apt remarks and illustrations, his bright, clever, vigorous face and gestures. I put it to him that Socialism was the basis of the coming political party in France and that, vehement individualist as he might be himself, it was impossible for him to resist permanently the current of the time, or to remain merely a supremely powerful critic and organiser of overthrow. Sooner or later he must succumb to the inevitable and take his seat as President of Council, and to do this with any hope of success or usefulness, he would have to rely in an increasing degree upon Socialist and semi-Socialist support.

To this Clemenceau answered that he was quite contented with his existing position; that he had no wish to enter upon office with its harassing responsibilities and corrupting influence; while as to Socialism that could never make way in France in his day. "Looking only at the towns," he said, "you may think otherwise, though even there I

consider the progress of Socialism is overrated. But the towns do not govern France. The overwhelming majority of French voters are country voters. France means rural France and the peasantry of France will never be Socialists. Nobody can know them better than my family and I know them. Landed proprietors ourselves —my father's passion for buying land to pay him 3 per cent with borrowed money for which he had to pay 4 per cent would have finally ruined him, but that our wholesome French law permits gentle interference in such a case—we have ever lived with and among the peasantry. We have been doctors from generation to generation and have doctored them gratuitously, as I do myself both in country and in town. I have seen them very close in birth and in death, in sickness and in health, in betrothal and in marriage, in poverty and in well-being, and all the time their one idea is property; to possess, to own, to provide a good portion for the daughter, to secure a good and well dot-ed wife for the son. Always property, ownership, possession, work, thrift, acquisition, individual gain. Socialism can never take root in such a soil as this. North or south it is just the same. Preach nationalisation of the land in a French village, and you would barely escape with your life, if the peasants understood what you meant. Come with me for a few weeks' trip through rural France, and you will soon understand the hopelessness of Socialism here. It will encounter a personal fanaticism stronger than its own. Your Socialists are men of the town; they do not understand the men and women of the country."

Imagine all this put with a life and directness which I do not pretend to have reproduced in these sentences and it is easy to understand the effect this

statement had upon me. "But," I urged, "if you render yourself the impossible man, the one person whom reactionaries and revolutionaries alike are anxious to get rid of, is it not possible that the extremes will combine against you and oust you from your seat in the Var?" "Let them try that and I don't envy them their undertaking," was his retort. I was speaking without any knowledge; but strange to say this is precisely what occurred.

Backed up by the persistent personal attacks of the *Petit Journal* and the unpopularity engendered by malignant misrepresentation of his friendship for England and calumnies about the Panama Canal, the Catholics and Socialists actually did combine and turned Clemenceau out of a constituency which he was justified in thinking would be his for life. Anticipating events again somewhat, I remember when I wrote and said I was very sorry he had been defeated his letter in reply showed that he was very bitter against Socialists for having taken any part in his reverse, and even brought a little of his annoyance to bear upon me.

Our conversation on this occasion was brought to a close in rather an amusing way. A card was handed to him, "W. T. Stead." "Shall we have him in?" asked Clemenceau courteously. "Certainly," I answered, and Clemenceau advanced to the door, I following just behind him expecting to see that well-known personage. It was not Mr. Stead, however, who entered, but one of his young men. No sooner did his eye light upon me than to our astonishment he drew back a pace or so. "You know Mr. Hyndman?" said Clemenceau. "Yes," said the new-comer, shaking his head solemnly, "I should think I do know Mr. Hyndman, and it is no thanks to him that I am uninjured or even alive here at this moment: I was in the Riding School the other night and I think myself lucky to have

got away with my life." I couldn't help laughing. "Ho, ho," I gasped out, "you must have been at the reporters' table," and I laughed more. I then took leave of M. Clemenceau and left the explanation of both the scare and the laughter to his visitor.

What had happened was this:—Not long before we had had the demonstration known as the "Bloody Sunday" meeting, when the unfortunate man Linnell was killed and Burns and Cunninghame Graham were haled into custody for having made an attempt to capture Trafalgar Square from the police and soldiery. They had been sentenced to a month's imprisonment and on their release a great meeting of welcome was held, got up chiefly by Mr. Stead, in the Riding School near Bryanston Square. Michael Davitt was in the chair, and all the London Radical members had been invited to attend and were present on the platform. The place, which would hold fully 5000 people, was packed to suffocation, and there was only one small door at the end by which to get either in or out.

At first all went well and the proceedings were most harmonious. I had gone there without having the slightest intention of speaking and sat quite at the back of the platform, where I thought nobody would see me. However, after Davitt, Burns, Graham, Stead and two or three Parliament men had spoken there arose a cry for me. Davitt very properly—for my name was not announced—refused to call upon me. Then the shouting grew louder and more and more insistent. Davitt looked round to me and I shook my head. At last I was obliged to come forward and address the crowded hall. I began peacefully enough; but I had not spoken for more than five minutes or so, when the sight of those twelve Radical M.P.'s

who had never done anything for the unemployed, nor helped our fight for free speech in any way, stirred my anger, and turning upon them I asked, "What on earth are these men doing here?" Then I commented upon their individual shortcomings and was getting on very well with, at any rate, the more advanced portion of the audience, when suddenly an enraged Radical crying out "you infernal firebrand" rushed at me with the evident intention of assaulting me. Thereupon, before I could do anything, one of our people attacked him, and catching him a blow full on the jaw with his fist knocked him clean off the platform on to the reporters' table.

Then there were what the French call "movements in various senses" throughout the Hall; Social-Democrats jumping over the benches and coming to the front to protect me, those whom they trampled upon objecting to these methods of intervention very vigorously. An indescribable hubbub ensued. A free fight raged on every side of the reporters, who themselves were in danger of serious injury. From one end of the Hall to the other turmoil and disturbance reigned supreme. I have been in a good many rough and tumble affrays in the course of my life, but never did I see anything much more dangerous than this. For, as I have said, there was only one small door at the very end of the Riding School, and how the five thousand people were to get through it without loss of life nobody could tell, the personal altercations and fisticuff encounters being so very general and the pressure towards the sole exit so very heavy.

I take it that this scene presented itself to the mind of Mr. Stead's young man when he espied me behind M. Clemenceau and remembered how very vigorous the struggle had been all round him. Happily in the end no bones were broken and no

lives were lost. The Social-Democrats made a circle round me and got me out safe and sound; but for some years afterwards Radicals who were present seemed to have an objection to being on the same platform as myself, and even cherished a certain prejudice against me as a person who had no regard for the general comfort.

On leaving M. Clemenceau, with my mind full of his predictions about the future of Socialism in France and the impossibility of converting peasants to our views, I went off to Dr. Paul Brousse and put to him M. Clemenceau's pessimist opinion. Brousse was at this time the leader of the Possibilists and certainly no thorough-going Marxist. But it seemed to me his economic outlook was sound enough. "Socialism is quite sure to make way in our towns," he said, "as the great industry spreads and the small producers and small distributors feel the pressure of the competition from big centralised factories and stores. Everywhere the tendency is manifestly in that direction, though, as you know, I do not fully share the opinions of Guesde and Lafargue or your own. As to the country we shall make way there too, though in a different way. Of course, Clemenceau is right enough when he says that the peasants are devoted to property and that to preach nationalisation of the land in the villages would be suicidal. But we shall gain ground all the same, and our methods of spreading our views must be modified to suit each district.

"Thus we have had a terrible attack of the phylloxera in the wine districts. Ask the peasants where the disease began, they will tell you 'in the vineyards of the great proprietors.' 'And who took the measures for checking the disease and discovered the remedy?' 'The State': they know that. 'And who benefited first and most by the

action of the State?' 'The great owners who introduced the disease.' So we can show by actual example that collective action may be most advantageous, but that under the existing conditions the rich chiefly benefit.

"Then, again, machinery and manures are becoming in many districts even more valuable to the peasant working his own land than the land itself; but he has at present great difficulty in procuring a sufficiency of either. Put it to him whether the supply of both by the Commune would not place him in a better position, even if others gained as well as himself, and he would at once admit that collective organisation in this direction might do great good. The word 'Socialism' need never be used at all; but the ideas of national and communal organisation and administration would soon find their road into his mind. In this way the peasant's conception of the sanctity of private and the curse of public ownership would gradually be shaken, and he would be on the path to practical Socialism before he knew what was going on."

I have always thought that this exposition of Brousse's as to what might and ought to be done was quite admirable, and though events have not taken precisely the course he indicated they have certainly entirely falsified M. Clemenceau's forecast, as he himself came to admit. Indeed he said plainly afterwards that in 1889, when he talked with me, he had not declared, as I hold he did, that Socialism could never make way in France but that a Socialist Government could never be possible in France; "I do not say so now" (1906), he added.

What sudden changes occur in life. In that year I asked Clemenceau, Jaurès and Vaillant to lunch to meet Lady Warwick, who was then in Paris, at Marguéry's. Vaillant could not come

but Jaurès and Clemenceau, who were then very good friends, both came and a most delightful conversation we had. Clemenceau was, as always, spontaneously brilliant and agreeable, and Jaurès was in his own way equally pleasant. I specially remember two things in connection with that luncheon. Clemenceau would not have it that anything really valuable could come out of the English proletariat. They were incapable of any high ideals for their own class. "In short," said he, "la classe ouvrière en Angleterre est une classe bourgeoise"; and so far, I am compelled to admit, with the deepest regret, this caustic appreciation of my toiling countrymen is in the main correct.

As we drove away from the famous restaurant we spoke of Clemenceau almost, from the political point of view, in the same sense as Heine referred to Alfred de Musset, "Ce jeune homme"—Clemenceau at sixty-seven was quite young—"d'un si beau passé." It seemed impossible that with all his great and universally-recognised ability he should again come right to the front. Yet within six months, having arrived at an understanding with M. Rouvier, this remarkable man was virtually master of France, and shortly thereafter President of Council and of course Premier. From this position he dislodged himself quite unnecessarily in a fit of temper. "I went in with an umbrella and I come out with a stick," said he as he left his official quarters. Always short of money, he never failed in humour at any period of his life, and at the height of his power and reputation was as thoroughly *bon garçon* as when he was in a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility."

When also he took MM. Briand, Viviani and Millerand into his Cabinet he showed clearly to the world at large how completely he had changed his

mind as to the need for conciliating some portion of the Socialist forces in order to carry on a stable Republican Government on advanced lines. However much, too, I may object to such alliances it betokened a certain wideness of mind and political sagacity for a statesman of Clemenceau's strong individualist opinions thus to accept the growth of collectivist doctrine.

One important portion of M. Clemenceau's adventurous career I have not spoken of. It is that in which he first made his place as the ablest journalist in France. Looking back on the Dreyfus affair, which I may treat a little more in detail when speaking of my friends Liebknecht and Jaurès, it is scarcely possible, even for Englishmen who were in France at the time, to recall the almost inconceivable fury which raged against those who took the side of the Jew Officer. Assassination and massacre were in the air. The whole city of Paris palpitated with conflicting emotions. On the day when Henry's suicide, or murder, became known my wife and I happened to be shopping. Wherever we went it seemed as if some great domestic affliction had fallen upon the people we saw.

But even this was a quiet episode compared to the excitement at other critical periods of this famous case. Throughout, Clemenceau was in the very forefront of the fight. His articles day by day were more formidable than dynamite shells to the anti-semitic and reactionary elements over against him, and among the gallant band who were fighting against the full fury of combined militarism and priestcraft there was no such telling combatant as he; not even Jaurès in the *Petite République* writing up to nearly the level of Clemenceau in *L'Aurore*. The trial of Zola was perhaps the hottest period of all that long and violent conflict.

The Court smelt of suppressed slaughter. Massacre had been, it is said, resolved upon if Zola had been acquitted and Clemenceau told me himself—and he does not know what fear is—that he was quite certain that, had Zola not been condemned, not a prominent Dreyfusard in the Court or in the corridors would have escaped with his life. A list of the men to be "removed" had been drawn up, and if a foreigner who knows Paris pretty well may judge at all of what was going on, I can have no doubt that at more than one other moment the butchery of Dreyfus's prominent supporters, and consequent Civil War of a desperate character, was quite within the bounds of possibility.

Well, I have not forgotten that through all this time of stress and strain Clemenceau never faltered for an instant. Whether it was wise of some of the Socialists to throw themselves so completely into the fray, to the exclusion for the time being of almost all else, is a debatable point. But when we remember how stoutly Clemenceau fought side by side with men who at that time were no friends of his, and certainly greatly to his own disadvantage, it seems to me that a less intolerant view might well be taken of his later doings. To my mind he is always a great Frenchman who has done credit to his race.

CHAPTER XX

ECONOMICS AND JOURNALISM

In the earlier period we entered upon an investigation, exclusively conducted by the Democratic Federation, as to the condition of the people in the working-class districts of London, in order to determine how large a proportion of the wage-earners were receiving as their weekly remuneration an amount of payment insufficient, under the conditions in which they lived, to keep themselves in proper physical health for the work they had to do. This inquiry was conducted very systematically and very carefully in different quarters of London, typical working-class streets and buildings being taken as the tests in each case. We were most careful to avoid exaggeration in every possible way, and went so far, in order to keep on the safe side, as to make deductions from the percentage of those we had finally settled as being insufficiently fed and clothed to prevent them from physically deteriorating on the standard of life they were able to command, even in those days of low prices, for actual necessaries. The figures thus obtained we marshalled as well as we could with the means at our command and we published them in various ways. We arrived at the conclusion that no fewer than 25 per cent of the workers of the metropolis were in receipt of weekly wages upon which it was quite impossible

for them to live, not to say in any reasonable comfort, but in such wise as to keep themselves and their wives and children from slow but sure physical deterioration. These statistics and the statements and criticisms with which we accompanied them attracted a great deal of attention, and of course we Socialists were, as usual, denounced as deliberate falsifiers of facts and exaggerators of the poverty of the mass of the people.

One day, however, Mr. Charles Booth, then quite unknown to me, came to our house with a letter of introduction from Greenwood, who was editing the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Booth was very frank. He told me plainly that in his opinion we had grossly overstated the case. He admitted there was great poverty in the metropolis among the workers, but he maintained that to say that there were not fewer than 25 per cent who existed below the line of reasonable subsistence was to make a statement which could not possibly be substantiated over the whole area. I knew how thoroughly we had done our work—I think I may claim for myself that I have never yet been shown to be wrong in my statistics, even when handling them alone, while here I had the help of capable friends—and I at once said I was quite sure that the more thorough any examination might be the more completely would our figures and statements generally be verified. Mr. Booth, who, by the way, is a Conservative, again assured me that he felt quite certain we were wrong, and then told me that he himself intended to make, at his own expense, an elaborate inquiry into the condition of the workers of London: the wages they received and the amount of sustenance they could obtain for the money remuneration they were paid, he being quite certain he would prove us to be

wrong. I welcomed this as a very useful thing to do, and congratulated Mr. Booth upon his public-spirited attempt to establish the truth beyond all question by putting the real facts and the deductions from them in such a manner and on such a scale as to carry conviction to all.

This inquiry was set on foot and carried out most minutely at Mr. Booth's own cost. It was entered upon, as I say, with the idea on Mr. Booth's part that we had very considerably exaggerated the proportion of the working people who lived below the line of decent subsistence; Mr. Booth even going as far as to denounce me in a quiet way for putting such erroneous, and as he then termed them "incendiary," statements before the people. But what was the result of Mr. Booth's historic investigation, which has rightly gained for him international recognition abroad and very high honours at home? It was established conclusively by this long and expensive search into the conditions of the wage-earners in every part of the metropolis that, so far from the Socialists of the Social Democratic Federation having overestimated the numbers of the hopelessly poverty-stricken, we had erred considerably in cutting down our original figures. It appeared that instead of 25 per cent of the working class receiving wages insufficient to keep themselves and their families in reasonable physical efficiency, 30 per cent and more were sunk in this slough of economic and social despond. That was the outcome of Mr. Booth's Commission of Inquiry, as all the world knows, and the proportion of starving producers in the metropolis is still greater to-day.

Almost precisely the same proportion of underfed people was found by Mr. Rowntree in the Cathedral City of York as the result of a similar investigation there. But, of course, in this case

as in all others, the Socialists got no credit for having called attention to the facts and forced on the inquiry by their original investigations. Far from it. They were abused still more, and even Mr. Booth himself had not the courtesy at the time to inform me of the result of his inquiry, or to withdraw the imputations he had personally made upon me and the body to which I belong. Nor has he ever done so to this day. But I am quite accustomed to that sort of treatment from men who build upon the foundations we lay.

We had now arrived at the point where we thought a Socialist weekly paper was a necessity. I was personally by no means so convinced of the advisability of taking upon us this serious responsibility as some of the others were, and Morris, I judge, doubted whether the movement was ripe for this venture even more than I did. At any rate, he was not disposed to risk any money at that time on the establishment of a Socialist journal. However, it was decided we should start one, and, our friend Edward Carpenter having provided a sum of money, the thing was done. I had not the very slightest intention when we began of becoming the editor. Both my wife and myself knew what the result must be to me in our then position, and it was agreed Charles Fitzgerald should undertake the work. Fitzgerald was a retired army officer who had acted as Special Correspondent for the *Daily News*; but from one cause or another the best writers we had would not work under his editorship, and I was practically forced to take the place at once or give up the venture.

Thus began the most unfortunate undertaking for myself personally that I ever entered upon, and when I think of all the ability and energy and sacrifice which others as well as myself have thrown into *Justice* during the past twenty-seven

years I am bound to recognise that, invaluable service as the paper has rendered at times, we should have done far better to have expended our money and enthusiasm in other directions. It was one of those fatal mistakes that cannot be remedied and which engender a sort of mania of obstinacy: the more it cost us to keep it up the more determined we were to keep it on. The wonder is that a journal bitterly hostile to the dominant class and entirely without advertisements should have lasted so long as it has. Nothing but the determination of its present editor, and the persistence of the little band of writers who stuck to it could have kept it going all these years.

We started well. Morris, Shaw, Hubert Bland and Mrs. Bland, Joynes, Salt, Champion, Helen Taylor and others made up a good staff; the paper itself was well printed, and the whole effect of it was good. But the trouble was with the circulation. We did not meet a long-felt want, that's certain. In fact, well as it might be written, it was a purely propaganda sheet, dealing with questions that the mass of mankind did not wish to have thrust upon them. Those were the days when none of us were above doing anything. We distributed bills, took collections, bawled ourselves hoarse at street-corners, and sold *Justice* down Fleet Street and the Strand. This last was really a most extraordinary venture.

It was a curious scene. Morris in his soft hat and blue suit, Champion, Frost and Joynes in the morning garments of the well-to-do, several working men comrades, and I myself wearing the new frock-coat in which Shaw said I was born, with a tall hat and good gloves, all earnestly engaged in selling a penny Socialist paper during the busiest time of the day in London's busiest thoroughfare. Outside of the Salvation Army nothing of that

sort had been done up to that time. There could be no doubt as to the earnestness of the men who thus made themselves ridiculous to all those who had never felt disposed to run any risk of that kind for any reason whatever.

And of course there were some amusing episodes in those early beginnings. For example, there were appearing in *Justice* in the first numbers some more or less funny jokes written by the editor entitled "Needles in hay." There were those who actually laughed at these well-meant efforts at being amusing. Even the writer himself thought they were not so bad. But suddenly there came a letter from one of the oldest members of the body, whose faculty for criticising other people has always been greatly in excess of his own power of performance, in which he was good enough to speak very highly of *Justice* and its literary merit generally. "But," he wound up, "who is that damned fool who writes 'Needles in hay'?" As the writer of that sentence had many of the attributes of a foolometer the "needles" ceased to encumber the provender and appeared no more. But the circulation of our paper did not leap up in consequence. Yet as I look back at those early files of *Justice* I see far less to regret than might have been expected. Some of the articles, indeed, would well bear reprinting to-day, and I have always thought the following fable of "The Monkeys and the Nuts" one of the most telling and brilliant things of its kind ever done in Socialist literature. I have forgotten the name of the writer.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES

THE MONKEYS AND THE NUTS

A Colony of monkeys, having gathered a store of nuts for the winter, begged their Wise Ones to distribute them. The Wise Ones reserved a good half for themselves, and

distributed the remainder amongst the rest of the community, giving to some twenty nuts, to others ten, to others five, and to a considerable number none. Now, when those to whom twenty had been given complained that the Wise Ones had kept so many for themselves the Wise Ones answered, "Peace, foolish ones, are ye not much better off than those who have ten?" And they were pacified. And to those who objected, having only ten, they said, "Be satisfied, are there not many who have but five?" and they kept silence. And they answered those who had five, saying, "Nay, but see ye not the number who have none?" Now when these last made complaint of the unjust division and demanded a share, the Wise Ones stepped forward and exclaimed to those who had twenty, and ten, and five, "Behold the wickedness of these monkeys. Because they have no nuts they are dissatisfied, and would fain rob you of those which are yours!"

And they all fell on the portionless monkeys and beat them sorely. Moral. The selfishness of the moderately well-to-do blinds them to the rapacity of the rich.

Utile Dulci.

The general policy of the paper, then, was precisely the same that it is now, and some day, as the realisation of Socialism draws closer, the value of the work we then did will probably be appreciated much more highly than it is now.

Justice had not been started more than three months when the first of the great debates took place which from time to time have enlivened the Socialist movement. Charles Bradlaugh at this date was at the height of his vigour and fame. He was undoubtedly the most formidable and imposing platform figure in the country. Tall, powerful, and well-shaped in body, his face was that of a huge bull-dog with the upper lip drawn down instead of being turned up. And he had all the qualities of the animal he resembled when fully roused. No man of our time fought a harder uphill fight than Bradlaugh. Not content with being an ardent Radical he was at the same time, as all

the world knows, a most pugnacious and persistent Secularist. It is not too much to say that, though not possessed of the literary capacity of Watts or Foote, the scientific knowledge of Aveling or M'Cabe or the charm of oratory which distinguished Annie Besant, he was at that time the real inspirer and organiser of the Secularist party in Great Britain, which, since his death, has had good reason to recognise the extraordinary force of the man.

That he was more than a little of a bully and a despot, as well as a capable and courageous leader, cannot be disputed. But this was almost inevitable, not only from his natural character but from the circumstances in which that character developed. He was an individualist of individualists. Every man must make his own way with his own right arm. That the weakest should go to the wall was a beneficial fact for the race: that he, Bradlaugh, would survive in this competition as one of the fittest he had no doubt whatever. And he took good care to impress this view of himself upon all with whom he came in contact. Secularism in Bradlaugh's day was the fanaticism of negation, and Bradlaugh was at one and the same time the prophet, high priest and King of this nullifying creed.

Of course he was deadly opposed to Socialism. Though accepting the material basis of life and society, on which Bradlaugh himself took his stand, Socialism represented the constructive side of his destructive propaganda. It set itself the task of teaching mankind the truth about the relentless but unconscious or unappreciated development towards Collectivism and Socialism, and the higher individualism which would arise out of this inevitable progression. The ultimate object being to secure for all that true liberty which is the know-

ledge of necessity and which gives man in society ever-increasing and self-understanding control over the forces of nature, as well as over the growth of society itself.

Bradlaugh did not understand all this a bit. He laughed at it as chimerical utopianism, and never lost a chance of speaking against Socialism. It became necessary, therefore, to controvert him publicly and in a striking way. The best thing we could think of was that there should be a public debate in the St. James's Hall. The discussion was on "Will Socialism benefit the English People?" Professor Beesly, admired and even revered by advanced men of all shades of opinion, for his splendid and courageous work on behalf of the people and of the oppressed of every country, was the Chairman, and I was chosen to confront and debate with Bradlaugh. Many thought I had undertaken too heavy a task, and, of course, to meet Bradlaugh at his best, with so little experience of platform work as I had then, was a serious matter. But I had one idea in my head and that was, whatever might come of the debate thereafter, to get in, during my first half-hour, a statement of the meaning and objects of Socialism which people would easily read. It was worth even being beaten in immediate argument, if I was to be beaten, to ensure that. But I don't deny that I looked forward to the conflict with some trepidation, as the fear of doing harm to the cause itself, even for a short time, weighed upon my mind.

The weather was not at all favourable to a man who suffers from a sluggish liver. The evening of the debate there was a dry, cold, biting east wind which shrivelled me up. I don't know why I had the impression, but the idea was in my mind that Bradlaugh thought I should fail to appear, my courage failing me at the last moment. But I

came in just at five minutes to eight o'clock and we began punctually enough. I succeeded to the full extent of what I had hoped for in getting in every point I wished to make in my first half-hour's speech, and then Bradlaugh had his innings, and a very good innings it was too. Nowadays, when Socialism is well understood, even by many who pretend it is ridiculous, Bradlaugh's attacks would sound quite out of date and perhaps not a little absurd. But at that time, well supported as he was by his own party in St. James's Hall, they were telling enough. When, therefore, with a dexterity I could not but admire, he wound up his first speech on the very tick of his time, after having quoted some impressive figures of the Savings Banks, and other accumulations as he contended of working-class thrift, with the words "Fight those," I knew very well that my victory, if gained at all, would not be won that night, in the opinion of the audience at any rate. But I do not think I showed any depression and when I glanced through the verbatim Report of the Debate again the other day, I declare there was not a great deal I should care even now to change in my later speeches. It was for this Debate William Morris wrote his "All For The Cause" which filled one full page of *Justice.*

Of course the Bradlaugh folk thought their champion had triumphed, and many of them were not behindhand in saying so as they filed out of the Hall. But the answer to one of them, attributed to Bernard Shaw, "Our man has been playing at longer bowls than you know," really did sum up the situation. It is the fact that within six months of that debate, Annie Besant, Dr. Aveling, Heaford and several more of Bradlaugh's ablest supporters joined the Social-Democratic Federation.

One thing struck me very much after the debate:

the exaggerated deference paid to Bradlaugh personally by those immediately around him. It gave me a shock. I noted too that the great Secularist drank a deep draught of cold claret after his exertions, and I told my wife then that, heated as he was, this was a deadly indulgence. I know it would have settled me very quickly. Six years later, when, owing to John Burns' running away from his own challenge to Bradlaugh, I was forced to oppose my old opponent again in St. James's Hall on the Eight Hour Law, I recognised at once he was not at all the same man I had encountered in 1884. There is and there can be no *principle* in a limitation of work to a fixed maximum of eight hours per day and I told all my old comrades and friends of the Social-Democratic Federation, Quelch and Lee and Hunter Watts and others that I was going forward to defeat, or at the very best a drawn battle.

But Bradlaugh really beat himself. I had nothing to do but to state and restate my case, and to offer him the Bill to criticise which he had forced me to draw and would not discuss. In fact, Bradlaugh was ill, the heat was terrific, the tide had turned against individualism ; so, what between downright physical ailment and mental irritation arising from that cause, he did himself no sort of justice in the face of a none too friendly audience. I have always said that Bradlaugh, with all his great strength and wonderful constitution, was even then a dying man, and I felt sorry to see such a splendid fighter, deeply as I differed from him, passing away from the field of conflict.

From this time onwards my work in the Socialist movement was very active, very exhausting, and, at times, very depressing. Apart from editing *Justice*, contributing articles and doing other writing I was constantly engaged in speaking at public meetings

in halls and in the open air. The open-air work was to me the most trying of all. I began it too late in life thoroughly to understand how to take it easy. At first I had also a strong prejudice against addressing the hopeless sort of audiences we had to deal with at the beginning of our propaganda. I always consider I first stripped myself of my class prejudices when I addressed a gathering largely made up of rather debauched-looking persons round the old pump at Clerkenwell Green. I laughed a little at myself standing there in the full rig-out of the well-to-do fashionable, holding forth to these manifest degenerates on the curse of capitalism and the glories of the coming time.

Our old friend Jonathan Taylor of Sheffield, who was then working with us in London, walked back with me one day from this meeting place and took me to task all the way home on my optimism. I heard him for once patiently and without interruption, as he descanted upon the drawbacks to my exaggerated enthusiasm. When we neared our door, however, I turned on him and asked, "How do you know I am optimist in this business?" "By the way you talk," he answered; "you speak as if the revolution would be here in a few years." "And would you tell them it won't?" said I; "if you did you would throw back the movement at once," which was quite true. No leader of a popular movement, in however small a way, must ever look or speak as if he were in the least discouraged. Should he do so, and there is no one at hand to correct the effect of this, there is a marked set back observable immediately. Of such is the making of democracy.

I said above that open-air speaking to those not trained to it is an arduous job physically: it also calls for a good deal of alacrity mentally, especially if the speaker is advocating an unpopular cause. I

know no better training, indeed, for dealing with interruptions and attacks and questions than a course of street-corner oratory. It is often only the unexpected that happens in such circumstances, and a speaker must have his wits about him, in London particularly, where, as in most capital cities, the fringe of a crowd is abnormally sharp. It is absolutely necessary at times to turn the laugh against the witster who challenges you, no matter at what loss of dignity, and questions must be answered right off, clearly and without hesitation. You can afford to be wrong but you cannot possibly afford to seem doubtful.

I could fill a good many pages with more or less amusing stories of platform readiness or the reverse, but the two following anecdotes have their own moral. Our veteran speaker and writer Quelch, who, with few advantages, has become the best informed and most capable of the able men who are carefully kept out of the Labour ranks in the House of Commons, was speaking at a street corner in Walworth when he was a candidate for the School Board. It was a raw, cold night, the air foggy and choking, but Quelch had a fair audience of the very poor gathered around him in one of the most poverty-stricken districts of this most poverty-stricken locality. The houses around showing up the gloomy and dirty depression without spoke eloquently of the misery and too often filth within. "See," said Quelch, "the sort of dog-hutches that are good enough for toilers of your class and mine. Look at these wretched kennels into which you slink after having spent weeks and months and years of your lives ill-taught, ill-fed, ill-clothed, piling up riches for the classes who rob you of your labour and ever keep you down. Such slums as these are a disgrace to this city and this nation. That slum over there is an outrage on

humanity." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a tall, uncouth-looking man standing in the little crowd next to me, clad in ragged clothes with a rough scarf round his neck and an ill-shaped cap on his head and his boots broken out at the toes called out, "'Ere, I say, mister, you be a bit careful in what you're talking about calling this a slum. I lives 'ere!" Born, brought up and living all their lives in grime and squalor the men and women of the slums won't have it they exist in—slums.

The following incident occurred to myself. I had been taunting a working-class audience with their apathy, indifference and ignorance, and holding forth at length upon their contemptible lack of capacity to understand their own power, if only they would rouse themselves to action against the class which oppressed and robbed them. I said that people who put up with such conditions of life were destitute of any sense. At the end of my address one of those present, who, quite properly, objected to this attack upon himself and his fellows by a well-to-do man like myself, got up to ask a question, which we have always allowed at our meetings. "I should like to ask the lecturer" —we were all "lecturers" at the start—"Mr. Chairman, through you, whether he seriously meant to tell us that the workers of this country are lunatics, whether he did not really say that they are lunatics." I rose most gravely. "No, sir," I replied, "I did not say or suggest that the workers of Great Britain are lunatics." (Oh! Oh!) "Well, Mr. Chairman, it is, of course, within the memory of the meeting, but I again ask Mr. Hyndman plainly whether he did not tell this audience that the working classes are lunatics." "No, sir, I positively declare that I did not say the working classes are lunatics." (Oh! oh! shame!) "I ask Mr. Hyndman

once more did not he say the English workers were lunatics?" By this time things had got a little hot, so I gave my explanation at once:—"No, sir, I never said the working people of this island are lunatics"—(uproar)—"because" (very loud, so as to be heard over the din) "in order that people may become lunatics they must have minds to go out of to start with." (A burst of laughter.) "What I did say was that the working classes of London and of England are idiots, and I say it again." I sat down amid a round of cheering.

That is their way: the people will stand any amount of denunciation of their own shortcomings if only you stick to your guns and have a little sense of humour. Unfortunately, it goes no farther: act in their own class interest, as an organised political force, they will not. The addresses we were then giving in the Radical Clubs were almost as depressing for the speaker as the street corner orations at Clerkenwell Green, Mile End Waste, or Bermondsey. Morris was a stop-gap, Bernard Shaw a "turn" at these beer-swilling, gin-absorbing "political centres." Eloquence, satire, adjuration were all merely accompaniments to endless potations, and potmen strolled around taking orders in the middle of the most moving passages of the speaker's address. But we did, nevertheless, get able recruits out of these unpromising surroundings, and by degrees we weakened the influence of these subsidised Radical Clubs, though not so completely as we thought and hoped at the time.

When I remember, however, that in 1881 there was to all intents and purposes no Socialism at all in Great Britain, and then look round to-day I cannot consider our efforts, in spite of all treachery and loss of enthusiasm, have been in vain. But

what a lot of work has been done. I look back myself with some satisfaction to the open-air meetings in the Parks. Some of the speaking, apart from the working-class agitators themselves, was really excellent. Champion was very good, and Frank Harris, when a member of our body, was one of the most effective of our out-door orators, and he did good service in helping on the intellectual and oratorical development of James M'Donald and others. I myself used to have at one time quite a regular audience in Hyde Park, of which W. E. H. Lecky, Fitzjames Stephen, and Randolph Churchill, all of whom lived close by, were frequent members. It is all very well to laugh at the tub-thumper and stump-orator, but I should very much like to try some of our self-satisfied members of Parliament and "tone-of-the-House" men against such gatherings as we used to have round the Hyde Park Reservoir; when at any moment an expert in history or economics or sociology might throw in an interjection or put a serious question at the end. On one occasion Lecky entered the field against one of our open-air speakers, and afterwards handsomely admitted that though he did not agree with what had been said, there was ground for argument on our side. Thousands of such meetings of various degrees of size and merit were held throughout the country, and even yet we do not feel the full effect of all what was then done.

Everything in fact at this time prognosticated for us a long period of useful, however difficult and uphill, agitation. The withdrawal of the Fabians had been more than made up for by the accession of strength from other quarters and never at any period, having regard to the comparatively recent establishment of a Socialist organisation in England, did things look so bright for our pro-

paganda as they did in the summer and early autumn of 1884. A list of our speakers and writers alone is even now sufficient to show where we were in those days. Morris, Bax, Champion, Quelch, Thorne, Burns, Williams, Herbert Burrows, Joynes, Salt, Frost, Eleanor Marx, Keddell, Andreas Scheu, Annie Besant, Edward Aveling, Hobart, Hunter Watts, Helen Taylor, the Murrays —this made up, with others not named, a very strong combination indeed. Lee, our Secretary, also joined us at this time. It was reasonable, with such a group of men and women gathered round, an effective weekly journal, and with a well-organised centre as a rallying point, to believe that in a few years we might rival the strength and discipline of the German party, while possessing some of the life and unexpectedness of the French. In the brief sketch of William Morris and his connection with the movement I tell of the deplorable split, which, arising chiefly out of a personal misunderstanding with myself, did the greatest possible harm to the entire Socialist movement, and led on to those unfortunate sectional combinations which have been and still are so prejudicial to the whole Socialist development in Great Britain.

It was a great shock that separation; but those of us who remained when Morris and his companions left were quite resolved we would not be beaten, and we weren't. But what a waste of energy it was to have the Social-Democratic Federation and the Socialist League struggling against one another, instead of striving together for one another, all those years. Now and then we combined, as at the Commemoration of the Commune of Paris, when Eleanor Marx made one of the finest speeches I ever heard. The woman seemed inspired with some of the eloquence

of the old prophets of her race, as she spoke of the eternal life gained by those who fought and fell in the great cause of the uplifting of humanity: an eternal life in the material and intellectual improvement of countless generations of mankind. It was a bitter cold, snow-swept night in the street outside, but in the Hall the warmth of comradeship exceeded that of any Commune celebration I have ever attended. We were one that night. The day after the antagonism recommenced.

CHAPTER XXI

WILLIAM MORRIS

It shows how little was known of William Morris by the ordinary man who was deeply interested in literature, that it was not before 1865 that I became acquainted with his writings, though Swinburne, with his "Atalanta in Calydon" and other poems, had swept me away years before. I have never been able to understand this; for Morris was easily intelligible, the charm of his verse is attractive to all, and the fact that he was so closely associated with and so much admired by the men who were then greatly influencing the world of art and letters ought to have secured for him a wide public. Yet it was not until Swinburne spoke of him as a great poet that the majority even of reading men were aware that so fine a genius was living unappreciated among us.

He was much better known for his persistent revolutionary assaults upon the commonplace domestic decoration and furniture of the mid-Victorian period than for his delightful verse; and few, indeed, were aware that in politics he was, so far as he cared about or understood them, far ahead of the Radicals with whom he ordinarily associated himself. In fact, it was always a marvel to me, after I got to know Morris well, how he contrived to get on with those Radicals as well as he did, and how he came to back Russia against Turkey. But

one thing is quite certain, he was always against autocracy, class authority and domination of any kind, long before he became a Socialist.

I first met Morris at the offices of the Trade Union Parliamentary Committee, then under the control of our old enemies and friends, Henry Broadhurst, Burt & Co. I went at their request in 1879 to deliver an address upon India, and Morris was present. We had a friendly chat after the meeting, but I was supposed at that time to be friendly to the Tory Party, in spite of my strong opinions about the misgovernment of India, and I think Morris himself regarded me as rather "suspect." However that may be, he cordially agreed with me about India and, as he frequently told me years afterwards, was greatly disappointed when all the promising agitation of 1877 to 1880 failed to produce a permanent effect, or to relieve India in any way from the pressure of our ruinous foreign control. I did not meet Morris again until I opened the discussions on "Practical Remedies for Pressing Needs" at Westminster Palace Chambers in January 1882, referred to elsewhere. The Democratic Federation had then been in existence nearly a year.

After listening to the discussions and taking part in them, Morris decided, having put a few questions, to throw in his lot with the Federation. This was really a very plucky act on his part; for it was one thing to be suspected of heterodox opinions, as a genial eccentricity allowable to a man of his note, and quite another thing to be mixed up actively with an extreme organisation which made no attempt to hide its revolutionary tendencies. There is no doubt, however, that Morris's adherence to the cause at this time added greatly to our strength as well as to our confidence in the possibility of bringing over the more en-

lightened and capable of the educated class to our side.

For in 1882 Morris was at the height of his great reputation. He had already succeeded in everything he had attempted. Not only was he a distinguished man of letters, an artist, a craftsman, a designer, a decorator, with a thorough knowledge of architecture and all connected therewith; but in addition to, and in spite of, all these remarkable capacities embodied in one person he had actually built up a successful business when his own considerable fortune ran short. Here, obviously, was no needy and greedy proletarian, no embittered revolutionist, no disappointed politician or cynical publicist. Morris was a University man who had achieved for himself a European fame, and was universally regarded as one of the few living Englishmen who would be accorded willingly a leading position among the most celebrated men of his time.

The world at large did not quite know what to make of it; for we had attracted to us at the same time others, men and women, who were entitled to be regarded with respect. Socialism was no longer the creed only of the scum of the earth: there must be something in this subversionist movement for it to call down a personality of so much knowledge and refinement from his library and studio and workshop to the crowded meeting and the rough-and-tumble gathering at the street corner. For Morris was even too eager to take his full share in the unpleasant part of our public work, and speedily showed that he meant to work in grim earnest on the same level as the rank and file of our party. That was Morris's way from the first. He was never satisfied unless he was doing things which, to say the truth, he was little fitted for, and others of coarser fibre could do much

better than he. But then in those days we were all full of zeal, enthusiasm and revolutionary confidence. We may have known in our hearts that we had taken up with a long and trying and difficult job, but we certainly felt that we were the champions of a great and glorious cause that could not but be victorious in the long run.

I got to know William Morris very well indeed during those first months and years of his close connection with our movement. And I never think of our friendship in those early days without the deepest regret at its breaking off for a time, and the manner in which the rupture was brought about. Morris's was a remarkable face and figure. I always recall him in that blue tweed sailor-cut suit which someone unkindly said made him look like the purser of a Dutch brig. But you very soon forgot all about his rough clothes or his soft hat when he began to talk upon any subject which interested him. His imposing forehead and clear grey eyes, with the powerful nose and slightly florid cheeks, impressed upon you the truth and importance of what he was saying, every hair of his head and in his rough shaggy beard appearing to enter into the subject as a living part of himself. His impulsive, forcible action, allied to an admirable choice of words, gave almost a physical force to his arguments, which was not lessened by the sturdy vigorous frame from which they proceeded.

Morris was always active, always at work, always filled with ideas of what he should do next. I have never met any man whose life was one of such persistent, never-ceasing exertion of faculty. Even when in what ought to have been repose, the same unfailing activity of mind was at its height as some sudden remark showed. It seemed quite impossible, even when he was seated quietly in his own home, dealing with his own favourite

subjects, or running over the designs at his factory at Merton Abbey, or considering new projects for the splendid printing at his Kelmscott Press to think of him as the "idle singer of an empty day" he calls himself in his *Earthly Paradise*.

In fact, though at the back of Morris's mind, quite remote from the busy haunts of men, there lay a great lake of receptivity and imagination, ready to reflect on its reposeful surface all of beauty and charm that lay around its margin or floated above its waters, so that in its peaceful mirror successive scenes of the past were depictured with all the vivid colouring of the present, and the life of the present with all the glory of the past; yet the outward expression of Morris's intellect was anything rather than the sweet and almost dreamy cadence of his delightful verse. His quick, sharp manner, his impulsive gestures, his eager agreement or disagreement with what was said or done, his hearty laughter and vehement anger, his active hatred of the mean and delight in the noble, were all personal characteristics of a man of action, rather than of a sensitive poet, or of a thoughtful creator and inspirer of artistic conceptions.

Only when smoking his pipe at his own fireside, and in his garden, or at some gathering of familiar friends, did the Morris of reflection and profound knowledge make his appearance quite unwittingly, without the slightest air of superiority. The extent and depth of his acquirements were a matter of constant wonder to me. He not only knew many things, and knew them well, but his accuracy in detail was as astonishing as his imaginative presentation and realisation of the whole were entrancing.

How easily I recall those evenings spent with him in that fine room at Kelmscott House on the Mall, Hammersmith. Morris had had the ceiling

removed which separated the large room where we were to have supper or dinner from the two rooms above, giving the apartment quite an unusual height. This height was taken advantage of to display on one side, hanging down from a curtain-pole, as if it were a great picture, a magnificent Oriental carpet, whose gorgeous, yet harmoniously combined and contrasted colours, made it a picture indeed. On the other side of the room were a number of paintings by Rossetti. Here, after a lecture in the stable which he had turned into a hall, or an address in the open-air outside by the river, some of us used to gather, and a delightful time we had.

It was on such occasions that Morris's remarkable knowledge of this country and its history made itself felt. He was talking, for example, of Sussex, a county with which both my wife and myself were well acquainted from childhood. We saw it as we had never seen it before. In a few minutes Morris gave us a masterly sketch of the county when its seaports and monasteries, castles and ironworks were in their prime, and Sussex itself was to a great extent cut off from the rest of England by Ashdown Forest. The whole life of the period passed before our eyes: the arrivals at Rye, or Winchelsea, or Hastings, the journeyings to Bodiam, Pevensey, or Hurstmonceaux, the receptions at Lewes Monastery and Castle, or at Battle Abbey and Fortress, the cavalcade making its way along the roads, or threading its path through the dangerous forest tracks northwards. All the bravery and majesty of the old times came out, as Morris talked to us: much as though Chaucer himself had returned to earth and was holding forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon.

I never thoroughly understood Agincourt until Morris described it to us one night at our little

Supper-Club. The great mass of French cavalry with their bowmen in the near distance, the marsh below the hill, the small, worn, half-fed band of the English King's followers gathered on the rising ground, the English Archers pulling their arrows out of their quivers and sticking them in the soft earth like little palisades around them. Then the charge of the French Knights in all their blaze of glory, the volleys of arrows, the floundering of the horses and their riders in the morass, crushed down and suffocated by the pressure of the other lines of knights who were rushing on behind them. It was all most vivid, and I saw the battle as it was fought, and the victory as it was won.

Again, I had gone down with Morris to Oxford, where he was to take the Chair for me in an Address on Socialism I had agreed to give at the Russell Club. Those, by the way, were the days of small things for us all, and, confident as I felt in my knowledge of my subject, I knew that Henry George had made a failure of his visit and speech the week before, and I felt just a little apprehensive of what might befall me; though Morris and his old friend, Faulkner of University, with whom we dined, were kind enough to say I had not the least reason to be afraid. Nervous I was, none the less, when I rose to speak after Morris's opening words, as several of the University Professors were present, and my reception, though not precisely cold, was scarcely encouraging. But, although there was no applause, I had not spoken for ten minutes before I had the assurance to bend down and whisper to Morris, "I shall capture this lot." And so it came about, for I sat down to very warm cheering, and only a few quite clear and fair questions were asked, which I did my best to answer.

The following morning we went together to the Bodleian or Radcliffe Library, I really forget which, to look up some interesting point, and we had hardly got the book we asked for, when the head librarian, passing along, espied Morris, and at once came up to him. "Oh, Mr. Morris, I am so delighted to find you here. We have just bought a large parcel of illuminated missals. You must come and identify and catalogue them for us." "That is quite impossible," said Morris in his quick way. "I have not come here to pore over missals. Besides I am with my friend, and we have something else to do. I positively can't come." "Really, Mr. Morris, I am quite sure your friend won't mind a little delay. You will be doing a public service, and we may not be able to get you again." "Well," replied Morris, "if my friend, Mr. Hyndman, here, does not mind, and you are so anxious about it, I will see what I can do."

So we went into an inner room, where a great pile of old illuminated missals lay upon the table. Morris seated himself by them, and, taking them up one by one, looked very quickly but very closely and carefully at each in turn, pushing it aside after inspection with "Monastery So and So, date Such and Such," "Abbey this in such a year," until he had finished the whole number; his decision being written down as he gave it. There seemed not to be the slightest doubt in the librarian's mind that Morris's judgment was correct and final, and though Morris hesitated here and there, and devoted more time to some of the missals than to others, eventually his verdict was given with the utmost certainty. These missals, I believe, stand in the catalogue to-day with the verifications of place and time that Morris then gave them, and I have no doubt he was right in every case.

I sat by and watched him with amazement, and I think any one who reflects upon the extent and accuracy of the knowledge which was needed thus to identify elaborate artistic work emanating from many centres in many countries will feel as much surprised as I did. And this, of course, was only one department of which he was a master. Going through Norwich Cathedral he insisted upon disclosing to the unbelieving sexton, who was showing us round, some fine hidden carvings, all record of which had apparently been lost. And yet in reference to his own art there was, perhaps, some truth in the remark of Craib Angus, the old picture-dealer of Glasgow, who once said to me, "Morris in everything is a high table-land, but there are no peaks in him."

It is a little strange to recall now that in 1883 or 1884, I forget which year at the moment, I proposed an out-and-out Socialist Resolution at the Cambridge Union, of which I am a member, and Morris and J. L. Joynes came down to support me. It was not a bad debate, and we actually took thirty-seven men into our Lobby. What has become of those revolutionary undergraduates of more than a quarter of a century ago? And how is it that, whereas on the Continent of Europe the students at the Universities are the most progressive and daring of the whole community, or at any rate a very large minority of them are, the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge, to say nothing of the Professors, seem to revel in reaction? What chance would an Erasmus or a Giordano Bruno of to-day have at our "Seats of Learning"? Very little, I fear. At Cambridge it was, by the way, that Morris pointed out to me how the decorations of King's College Chapel got poorer and poorer as money ran short.

So it will be seen my personal relations with

William Morris, at this time, were very close and it might even be said intimate. In fact our friendship was so cordial that I thought it would be permanent; the rather that I could in no way interfere or compete with him in anything he wished to do, even if such had been my wish. Our co-operation in *The Summary of the Principles of Socialism*, the draft of which I wrote and we revised together, brought us into even closer contact and it has been an amusement to me sometimes to challenge a reader of it to pick out a passage for which Morris was specially responsible. Almost invariably the two pages are chosen which I wrote in imitation of Morris and which he laughingly refused to touch, though a few other paragraphs he wrote himself. When *Justice* was started also, myself being the editor, Morris wrote for it regularly, and some of his finest Socialist poetry and prose appeared in its columns during the few months that we worked together in that little sheet. I was justified, therefore, in believing that our co-operation would be lasting, and that the growing Social-Democratic group in this country would for many years enjoy the advantage of his invaluable assistance.

None, also, could fail to see how useful such co-operation was, as I think I may now say, to both sides. Some of us were able to supply the economic and political knowledge, which Morris had no great turn for, as well as to provide the speaking faculties, which also did not lie in Morris's line. Nobody could have taken keener interest in the success not only of the cause but of the individuals who were working for it. He seemed to take a new pleasure in life now that he had found a revolutionary party with which he could steadily work. When I had my first debate with Bradlaugh Morris wrote for *Justice* that week

for the copy which we distributed at the meeting, the fine poem "All For the Cause" which moved us all deeply then, and has been a joy to the whole English-speaking Socialist movement ever since. Yes, it did indeed seem that Morris would work on with us to the end and that the Fabians having left us to pursue their policy of permeation unhampered by any truth of economic doctrine, we should be spared the harassing differences in our own ranks which had so much hindered the progress of Socialism in France.

But this was not to be. I now know all the causes which led to the most deplorable quarrel between Morris and myself; that the influence which brought about the split at the end of 1884 was the malignant lying of a despicable married woman, whom none of us knew well, on a purely domestic question. This was the real reason of Morris's extreme bitterness at the time, though, strangely enough, considering that Bax, Scheu and the Avelings were among those who withdrew with him from the Social-Democratic Federation the grounds for the secession were stated to be the objection Morris had to political action! Those who were present at the last bitter discussion, when Morris and his supporters took themselves off, though they were actually the majority, will never forget the scene. The remarkable part of it to me was that I had in my pocket letters from Morris marked "private" which would have entirely destroyed his contentions both personal and political. After listening for three solid hours to the most virulent abuse of myself without speaking a word, I confess I was strongly tempted to bring those letters out and read them. However, I thought the whole matter over as I sat there, and although I felt quite convinced that under the circumstances—private letters of my

own having been read and private conversations repeated and garbled, I was quite justified in disclosing what had been written to me in confidence—I nevertheless decided that I would not allow myself to be provoked into such action. If I did, those who might be disposed to rely upon me in future would feel some hesitation in telling me dangerous secrets, not being quite sure that I should not reveal them under personal pressure. At any rate, those letters, which I destroyed years afterwards, remained in my pocket, and I was glad in the end that I had refused to gain a temporary victory by reading them out.

For the time being, however, the outcome was most disastrous to the Social-Democratic Federation and to me. Morris and his group departed. We were left very short of funds, with a general impression outside that we were wholly in the wrong, and with a natural feeling of exasperation on our side that a valuable organisation should be broken up in this unfortunate way. Our unwearying and noble champion of the proletariat, Jack Williams, who had been a military Socialist before any of us came into the movement, said to Morris as he left the room at Westminster Palace Chambers after the vote had been taken, "Whatever you may think now, Morris, you are making the mistake of your life." That same evening Michael Davitt came in haste to our house in Devonshire Street and said directly he got inside, "I have come up to congratulate you, Hyndman. You are the luckiest man I ever knew. You have got rid of all your enemies at once." I told him in reply I could not look upon the matter from that point of view at all, and that I regarded the breaking away of such a set of people, in so bitter and unreasonable a frame of mind, as nothing short

of a national disaster. This it proved to be, and we have not recovered even yet from the effects of Morris's impetuous error.

So Morris, Bax, Scheu, the Avelings and others went off, founded the Socialist League and established the *Commonweal*. This most deplorable result of slander and lying set the movement back fully twenty years, and gave the opportunity for the commencement of that very course of compromise and political intrigue in the Socialist movement which Morris himself was most anxious to avoid. It was the saddest episode in the entire course of my Socialist career; and though during the whole of the eight years that the League and its organ lasted I refrained from attacking Morris or replying in *Justice* to the virulent diatribes against us which appeared in the *Commonweal*, feeling sure that one day he would see that he had been quite mistaken; yet writing now, seven-and-twenty years after the original dispute and with the coolness which such passing of time brings with it, I cannot exonerate Morris and his group from the responsibility of having done more to hinder the progress of genuine Socialism in England than any people who have ever opposed it or been connected with it. The Labour Party could never have existed, as a virtually subsidised wing of the Liberal Party, had Morris and his friends remained with us throughout.

So much use has been made of Morris's difference with me to make out that I am an impossible man to work with; that Morris was altogether opposed to my opinions; and that I have been, in short, the curse of Socialism in Great Britain, as was proclaimed by Marx and Engels in their *Letters to Sorge* referred to elsewhere, and has been re-affirmed by Hardie, Macdonald and Snowden—all this, I say, has been so unscrupulously used against

me personally, even by Mr. Mackail, William Morris's biographer, who knew better perfectly well at the time he penned his misrepresentations, that I feel it incumbent upon me to give here the finish of this business. The Socialist League and the *Commonweal* fought on against us up to 1892; the worser elements which traded upon Morris's generosity and highmindedness steadily getting the upper hand. At last Morris himself got tired of the strange people who had gathered around him, and the whole thing broke up after they had done some good but far more mischief in their bootless campaign. I not long afterwards wrote to him and received from him the following letter:—

December 22.

MY DEAR HYNDMAN—I hope you will excuse me for not answering your letter, for which I heartily apologise. The fact is that it was difficult to answer at the time, because nothing was definitely settled as to *Commonweal*, and afterwards I let the matter slip out of my memory amidst my multifarious businesses. I now thank you for your friendly letter, but really I have come to the conclusion that no form of journalism is suited to me, and I shall not write at present in any journal. I want to pull myself together after what has been, to me at least, a defeat; and I have got a lot of literary work on hand including two works more or less propagandist; to wit my "News from Nowhere" and the book that I have been working at with Bax which I am at last going to tackle.—With best wishes from Yours very truly,

(Signed) WILLIAM MORRIS.

From that time onwards our old relations were gradually restored. He went down to Burnley to support my candidature in that town, and addressed a large public meeting in my favour. Morris made this meeting the occasion for one of the most generous actions I ever heard of. At the commencement of his speech he said in his impulsive way: "Now before I talk about

Hyndman and his candidature I want to tell you people something: In 1884 Hyndman and I had a great quarrel and I have to say this: that he was quite right and I was quite wrong." That was very noble of Morris. I believe it to be the precise truth; but certainly I should never have asked him or expected him to put it in that way.

After the breakdown of the Socialist League, Morris was very anxious to bring about Socialist Unity. To that end a series of gatherings of delegates of the Social-Democratic Federation, the Fabian Society and Morris's followers was arranged at Kelmscott House. Morris had an idea that we of the Social-Democratic Federation should be the difficult ones to arrange with. I assured him we should not; but that the trouble would come from Shaw, Webb and the Fabian Society. This Morris would not believe. At first, and even throughout and to the end of the sittings, we got on swimmingly. We were all agreed on essentials, and our unanimity now that we did agree was certainly wonderful. At last I was deputed to draft a Manifesto on lines discussed and determined. I did so, and with little alteration it was issued to the world as the unanimous declaration of English Socialists, with the signatures of all the delegates and secretaries of the bodies represented, including that of Bernard Shaw, who was present at all the meetings and discussions. Morris was delighted. His dearest hope was, as he thought, realised; for the Independent Labour Party, not at that time a Socialist organisation, would, he believed, be compelled to come along with us. He even twitted me with my pessimism, I recall, when we were chatting in his house. "Wait a bit," I rejoined, "we haven't done with Shaw and the Fabians yet."

Sure enough, the ink was scarcely dry on the

Manifesto they had signed, pledging all Socialists to act together as an independent party in a revolutionary though pacific sense, than, as I anticipated, the Fabians upset the whole agreement and carried their policy of permeation to that point of permanent effacement which they have pursued ever since. It is not too much to say that this to him most exasperating failure to bring about a fusion of Socialists, coming on top of the collapse of the Socialist League, shortened Morris's life. I rarely saw him afterwards without his referring to it. As a result he practically rejoined the Social-Democratic Federation, to which Bax, the Avelings, Scheu and the rest of the dissentients also returned, and it is a consolation to some of us who, in spite of his sad action in 1884, still cherish his memory, that the very last speech which he ever delivered from a public platform was at the Annual New Year's Meeting of the Social-Democratic Federation on January 3, 1896, in St. Martin's Hall, of which the following is an account:—

William Morris, who was received with tremendous applause, in seconding the resolution, said he had to congratulate those present on their meeting and on the work which the Social-Democratic Federation had done; they had always kept the revolutionary principle before them, had always made it clear that they understood that no amelioration was any good, that no patching up was possible, that nothing could be accomplished until the workers were really free, until they had control of their own means of life. The condition of things into which the present Government seemed to have got itself was due entirely to the general position of labour and capital throughout civilisation. (Cheers.) As far as America was concerned they were in that position that at any time a quarrel might arise and we could not face it because we chose to hang on with such desperation to the colony we happened to have over there. If it were not for Canada what should we care about America? He had never believed in any solid danger with reference to America at the present moment. In some way

or another we should "back down," and they would do the same, because we were each other's customers, and we could not afford to go out and buy "shooting-irons" to kill our own customers. (Cheers.) As far as Africa was concerned there was a kind of desperation egging on all nations to make something of that hitherto undeveloped country; and they were no doubt developing it with a vengeance. (Laughter and cheers.) When he saw the last accounts about the Transvaal he almost wished he could be a Kaffir for five minutes in order to dance around the "ring." (Laughter and cheers.) He thought it was a case of a pack of thieves quarrelling about their booty. The Boers had stolen their land from the people it had belonged to; people had come in to help them to develop their stolen property and now wanted to steal it themselves. (Laughter and cheers.) The real fact, however, that we had to deal with was that we lived by stealing—that was, by wasting—all the labour of the workmen.

Not long after this he was taken seriously ill and a long trip to Norway did him no good. I went to Kelmscott House several times to see him. He had been deeply engaged for some time in bringing out those fine works which came from the Kelmscott Press and gave a new impetus to the art of printing and the decoration of books. When I sat and talked to him on these visits he was, as a rule, engaged in designing some illustration, or border, or initial letter, for those splendid reproductions.

The last time I saw him he seemed much better than he had been, and talked with almost his old vivacity and brightness. It was the last flicker of the lamp before final extinction. Leaning on my arm he walked with me round the garden at the back of his house, and I well remember his saying: "Of course if this is to be a temporary illness and I am to get the better of it and be able to take part in active life again I shouldn't so much mind being laid up for a few months. But if this is the end of all things I shouldn't like it a bit.

This has been a jolly good world to me when all is said and I don't wish to leave it yet awhile." There was no feeling, therefore, at all that his end was approaching; nor could I have believed that we were within ten days of his death as he took again his seat in the chair he had risen from and went on with his drawing. But I never saw William Morris alive again.

If Morris, in full accord with his artistic genius and temperament, partly created for himself the queer sort of people who at one time gathered around him and the grievous disappointments which befell him, he stuck steadily to revolutionary Socialism from 1882 to the end of his life. He was an unconscious Socialist before, but he was a conscious Socialist ever after. It has always appeared to me that some of his relations and intimate friends who have tried their utmost to obliterate this portion of his career, have done his memory a very sad disservice. Millions will remember Morris as the brilliant reincarnation of mediæval universality in art and craft and letters who, with ample means, living in the highest cultivation and surrounded by all that could make existence enjoyable, threw himself heart and soul into the thankless task of endeavouring to uplift the disinherited classes from their sad plight of overwork, anxiety, care and misery and suffering — millions, I say, will think of him as the poet and artist vainly speaking at the street corner, selling literature down the Strand and lecturing and writing day after day and year after year for the sake of an ideal of which he could scarcely hope himself to see the realisation, who could never appreciate his verse or his prose, or understand his efforts to revolutionise the arts of decoration and furnishing of the home amid a Philistine and an ignorant generation. As a singer of the proletariat, a toiler

himself, John Leslie wrote of him in *Justice* at his death:

> For this we love you and for this revere you;
> For this your name shall ever cherished be;
> For this our children's children still shall hear you,
> As sounds your voice across the silent sea.

That is the feeling we all have about William Morris. And the reason for it is quite obvious. Though we are compelled to recall, as a matter of history, the mischief he did to the movement by his impulsive and unjustified action in December 1884, we recognise that even this is overshadowed by the great help he gave from the artistic and literary side. Brought up as even the best-educated are in this woefully depressing, gloomy and money-hunting nation, destitute alike of French gaiety and of German capacity for sober enjoyment, the inculcation of the ideal of culture and beauty and art and delight in nature for all was of overwhelming importance. This Morris brought home to us more than any other man, great and even splendid as Walter Crane's services have been and are in the same field.

Last time I was in Vienna I strolled into the Cathedral of San Stefan. A service was going on, and I remained and looked and listened. I was impressed with the surroundings and the ceremonial: the semi-darkness, the candles, the vestments, the music, the colouring of the stained glass, the incense, the appealing prayers, all found an echo and a response within me. Though well acquainted with the history and origin of the Catholic Church, its deep undying indebtedness to the gorgeous trappings of Paganism, which it absorbed and was absorbed by, though I knew too that at the back of all this sumptuous magnificence and æsthetic beauty there stood that superstitious enslavement of the intellect and organised priestly

domination we are bound to fight against for ever; yet for a time I gave myself up deliberately to the sentiment of the place, and for once in my life was wafted into the sensuous supernaturalism of a by-gone age. Then as I rose and went out, I wanted it all in another and a higher form for us and for those who shall supremely enjoy where we have only toiled and suffered and hoped.

William Morris did much more than we perhaps yet know to put us on the right track to this consummation and fulfilment of the ideal side of our great material creed. Yet, strange to say, Morris had no knowledge of, or appreciation for, music. The art which is nearest to the realisation of Socialism, alike in its individual and collective expression, left him untouched as it did Wilhelm Liebknecht. But in all else he had the fullest conception of what mankind will attain to when, freed from the competitive meanness and squalor of our day, the higher faculties of our race will find their complete outlet and development. And that conception he imparted to others. This was, perhaps, the greatest of his works.

CHAPTER XXII

PROPAGANDA AND PERSONALITIES

One break in a party almost certainly begets another; but for two years after the Morris upset we went on very well, except for shortness of money, which hampered us in many ways, and at last compelled us to produce *Justice*, chiefly by our own gratuitous work, in a dingy but cheap ground floor and cellarage in Sandland Street, Bedford Row. I confess I never thought I could have set up type myself, and I admit a worse compositor could scarcely have been found, even amongst the most unskilled workers of London, than I was. Others ran me pretty close for ineptitude at the same occupation; but happily we had some of the best compositors in London, who had embraced the cause—it was the cause in those days and no mistake—who lent us invaluable assistance.

When I see a Cabinet Minister of quite third-rate abilities flaunting along in Court dress and receiving £5000 a year for betraying his own class by selling the work of such men as these, and the lives of such martyrs to Socialism as Pearson and Sinclair and Pickard Cambridge and Geldart and Culwick and Evans, for his personal gain and emolument; when I observe intriguing mediocrities deliberately heading back progress and posing as Socialist statesmen, while all the time they have their private arrangements with the leaders of a

capitalist faction for their own benefit, my memory takes me back instinctively to the days of Sandland Street, and the long long years of wholly unremunerated sacrifice which have enabled these recent intruders to trade away the movement in this commercial fashion.

It is all fine to look back upon, but it was no joke at the time. There was but one thing to be thought of—the paper must be got out. We laughed and chaffed and patted one another on the back, but the work was done. When, however, influenza struck us seriously, in the time when influenza was a really dangerous disease, that was a blow. How we got through it I really don't know. It was double and even treble duty for those who kept well, or for those who came back when others fell ill. Happily, I myself never suffered, though I was in the thick of it all through. But when one night Hazell, our head printer, in taking the "forme" for our front page down from the ground floor to the cellarage let it tumble out of his hands and "pied" all the type, we thought our last week had come, and that *Justice* must cease to inspire and enlighten this world of misrule. However, there was nothing for it but to set the type all over again, weary as we were, and *Justice* appeared as usual that week to encourage the comrades and keep the red flag flying.

I wonder we succeeded during those years of stress and strain, especially with that well-printed, well-written, and well-got-up paper the *Commonweal* running in competition with us; but succeed we did. Just as the Social-Democratic Party has lasted much longer than any other party of the people ever set on foot in this country, so *Justice* has held its own for many more years than any other proletarian journal ever founded in Great Britain.

It was in this period, also, that we were carrying on our long, weary, and depressing agitation on behalf of the unemployed, as well as our never-ceasing campaign for free speech in the open spaces of the streets and in Hyde Park, which led many of our old comrades to gaol. In this work John Burns took an active part. He had joined our party early in 1884 and though he was at that time as ignorant and uncouth a recruit as ever came among us, he soon displayed qualities of street oratory and self-advertisement which were at the time very valuable to us. I set to work, therefore, in conjunction with Champion and the Misses Roche to educate him, and he proved a very apt though superficial pupil, his colossal conceit preventing him from ever thoroughly going to the bottom of any subject. I need scarcely say that had we known the use to which he was to put our tuition we should all of us have left him to get out of his ignorance as best he could. And here I may add, what no doubt his Liberal purchasers have long since discovered, that during the years that Burns was in the Social-Democratic Federation he was not of the very slightest use in committee. I do not think he ever suggested anything which was of value, and it is the greatest mistake possible to suppose that he is formidable in debate. Most amusing evidence of this was publicly afforded not long before he entered into those engagements with the Liberal Party that eventually landed him in the Cabinet.

For some reason Burns thought proper to make a violent attack upon Quelch. It was decided the matter should be debated out. Accordingly, the Bricklayers' Hall in the Blackfriars Road was taken and a set debate between Burns and Quelch was arranged. Quelch was not nearly so well known among our own people as he is now, and it was

quite the general impression that Burns would easily get the better of him. Being intimately acquainted with both the men I was of a different opinion; but I was in a small minority. The discussion was as dramatic and amusing a scene in its way as I have ever been present at. Burns opened his indictment with great vigour and a fine piling up of denunciation and adjectives on Quelch's head. That malefactor's delinquencies were, in fact, displayed before the audience in all their atrocious turpitude. He really did appear to be as bad a man as verbose and vehement rhetoric could make him out to be. Even some of Quelch's friends wondered what the result of it all would be. For Burns's periods sound quite imposing until you listen to them seriously, when the absence of argument at once strikes the hearer, and, as those present were not sufficiently critical to note this drawback at the moment, Burns sat down amid great applause.

Then Quelch had his innings. He began lamely and awkwardly, as if not quite sure of himself, as he always did in those days. Burns sat enveloped in multitudinous smiles, and was constantly turning round to call attention to his superiority and his triumph. This did not last long. Quelch began to argue. Burns was compelled to pay attention. Quelch's argument developed into retort and sarcasm. Burns became uneasy and fidgeted in his seat. Quelch went on to parody Burns's rhetorical style and to quote some of Burns's own robustious periods against him in the burlesque vein. Laughter began to roll out from the audience: interruptions became frequent from Burns. More ridicule, more unexpected jokes and humorous argument from Quelch. The whole Hall was now laughing in chorus, and Burns was up and down like a jack-in-the-box; the Chairman of the evening trying in

vain to keep him in order. The more Quelch poked fun at him, the more furious became Burns and the more uproarious grew the laughter. At last Burns could stand it no longer. He got up, took his hat, and rushed out of the hall, damning us all roundly, while we rocked with glee. It was a most extraordinary exhibition of outraged personal arrogance I ever saw. Of course the vote went unanimously against him.

I had some strange experiences with Burns myself but nothing quite equal to this. On one occasion, however, I went to Sydney Hall, Battersea, to deliver an address on the disadvantages of compromise in the Socialist propaganda, with special reference to what happened after the great Dock Strike; when the £35,000 suddenly contributed from Australia had saved that remarkable movement from collapse. Burns and Tom Mann thought, perhaps not altogether without reason, that this speech of mine would be, in part at least, a criticism of their action, and they were resolved to oppose me. At any rate, they were both there when I entered the Hall, seated directly in front, close to the little raised platform from which I was to speak. I delivered myself of my message to the Socialists of Battersea, and Mann was the first to reply. He was, as he always has been in regard to myself, personally most courteous, and said among other things that no matter how widely we might differ or how sharply I might criticise his doings he should never forget that he owed his knowledge of Socialism to me—which is a good deal more than many who have been much more indebted to me will admit—and made a very good speech generally on the necessity of giving way and compromising at certain times, a view of the case which I think he would scarcely put now.

Mann carried the audience with him, and then Burns rose in wrath burning with zeal for my immolation and full of incendiary oratory to that end. He had not spoken two sentences before his voice gave way completely and he could not utter another word, much as he strained himself to do so. It was a very painful spectacle. I had some throat lozenges in my pocket and leaned across and offered him some. "Don't take them, Jack, don't take them," cried Mrs. Burns, from which I judged the worthy lady thought I carried about the means of early dissolution for hostile speakers, in readiness for such an opportunity. Burns having thus accomplished a brilliant flash of silence, John Ward, now M.P. for Hanley, arose in his might—Ward was also a Revolutionary Socialist in those days—and laid about him with vigour, denouncing John Burns and exposing his manifold intrigues and treacheries with much gusto. It was vastly edifying at the time and is even more instructive now. Cynicism is the seamy side of enthusiasm.

At our Manchester Conference of 1887 I had another experience of master "Jack." At that time there was an idea on the part of Burns and his friends that I stood in their way, which was scarcely possible, as my way, as it has been clearly shown, was not theirs. Nevertheless Champion and Burns having then left us to intrigue, not with the Liberals but with the Tories, the latter brought down some London delegates and assailed me quite unexpectedly with much rancour. I have always said and I repeat it to-day, after more than thirty years of public agitation and platformery, that fluent and ready speech counts for far too much in political life. Burns attacked me personally very vehemently and was, as usual, greatly applauded by his set. I don't think

any one will deny that I had already done a very great deal in the way of spreading the light by writing and organising for the movement; but, if I had not chanced to possess the faculty of quick retort as well, all this and a great deal more of unseen work might have gone for nothing. As it was, when it came to the vote, Burns was in a minority of one, only his own hand being held up in favour of his resolution.

And yet I am far from denying that the man, with all his conceit and treacherous ways, did good work in his blusterous fashion. On the whole I think he was in those days the best stump orator I ever heard; not so argumentative as Bradlaugh, but more fluent, with a finer voice and a more taking appearance. Certainly, too, a great deal more unscrupulous in making his effects. We went down one day to a meeting of the unemployed on the Embankment, our platform being the pedestal of the Obelisk. Burns and a few others had lunched at our house, and Burns had enjoyed what the Americans would certainly call a "square meal," presumably from its tendency to make the consumer round—and when we got down to the embankment seemed in particularly good fettle.

Judge, therefore, of our astonishment when the first sentences of his speech, delivered in his powerful tones, ran as follows:—"The upper classes tell us that the unemployed in our midst consist only of drunkards and loafers and wastrels, men who won't work or who have no trade in their hands. Now here am I, a skilled engineer, belonging to the Union of my trade, and I can't get work. I have never touched liquor in my life, I am as thrifty as any man can be who must keep his wife and himself in health. I'll do a day's work with any one. Yet here I stand as unemployed

and as hungry as any of you, for neither bit nor sup has passed my lips"—and his voice rang down the road far beyond the crowd—"for four-and-twenty hours." It came like a bombshell on us all, and how Champion, Jack Williams and the rest of us kept from laughter I do not know. It would have been well if Burns had confined his mendacity to a harmless "terminological inexactitude" of this sort.

It is impossible not to compare such a career as that of Williams with Burns'. There is no man in the movement at home or abroad who has done more for his class, and for the most hopeless and miserable of that class than J. E. Williams. He was a Socialist before any of us and here to-day, after forty years of continuous agitation, under most trying conditions, he remains the energetic, self-sacrificing, indefatigable agitator that he was when he began; though, except in the general progress of our ideas, he has had little indeed to encourage him in his splendid work. Even we Social Democrats ourselves scarcely appreciate Jack Williams at his real worth, or at all times fully comprehend the dignity and greatness of this indefatigable little figure. Born of the proletariat, living with the proletariat, fighting for the proletariat, suffering for the proletariat, when he too could, quite as easily as Burns, have made a good and easy position for himself by turning against the men and women from whom he sprang. It has been quite wonderful. Never an agitation, never a strike, never an open-air debate in this metropolis, nor indeed anywhere throughout the country where his service could be useful, but Jack Williams has been well to the front. Always vigorous, always cheery, always ready to do the hardest and least advertised work, Jack Williams

is to me a constant cause for amazement and admiration.

Nor let any one imagine for a moment that Williams is ignorant, or cannot hold his own with the men of the class above him. There is not a single speaker in the whole Labour Party in the House of Commons whom I would rather trust than John Williams to uphold the cause of Socialism before an educated audience as a representative of his class. More than a quarter of a century ago Mr. Arnold White, now "Vanoc" of the *Referee*, challenged the Social-Democratic Federation to debate Socialism with him, or the Social-Democratic Federation challenged Mr. Arnold White, I forget which. In any case an arrangement was come to by which a set debate was to be held in the Hall attached to the Rev. G. S. Reaney's Congregational Church at the East End. Williams spoke first and when, during Mr. Arnold White's reply, I saw he was taking no notes at all I sent him a slip of paper begging him to do so; he read it through and merely shook his head. Yet when it came to his turn to answer he never missed a point, and Mr. White himself generously admitted afterwards that not only was he amazed at the extent of Williams's knowledge and his readiness, but that he considered our little champion got the best of it. That was the general opinion. When I reflect upon the hard exhausting work that Jack Williams has done since then, for practically no remuneration, though he had only to trim a little in order to be well paid, I take off my hat to him as one of the noblest men who ever fought under the Red Flag.

CHAPTER XXIII

A SALON AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

As incidentally mentioned, through being interested in a mine in Utah of which I became a director, I got to know one of the brothers of the late and present Lord Stanley of Alderley very well, and through him became friends of the brilliant and charming Mrs. "Johnny" Stanley, afterwards better known as Lady Jeune and Lady St. Helier. The gift of establishing and keeping up a really interesting salon is one unfortunately not possessed by many English women. It needs an amount of tact, quickness, knowledge, and self-sacrifice which few possess or are ready, at any rate, to use in this direction. It is difficult to say in what the art consists of bringing men and women together of agreeable intelligence and of that indefinable social quality which wins others to them — sometimes possessed by those who are quite the reverse of clever — and intermingling them with people of less attractive personality and more combative natures, who, with a different hostess and amid other surroundings, might find meeting one another at close quarters by no means pleasant.

But whatever the faculty may be, Lady St. Helier, at the time I speak of, possessed it in a very high degree. Beginning on a small scale, with frequent gatherings of more or less intimate friends,

her circle gradually extended, until, without ever arriving at the disagreeable point where a harmonious coterie degenerates into an indifferent crush, there could be met at Lady St. Helier's house in Wimpole Street, and afterwards in Harley Street, many of the most distinguished men and women of politics and letters of the period. I have always been disinclined to write about such little meetings of friends and acquaintances, and I should not do so now, with our hostess of that day still happily living and as clever and vivacious as ever, had she not kindly given me her permission. The width of her sympathies may have been somewhat restricted since, but shortly before her marriage with the late Lord St. Helier, she sat up quite late one night at our house singing Jacobin songs of the old time, in alternation with revolutionary ditties from Prince Kropotkin, having quite possibly listened earlier in the day to the animated conversation of an ultra-Conservative like Lord Halsbury.

Of the catholicity of the company in her own salon, some idea may be formed when I say that statesmen and politicians, men of letters and journalists, of the most diverse views, were constantly to be found sitting at her table or conversing in her drawing-room. In the very hottest of the exceedingly hot days of the blazing Irish controversy, even Mr. Parnell and Mr. "Buckshot" Forster were to be seen at her private receptions; though I admit their visits were so conveniently arranged that the possibility of their encountering one another on the staircase or in the drawing-room was dexterously rendered very remote. And the period I speak of, from 1876 to 1888, was a very stirring time indeed. First the Russo-Turkish War created a good deal of bad blood, and then the bitter Land League and Home Rule

struggles in Ireland evoked an amount of ill feeling quite unequalled since. It takes me back to another and quite a different world, to the days when I had not, as some of my old friends humorously say, given myself over to riotous living, to think of Madame Novikoff at the height of her influence and notoriety — Mr. Gladstone having just walked out from a great "Bulgarian Atrocities" meeting with this famous Russian nationalist on his arm—seated at the piano, singing none too well, with three Tory Cabinet Ministers standing beside her and one of them turning over the pages of her music.

Sir Theodore Martin, I recall, declined to make that lady's acquaintance, very politely, but very decidedly. I asked him why he had no desire to know a person who then was so much to the front in the political world. "Well," he replied, "my position is rather a peculiar one. I do not say for a moment that the lady is not perfectly loyal and discreet, and I am not in the least afraid of what we may say to one another. But I shrink from the idea of any, let us say, misunderstanding, by which something I have never uttered may appear in a language I do not comprehend, and then come back here as my sober opinion. I have no right to run such a risk." As Sir Theodore held at the time a confidential position at the Court, I suppose he was right. I had no reason for similar hesitation, and I became acquainted with this well-known successor to the famous Madame de Lieven. But whether Madame Novikoff was out of sorts when I chatted with her, or she did not think it worth her while to display her brilliancy to me, I am bound to say I found her rather dull.

It was, as I say, however, a remarkable collection of people who used to meet at Lady St. Helier's. Robert Browning and Lecky, Fitzjames

Stephen and Maine, Whistler and Lowell, Greenwood and Henley, Oscar Wilde and Justin M'Carthy, Joseph Chamberlain, Randolph Churchill, Lord Iddesleigh and Sir William Harcourt, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Mrs. Proctor and Lady Bancroft were habitual visitors at 37 Wimpole Street.

It is a little strange now to recall that Oscar Wilde first made his appearance in London as a cultured and rather supercilious exponent of eccentricity in dress and demeanour, and was regarded by those who did not know him, as well by those whom he did not know, as little better than a confirmed self-advertiser and self-idolator, with a tendency towards buffoonery. But any one who probed a little deeper soon discovered that he had to do with an uncommonly clever man, who adopted these queer manners and sun-flower disguises, merely in order to attract attention and to gain a hearing for himself; just as a really capable and original young painter will be guilty of exhibiting some startling piece, of whose drawbacks he is quite conscious, solely for the purpose of getting an opportunity later of displaying his real talent.

That was the judgment I formed of Oscar Wilde very early in our acquaintance, and his brilliant performances in literature and on the stage were no surprise to me. I never knew him well, however, though I was often in his company and conversed with him. But I never saw any one so completely destroyed by success. All the bad features of his character seemed to develop at once and to show in his face. With more wit and a much deeper view of life than his follower, Bernard Shaw, his inclination to self-indulgence and vice was not kept under control by his intelligence, and I think the saddest thing I have known in the literary world was the rapid downfall of the author

of *The Soul of Man Under Socialism*, and *De Profundis*. I think on the whole the most spontaneously witty thing ever uttered in English was what Wilde is reported to have said to that ingenious poetaster, Sir Lewis Morris, the author of *The Epic of Hades*, when the latter was complaining bitterly to him of the conspiracy of silence maintained against his claims to the poet-laureateship. "It is a complete conspiracy of silence against me, a conspiracy of silence. What ought I to do, Oscar?" "Join it," replied Wilde. Strange evidence of our national incapacity to disassociate intellectual work from moral character: when one of Wilde's plays was to be represented after his deplorable downfall strong protest was raised on grounds of public morality!

The first time I met Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was at Lady St. Helier's. He was then the Joseph Chamberlain of "ransom," and was, of course, particularly strong on the land question, and Irish land being the problem of the hour, on "fair rents." As luck would have it the land confiscator and the Socialist sat together in the drawing-room, and this interminable land discussion came up. Mr. Chamberlain was always given to laying down the law on any subject which he had taken up, and fair rents was the matter which he then knew all there was to know about and a little more. There were some large landowners present and a sharp discussion went on.

Mr. Chamberlain pushed his fair-rent theory as far as he could. I could stand it no longer and plunged in by saying that all depended upon what was meant by the word "fair." Under a competitive system of land tenure there was no more certain way of establishing fair rents than there was of determining what constituted fair wages. What was fair in one case might not be fair in

another, and the whole problem worked down to what was a fair standard of life, or even as to whether the actual producers and distributors need consider anybody but themselves. Mr. Chamberlain would not accept my view at all and even got a little angry because I would not be convinced as to the correctness of his theories. Other conversation ceased, as sometimes will happen, and all around us, men and women, were listening to this discussion, so unusual in a fashionable drawing-room. I put the historical part of the story in as light a fashion as I could; but, light as it might be, it was too heavy for Mr. Chamberlain who, obviously, had never studied these questions at all. This was apparent to everybody, and Mr. Chamberlain, his pistol having missed fire, tried to knock me down with the butt-end. Well—it was all very amusing to the bystanders, who, naturally enough, were not displeased to see the anti-landlord and the more logical Socialist at variance. The moral of the argument was summed up later by a wealthy and prominent politician of many broad acres who was present. It was put to him by the lady of the house that, if Mr. Chamberlain's "ransom" views succeeded, he should join the Conservatives. "No," was his answer, "about that time I shall be wanting a little revenge, and I shall join Mr. Hyndman!" This was long ago; but for years afterwards when I chanced to meet any of those who were in at this little encounter they would say, "Do you remember when Mr. Chamberlain and you," etc. etc.

But Mr. Chamberlain was generally unfortunate in these excursions of his into the domain of agrarian economics. The following incident occurred to a very old friend of mine, at one time a leading Colonial politician, who has frequently represented his Colony on important occasions. A dinner was

given in my friend's honour at Birmingham, with the Mayor of Birmingham in the Chair, Mr. Chamberlain, then Colonial Minister, sitting on his left hand and my friend as guest of the evening on his right. Again the land. Said Mr. Chamberlain sententiously:—"The very best Act I know dealing with the land question is one passed in the Colony of Victoria which," and he proceeded to deal at some length with the provisions of the Act which he so strongly approved, and in particular with one section and clause that in his judgment were of supreme importance. My friend mildly suggested that neither the Act as a whole, nor the clause as a part of it bore out the interpretation Mr. Chamberlain put upon them. Mr. Chamberlain would not hear of any possibility of modification.

My friend courteously but firmly upheld his opinion. Mr. Chamberlain then said it was out of the question that, holding the position he did, and with the very best information at his disposal, he could be mistaken, in fact, his decision on the point must be accepted as final. After a little more fencing my friend was forced to this:—"I am very sorry," addressing the Mayor by name—it was Sir Something Elkington, I believe—"I am very sorry to be obliged to say what I am about to say, and I tried to avoid doing so, but I think you will admit yourself that I have been driven to it by Mr. Chamberlain's own statements. The Act upon which Mr. Chamberlain has been commenting was drafted by me, and as I piloted it through the Victorian Assembly it is generally known as my Act. Not only do not the provisions of it bear out Mr. Chamberlain's views, but as a matter of fact the Courts of Law have decided in the sense in which the Act was originally drawn and which I have put here just now."

Another anecdote told me by Frederick Green-

wood himself shows the same strange disposition on the part of Mr. Chamberlain to see only what he wished to see on a much more serious issue. Mr. Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley and Mr. Greenwood were dining in the Strangers' Room of the Reform Club in May 1899, when matters in South Africa were approaching a serious crisis. The question of war or peace hung in the balance. Mr. Chamberlain could, and eventually did, decide which it should be. "If," said he, "I could be sure of public opinion behind me, I would have war in a fortnight." The others present expressed their disapproval of such a view of the matter, and regarded a war in South Africa against the Boers as a very dangerous and doubtful enterprise indeed. "Not at all," was the answer of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, "the whole thing would be a matter of three months, and would cost about £12,000,000." At that moment Mr. Chamberlain was posing in public as a seeker after peace, and the reports of General Sir William Butler and of the military officials of the Intelligence Department specially appointed to investigate were before him. Greenwood told me this story precisely as I recount it.

At one time I believed Mr. Chamberlain really did mean to go in seriously for social reconstruction, in spite of his strange economic mistakes about the land, and possibly my impression to that effect was confirmed by the fact that when I went down to Cambridge to open a Debate at the Union on Socialism and proposed an out-and-out Socialist resolution, his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, then an undergraduate at my old college, went with me into the lobby on the Socialist side. If he had done this instead of devoting himself to an aggressive and disastrous Imperialism in Africa and to Tariff Reform at home he would have

served his country much better and would have gained a far higher reputation for himself.

A long conversation I had with Lady Dorothy Nevill at the period I refer to made a great impression upon me, and I think it gives a very true and telling statement of the attitude of "the cleverest aristocratic class in the world" towards social and political developments in this country. "You are making a very great mistake, Mr. Hyndman," this lady was good enough to say, "in devoting yourself to Socialism." "We believe you to be honest in what you are doing, because we have offered you all a man can hope to get in this country, and you have not chosen to take it. But you will never succeed, at any rate in your own lifetime. We have had an excellent innings, I don't deny that for a moment: an excellent innings, and the turn of the people will come some day. I see that quite as clearly as you do. But not yet, not yet. You will educate some of the working class, that is all you can hope to do for them. And when you have educated them we shall buy them, or, if we don't, the Liberals will, and that will be just the same for you.

"Besides, we shall never offer any obstinate or bitter resistance to what is asked for. When your agitation becomes really serious we shall give way a little, and grant something of no great importance, but sufficient to satisfy the majority for the time being. Our object is to avoid any direct conflict in order to gain time. This concession will gain, let us say, ten years: it won't be less. Then at the expiration of that period you will have worked up probably another threatening demonstration on the part of the masses against what you call the class monopoly of the means and instruments of production. We shall meet you in quite an equitable and friendly spirit and again surrender a point from

which we all along meant to retire, but which we have defended with so much vigour that our resistance has seemed to be quite genuine, and our surrender has for your friends all the appearance of triumph. Yet another ten years are thus put behind us, and once more you start afresh with, whatever you may expect to-day, a somewhat disheartened and disintegrated array. Once more we meet you with the same tactics of partial surrender and pleasing procrastination. But now, remember, thirty years have passed and you have another generation to deal with, to stir up, and educate, whilst, if I may venture to say so, you yourself will not be so young nor perhaps quite so hopeful as you are to-day. Not yet, Mr. Hyndman, your great changes will not come yet, and in the meanwhile you will be engaged on a very thankless task indeed. Far better throw in your lot with men whom you know and like, and do your best to serve the people whom you wish to benefit from the top instead of from the bottom."

I have always thought this one of the keenest and cleverest summaries of the course of events in this strange conservative country ever uttered, and I consider it shows, as clearly as can be shown, how the aristocracy here has contrived to maintain its position and authority when aristocracies in other countries have so largely failed. Lady Dorothy herself can scarcely have imagined she was so accurately forecasting the course of events. A quarter of a century has passed since this utterance, and it seems to me the aristocracy, to say nothing of the capitalists, have given way considerably less than Lady Dorothy herself believed they were prepared to surrender.

How much manner and deliberately cultivated courtesy has to do with personal success in the world. There was Sir Richard Burton, for instance,

by far the greatest traveller and geographical and ethnological student of his time. I never met him but that I was astonished at the depth and range of his knowledge. Moreover his pre-eminence in his own line was universally admitted. Yet what success he achieved was all against the collar, and he never attained to anything like the position to which his abilities and performances entitled him, while far inferior men walked into berths ahead of him. His comparative failure from the worldly point of view was due, so it is said, to the fact that he was apt to treat mediocrities, even if occupying high posts, with little consideration for their feelings, and that his criticism of the mistakes of his nominal superiors was apt to be more caustic and telling than delicate. It is certain in any case that Sir Richard never held the official position to which his abilities and remarkable achievements entitled him. When I met him he was a disappointed man who had seen persons who were inferior to himself in every respect put over his head, and who was besides in no enviable case pecuniarily.

He showed, however, nothing of this in his manner or conversation on ordinary occasions. He was the broadest and deepest man of his height I ever encountered, though I had seen some magnificent specimens of his build out West. Sitting at the dining table he almost required two places, and I noticed on one occasion that he had a most singular habit of looking quickly every few minutes, first over one shoulder, and then over the other, as if he expected to be attacked from behind. Meeting him one evening at the house of the great Arabian scholar, Dr. Badger, he talked very freely indeed. We were seated after dinner in a large room in the basement, Burton and Badger smoking long Turkish pipes, the tobacco in which, after

having been lighted by a glowing charcoal disc from the fire, passed through the hubble-bubble and a long stem to the mouth. I could never handle this contrivance artistically and confined my smoking to the less complicated cigar. But they both seemed to enjoy the narghile hugely, and Burton became very frank and communicative. Referring to his travels in Africa I asked him about H. M. Stanley, when he said: "The impression of my old Arab merchants on the coast and their men is that Stanley never went to some of the places he said he visited at all, and if half I have heard about him is true, I should have been very sorry to be one of his party. I might not have been sitting safely here now. But there are a good many tales told about travellers over and above the travellers' tales they tell themselves. I have suffered from some of them myself," and he laughed a great laugh. Then he and Badger took to talking Arabic at the top of their voices, till I thought the house would come down upon us all. A tremendous man possessed of encyclopædic information, that was the impression the famous Richard Burton produced upon me.

I began this reference to Burton, however, solely by way of illustration of the failure of a brilliant man of a very different career to attain to the summit of his ambition to which he was fully entitled. This was due to a faculty he had in common with Burton, that of unnecessarily making enemies of people who might be useful to him, or who might at least interfere with his projects. I am bound to say I admired Sir William Harcourt. The imprudent way he played his political game, and the imprudent things he said and did, would have hopelessly wrecked a man of less ability. He resolutely posed as a political swash-buckler, though I could never see that he had nearly so much of

the Dugald Dalgetty character as some of his colleagues, who ever lived in the odour of political sanctity. I regret to say I once got into a very awkward mess with him, which was the more annoying to me that I have throughout my life been exceedingly careful never under any circumstances to print any rash things which are said in private conversation. This of course. To do otherwise is to break every rule of the game. However, as the story was made public at the time, there is no harm in repeating it now.

I was talking to Sir William Harcourt, and said that, in my opinion, there was at the time a good deal of stir among the people, which, if any opportunity arose, might give rise to serious trouble. "Well," said Sir William, "it may be so, but for my part I don't believe in any great popular discontent until I hear of ricks on fire and factories in flames." This was said in quite an off-hand way, and naturally meant nothing. Unfortunately for me I repeated the remark to a friend and member of our party, who apparently was less scrupulous about such matters than I am, and the next thing in connection with it was I saw the phrase published in a letter to the *Times*. It was outrageous, and I felt much annoyed at it at the time. Nowadays it does not matter, and that Sir William did take the view he expressed there is no doubt.

What an interesting interview that must have been which took place, just before Lord Randolph Churchill came to the front in the Tory Party, when Sir William Harcourt went down to stay the week-end at Hughenden. What a splendid subject for an imaginary conversation. Ill-natured people said he went for the purpose of negotiating a change of sides in the House of Commons, which I don't believe a bit. But the visit gave

rise to at any rate one good story which likewise I consider to be wholly apocryphal. Sir William Harcourt formed a very high opinion of Lord Beaconsfield when on this visit, and always spoke of him very well afterwards. On the other hand, there were those who declared that the Tory leader did not reciprocate these feelings of admiration, but on being asked what he thought of his guest said, "He ought to go very far, very far indeed, for he has no scruples whatsoever to restrain him." However that may be, Sir William ought to have gone so far indeed, as to be Prime Minister, and it was a great misfortune for his party that he didn't.

But here is where the similarity of character to Sir Richard Burton came in. He made no attempt to ingratiate himself with the heavy money-bags of the party, some of whom thought themselves of very great importance. Here his innate aristocratic arrogance did him a mischief. He damned them all and sundry, with an impartiality worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Henry Labouchere told me that an influential and wealthy Liberal called him aside one day in the House and asked him what could be the matter with Harcourt. "Do you know he actually damned my eyes just now?" "Did he really?" said Labouchere sympathetically; "and are they any the worse for it?" On another occasion, not being properly supported as he thought when he was speaking from the front bench, he turned round and said to those behind him, "Damn you, you fellows, why don't you cheer?" These anathemas, it appears, told against him at the critical moment when the succession to the Premiership hung in the balance, and the objurgated plutocrats rallied to Lord Rosebery's side to a man. Nevertheless, Sir William Harcourt, with all his rashness,

would have done much better as Prime Minister than the Scotch Whig Peer, as he was one of the very small band of lawyers who have ever been of real service as politicians in the House of Commons.

During the period these random observations deal with I was constantly in receipt of information which was not commonly accessible, and was able to astonish those who ought to have been better, or at least thought they ought to have been better, posted than myself. But that was not so strange as may appear now, regard being had to the opportunities put at my disposal from more than one quarter. What, however, did surprise me was that our Foreign Office, notwithstanding the shock of 1870, was in no closer touch with the actual course of events than it was at that sinister date; and I have my reasons for thinking matters are not very much better now.

To this day I have never been able to obtain any explanation of the incident I now relate. At the date I speak of, M. Léon Gambetta had constituted a Ministry of which he was the head. It was a great triumph for Republicanism and anti-Clericalism, and Gambetta made no secret of the fact that he wished to be on good terms with Great Britain; indeed there seemed every prospect of an *entente cordiale* being established similar to that which has been happily arranged to-day. There was a general good feeling between the two countries, and arrangements were come to which practically rendered certain a continuous agreement in relation to Egypt, the most prickly question, with the exception perhaps of the Newfoundland Fisheries, then open between the two Governments. All this was very satisfactory, so far as it went, even though the European domination of Egypt was not a good feature of the understand-

ing; and Sir Charles Dilke, who was virtually our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, deserved and received great credit for the good relations he was instrumental in bringing about and strengthening.

It so chanced that one evening I met a very close friend of Sir Charles Dilke, and he expressed to me the satisfaction which was universally felt, and which he was sure I shared, at the great improvement in the public feeling on both sides of the Channel. He also remarked upon the immense advantage it was that we should have a genuine Republican of the highest ability and patriotism, a vigorous man and a great orator in the prime of life, as probably the virtual chief of the French Republic for many years. "But," I said, "I am afraid you are quite mistaken, and that M. Gambetta's position is by no means so secure as you suppose. In fact, it is not too much to state that at this very moment he has made up his mind that he cannot continue to hold office, and will be out of power within a very few weeks." "Oh," replied my interlocutor, "you always have some strange and impossible news, Mr. Hyndman. I am satisfied, on what is the best authority in this country, that you are completely mistaken, and that never was the situation in France more secure, or was it more certain that the arrangements made between the two countries will be carried out."

I was a little nettled, I confess, and replied that my information might at times seem strange, but that in nearly every case it had proved to be correct, and that this most certainly would prove to be no exception to the rule. I then went on to explain M. Gambetta's position and tactics: "Whether M. Gambetta has been to Germany, as some say he has, to see Prince Bismarck or not,

and this I do not pretend to be able to determine, it is quite certain he finds the whole international situation so complicated and so dangerous that he feels that he, of all men, is perhaps the least capable of handling it to the advantage of his country, unless he has the powers of a Parliamentary dictatorship virtually accorded to him. It is indispensable for him to win the victory, therefore, in this struggle between *scrutin de liste* and *scrutin d'arrondissement,* which you thoroughly understand. If Gambetta were to obtain *scrutin de liste*, he could certainly have the political power and prestige which he holds to be essential, and then he would do his utmost to develop the policy which he has sketched out and is ready to fill in. But he knows perfectly well that *scrutin d'arrondissement* will be carried against him, so he is riding for a fall which he is quite certain to get. This is exactly the situation."

"You must excuse me," was the polite reply, "if I cannot, knowing what I know here, quite accept your exposition, and I need scarcely say I hope it is not a correct statement. I have no doubt you feel the same about that." Three weeks later I met the same gentleman again at Lady St. Heliers. He looked at me as if I were somebody uncanny, and tried, I thought, to keep out of my way, a manœuvre in which I did not let him succeed. The reason for this avoidance was that M. Gambetta had just resigned, and there had appeared in M. Gambetta's own paper precisely the explanation of the causes of his retirement, which I had given to my eminent acquaintance at our previous interview. He admitted, when I got hold of him, that I had been only too accurate in my forecast, and added that his friends, meaning Sir Charles Dilke and others, were as much

mistaken as himself, hinting, indeed, that Gambetta had not used them well.

Now comes the moral in this particular case. I had no special or secret information whatever. I knew nothing that any Englishman, who had made any name for himself on the Continent at all, could not have learned just as easily as I did myself. Certainly, I was very anxious to know how matters stood with the French Ministry; whether M. Gambetta felt he could face and overcome the bitter opposition to which he was subjected, and whether, above all, the friendly arrangements between England and France would be carried out, especially in relation to Egypt. Probably I might even have obtained what I wanted from M. Gambetta himself. But as I was strolling along the Boulevard I met a very old French political friend who was generally well up in what was going on. "Far better than my telling you anything about it, if you have the time to spare," he said in answer to my question, "we will look in and see M. Spüller. I am going that way and we will call at the *République Française*, then we shall get the news direct from headquarters." M. Spüller was the editor of the *République Française* and Gambetta's most intimate confidant. To make a long story short, M. Spüller received us at once, when my friend sent up his name, and gave us quite frankly the explanation of M. Gambetta's policy which I repeated later. Consequently, I feel the British Government ought not to have been taken by surprise when M. Gambetta went out of office. But they were, and afterwards we drifted into a war against a people "rightly struggling to be free."

Among others whom I met at this time were W. E. H. Lecky and W. E. Henley. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast between two men. Lecky, tall, thin and gaunt, with shoulders

that seemed scarcely broader than his tapering head and looking as if his clothes were always just about to slip off him, cool, well-read and philosophical except on one subject—Home Rule—he was quite the typical man of the study who had just stepped out of it to blink at society and the world. Interesting in his works, less attractive in his conversation. On the other hand, Henley, broken and battered, able only to hobble along with difficulty, with his powerful eager face, talking even of subjects he knew well with a vigour and a combativeness as if he had made a first-hand acquaintance with them but yesterday. Admiring and praising physical power and fitness of body for their own sake, as I have observed even men of strong minds do who are themselves enfeebled at birth or by accident, probably there was no editor of his day who had such a galvanic influence upon able young writers who were brought in contact with him. I have met some of those who worked for him, and one and all they talk as if Henley, though a most arbitrary chief, first showed them what they were capable of doing, and they speak of him with respect and affection to this day. Rudyard Kipling himself first became known to fame as a writer of vigorous verse by his contributions to the *Scottish,* afterwards the *National, Observer.* Mr. Henley told me how Kipling's "Tommy this and Tommy that and Tommy mind your soul" came to him through the ordinary post, and said half-sadly, "but I shall never get any more in that way now."

But Mr. Henley and his band of intellectual physical-force men never became popular with the general public. They told their side of the truth too plainly, not to say too "brutally," and in too literary a form for general acceptance. There is no wide public in this island for great

ability in letters unless it is spiced up with smart paradox, or is watered down to a School Board strength. But Mr. Henley did good service. He had pluck, initiative and appreciation and, if he not unfrequently overplayed his rôle, the qualities which he exhibited in doing so were sufficiently rare and admirable in these days to win for him permanent regard. In prose and in verse he did his best to be as strong intellectually as he would have liked to be physically, and if there is here and there a sense of strain in his efforts, that is no more than to say that he did not quite attain the high level towards which he strove. And as I am myself a strong anti-Imperialist, this is a good deal for me personally to say about such a vehement opponent.

It may seem a little odd to those who have only known or heard of me for more than a quarter of a century as a pestilent agitator and sanguinary revolutionist, to learn that within that period the Ambassador of one of the great powers to St. James's should have thought it worth his while to call upon me to endeavour to persuade me to give up my Socialist propaganda and accept the proposals made to me to take an active part in the political work of the Conservative Party. But so it was. He was very persistent, likewise, in his efforts to induce me to abandon what he considered a hopeless cause, and "make myself useful" in my day and generation. His arguments were those with which I had become by that time familiar, but they were urged from a somewhat different and unusual point of view and enforced by an illustration which, for me at least, had the merit of novelty.

"We have met several times, Mr. Hyndman, and I have come to see you thus privately and informally and shall hope to come again in order

to beg you not to wreck your career and waste your life by devoting yourself to endeavours in which you cannot possibly hope to succeed. Great opportunities for being really useful lie before you, and it will be sheer madness on your part if you throw them away in favour of chasing a mere will-o'-the-wisp. I am a much older man than you are and I have been a Socialist myself. In fact, if you were to ask me what I think to-day I should tell you I am quite convinced that Socialism is naturally and inevitably the next stage in the development of the human race. But it will not come in my time or in yours. Meanwhile these unrealisable ideals will absorb your energies, dissipate your fortune and wear out your life. On the other hand, if you are reasonable, cease to be a fanatic, or even an enthusiast, and take a practical view of things, you will be able to serve your country in a department into which party politics do not or at any rate ought not to enter, where your very indifference to party will be advantageous, and where you will be able to help on the peaceful development even of Socialism more than you can ever hope to do as a private individual."

When I remarked in reply to his argument that this was all very well and that I felt grateful for the interest he took in me, but that having put my hand to the plough I could scarcely in justice to those who had joined me in the struggle look back; that, farther, there was no probability of arresting the manifest decay which was setting in throughout the population of this island unless a resolute Socialist party were formed and kept vigorously at work, he said sarcastically: "That is mere philanthropy, the vice of the sentimental and incapable. You do not really believe what you are saying. The basic theories of Socialism

are not in themselves philanthropic except in so far as they sketch out and help on a more complete development, and that, as I have said, is yet many generations ahead of us; besides, pardon me for saying so, the realisation of that happy, and, if you like, glorious period will not be materially hastened by anything you can do. That you will not gain any gratitude by what you are attempting is already quite certain. This you do not expect, you say. Men are never grateful and the advocacy of Socialism is sufficient reward in itself. Beautiful! But you do not get any farther than you were before. No, no, if you want to be really philanthropic on those lines, don't try to improve the race of men: that is a mere chimera under existing conditions. Improve the breed of pigs, Mr. Hyndman, improve the breed of pigs. If you resolutely refuse to employ your abilities in the service of your country give the whole thing up, turn farmer and improve the breed of pigs. In that way you will do far more good for your fellow-men than by exhausting yourself, and preparing a disappointed old age, by preaching Socialism." I saw this well-known diplomatist several times afterwards, but he at last was driven to think he had to deal with a downright lunatic, because I did not follow his advice. Perhaps he was right.

Lord Iddesleigh, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote, followed on the same side. He knew my father very well at Eton and his eldest son had been at a private tutor's and at Oxford with my brother Hugh, so with him also I was well acquainted. Meeting Lord Iddesleigh frequently in Wimpole Street I got to know him too very well myself, and he was likewise kind enough to show an interest in my career. Taking my wife down to dinner one evening, he impressed upon her

the necessity for not allowing me to throw away my life upon the barren field of Socialist agitation, telling her that I could not possibly succeed in what I had undertaken, whereas, on other lines, I might hope to do, so he was pleased to say, great things. But I had quite resolved, as the French put it, to accomplish the impossible, and persisted in throwing myself into the full stream of revolutionary agitation.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE WEST END RIOTS

It was out of the unemployed meetings and agitations that the so-called "West End Riots" came. They made a great stir in their day. Now, so many years having passed, they are frequently mixed up with the meeting on "Bloody Sunday" in Trafalgar Square, which led to the death of the unfortunate man Linnell, and the imprisonment of Cunninghame Graham and Burns. The circumstances of the case were, however, quite different. There had grown up at the East End of London during 1885 and 1886 a more or less subsidised agitation, arising out of the collapse of the sugar refineries and the consequent throwing of a large number of men out of work, which led to an organisation called "The Fair Trade League." I am willing to admit that there was a good deal to be said for their contentions in themselves, but brought up as they were in direct opposition to Socialist palliatives and Socialism as a cure for unemployment, the whole movement was used by the capitalists against us.

These people, headed by two shrewd persons, Peters and Kelly, called a meeting in Trafalgar Square in favour of Fair Trade in the autumn of 1886. The Social-Democratic Federation at once summoned a counter demonstration against it. The two bodies met, many of the Fair Traders,

as is now well known, being people who had been brought up at so much a head, ready for any little diversion. There was a good deal of friction in the Square itself between the two factions, and the whole thing seemed likely to degenerate into a free fight, when the police came to me and suggested that our folk should go off to Hyde Park, and thus avoid a serious breach of the peace. As the meeting was not our meeting, and we had made our protest in several speeches, we all thought there was no objection to this course. So Burns took a red flag to lead the way, and we called upon the people to follow. Many of the other side came too, and a wholly unorganised mob went rushing down Pall Mall and up St. James's Street where, as speedily appeared, there were no police at all.

The trouble began at the Reform Club. There, owing to a member wishing to get into either that Club or the Carlton, a halt occurred: some of our supporters helping him to get through without being crushed or assaulted. Champion and I who were in Pall Mall among the crowd, on the opposite side of the pavement, saw some of the servants of the Reform Club throw down missiles at the crowd in the shape of old nail-brushes, shoes, etc. Thereupon stones were thrown at the windows, and a great hubbub ensued. Happily the people did not raid the Club, but hurried along. As we passed up St. James's Street, however, we noted that much heavier stone-throwing had begun—the roadway was then macadamised, and there was more than one big heap of metal ready broken for laying down—and that many of the Club windows were smashed all to pieces, including the windows of the New University Club, from which I had not long before been expelled for making a speech on the Embankment in favour of the unemployed. It was

said at the time that the crowd did this particular window-breaking job there so thoroughly in revenge for my expulsion. But this was a preposterous statement, as I don't suppose a single man of the mob, who were not our people anyhow, knew one club from another.

As we left St. James's Street, however, and went along Piccadilly things got worse and worse. Nearly all the shops, especially the tailors' and hosiers', had their windows broken and were looted. It was a funny enough scene to observe these people from the East End of London, brought up from their poor quarters at five shillings a head by the funds of the Fair Trade League, freely helping themselves to new garments and then putting them on in the Green Park. In South Audley Street matters got worse still, and some of us saved a barouche-full of ladies who were being roughly threatened by some of the fellows from what seemed likely to be a very ugly encounter. Later we learnt that the whole of South Audley Street had been pretty thoroughly looted, and that several ladies in carriages and on foot had thought themselves lucky to get off with the loss of their jewellery and purses. But of that we saw nothing, as we made our way to the Achilles statue, where we held our renewed meeting.

Now came a series of most amusing events. The scare throughout London which followed upon this unexpected and disorganised raid was more cowardly and ridiculous than anything ever known in my day. The rich classes who up to that moment had been quite indifferent to the sufferings of the unemployed, and had allowed the Mansion House Relief Fund to languish on at £2000 or £3000 were stirred to a sudden outburst of heartfelt charity. The Lord Mayor actually received £75,000 within forty-eight hours from

persons whose bowels of compassion were moved and their purse-strings loosened by a swift-born pity quite undistinguishable from craven fear.

Those who had anything to lose were adjured to arm themselves in haste, and scions of the illustrious house of Campbell, whose head is the Duke of Argyll, remarkable even in Scotland for their inequitable acquisition of the lands of others, were specially anxious that the methods of conveyance practised by themselves and their ancestors beyond the Tweed should not be introduced into London. One member of the family assured the public that he had laid in a stock of Winchester repeating rifles wherewith to supplement the efforts of the police, and experiment on the vile bodies of the expropriators from below. Then the newspapers kept up the panic and fanned fear into terror. The days following the disturbance were exceedingly foggy, and all sorts of rumours were abroad. We, *nous autres pauvres apôtres*, numbering at the time a few score thorough-going Socialists in the whole of the metropolis at the outside, read with delighted laughter the placards, "London in Danger from Socialist Plots," "75,000 Socialists marching on the West End from Deptford," "Arrangements perfected to protect private property," and similar idiotic announcements. Some of these "arrangements" were exquisitely funny. One comrade well known at that time was instructed by the firm to which he was engineer to make ready to turn a hose with boiling water on to the mob. The whole thing was a remarkable evidence of the pusillanimity of the profitmongers when they imagine, however foolishly, their class domination is threatened by the wage-earners.

One result, however, of the West-end riots was that Champion, Burns, Williams, and myself were indicted for—well, frankly, I never exactly knew

what we were indicted for—sedition of some sort, were arrested, committed for trial and allowed out on bail. During the period between the committal and the trial Champion and Burns, the former more particularly, made very injudicious and dangerous speeches, talking about lopping a million heads off, and that sort of thing, which, even if we had had the power, would have been undesirable, and being as we were could be no better than ridiculous. But such incendiary utterances naturally aroused strong prejudice against us all.

So it came about that when the time arrived for our trial at the Old Bailey, there was quite a general opinion that we should all four suffer for the sins of the Fair Trade mob. I am bound to say, to our joint credit, that we showed no signs of fear or depression on this score in the dock. I don't believe so jolly a quartette ever stood for trial in the wretched old place which then served as the principal criminal Court of the metropolis or ate lunch more heartily in the vaults below. We drank the health of Mr. Justice Cave, our Rhadamanthus, and eke of Sir Charles Russell, our prosecuting counsel.

Among my other numerous personal drawbacks, as already stated, I was brought up to the Bar, and, not for the first or last time in my life, this circumstance proved useful to me. "Whatever you do, Hyndman, and no matter what counsel are employed on your side, defend yourself and speak last. Remember you may perhaps have to outweigh with the jury not only Sir Charles Russell's reply but the Judge's charge. Don't be brilliant. On the contrary be a trifle dull. Interest them in your career. Tell them all you have done so far as it bears upon your case. You can argue for your co-defendants as well as for

yourself." Such was the advice of my friend Sir Francis Jeune (afterwards Lord St. Helier) who was kind enough to go carefully with me into the whole matter. I followed his suggestions to the letter. W. M. Thompson, our barrister, and Mr. Richardson, our solicitor, did admirably for us. Champion, Burns, and Williams did well, too. For myself I had made up my mind to keep well within bounds and to argue the case of Burns and Champion, who really were in some serious danger of being convicted, owing to the speeches referred to, rather than my own or that of Williams, seeing that we were tolerably sure of acquittal, or so I thought.

Only one jest, also, did I allow myself. Strange as it may seem, the trial had proceeded for quite a day without the exact charge upon which we were indicted having been formulated precisely. Whether we were being prosecuted for sedition, or for seditious conspiracy, or for seditious words, or some modification of these accusations, was not really known, though more than one change had been made in the form of indictment. The Chief Commissioner of Police was called and had given his evidence, and I was about to use my right to cross-examine, when I said, addressing the judge: "Before I cross-examine this witness, my lord, it would greatly relieve the awkwardness of the position and give me much sounder ground to go upon if your lordship would kindly inform me what is the exact charge brought against myself and my co-defendants." Ere the judge had time to utter a word the foreman of the jury leant forward and said, "The jury, my lord, would also be glad to have some enlightenment on this point, as they are a little in doubt as to what is the particular offence alleged." Thereupon, Mr. Justice Cave, speaking to Sir Charles Russell,

began, "I think myself, Mr. Attorney, there has been some ambiguity in this matter, and I myself. . . ." He had got thus far when I took the liberty of interrupting him with: "If, my lord, we, the co-defendants, are ignorant of the indictment under which we are being tried, if the jury are in doubt as to the charge upon which they are to render their verdict, and you yourself, my lord, have some hesitation in regard to the matter on which you will adjudicate, I venture to think the position becomes exceedingly difficult for all parties." The whole Court laughed, the judge included. Sir Charles arose in a towering rage, using, as usual with him in such circumstances, the foullest of foul language under his breath, but being most polite and mellifluous in his address to the judge. Of course, he would not admit any dubiety in the matter; but this little episode undoubtedly helped us with the jury, as one of them told me years afterwards.

I spoke last and, as stated above, followed Sir Francis Jeune's advice as closely as I could, and I believe I did succeed in interesting both the judge and jury. The former treated us throughout most handsomely, and summed up decidedly in our favour. We were acquitted, and I must say I think Burns and Champion were very well out of it, to say nothing of Jack Williams and myself. At the Alhambra, whither we went that night for diversion after the strain of the trial, the two former, several comrades being present, warmly thanked me for having "got them off." In view of what Burns said and did afterwards, I have some satisfaction in recalling his profuse gratitude to me at the time. Our acquittal was well received, and many old friends warmly congratulated me on my escape. The trial finished on 10th April, the anniversary of the failure of the great

the necessity for not allowing me to throw away my life upon the barren field of Socialist agitation, telling her that I could not possibly succeed in what I had undertaken, whereas, on other lines, I might hope to do, so he was pleased to say, great things. But I had quite resolved, as the French put it, to accomplish the impossible, and persisted in throwing myself into the full stream of revolutionary agitation.

CHAPTER XXV

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

I USED not unfrequently to meet Randolph Churchill, and it is rather strange that, having known well three of the members of the so-called Fourth Party, Sir John Gorst, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and Lord Randolph Churchill, I should never have met, nor, so far as I know, have seen Mr. Arthur Balfour. Lord Randolph Churchill's sudden rise to fame and power was one of the most dramatic political incidents in modern times. Mr. Gladstone's influence on the House of Commons was so great, even over his opponents, that, after Mr. Disraeli's withdrawal to the House of Lords, there was no one who could hold his own with "the Grand Old Man." In fact, the leaders of the Conservative party treated Mr. Gladstone with so much personal deference that it seemed as if individually they agreed with him, and only differed from him as a matter of duty to their party. This was, of course, fatal to a policy of attack. In order to produce any serious effect in a public assembly you must at least seem to be in earnest and lose no opportunity of forcing on a fight.

This Lord Randolph Churchill saw clearly. At first no one took him seriously. It seemed impossible that a comparatively young man, whose previous career in and out of the House of

Commons had given no evidence of special aptitude for political life or knowledge of political affairs, should be able, virtually within a few months, to obtain a dominant position in the House of Commons, and be even more feared by his placid and well-informed but somewhat apathetic leaders than by the Government. Yet so it was, and the vein of volcanic arrogance which ran through him, inherited, presumably, from the Vane Tempest blood, actually helped him under the conditions in which he had to work.

That he was utterly indifferent to other men's feelings so long as he could make a point against them in politics he showed very frequently, and it has always seemed to me that this little anecdote displays that side of his character at its best or worst. Lord Cross was, at the time I speak of, one of the Conservative leaders. Lord Randolph took no pains to disguise his contempt for that highly respectable mediocrity so dear to Queen Victoria. An amendment was unexpectedly and, as some thought, improperly proposed and allowed to be discussed, bearing upon some motion before the House. Lord Randolph rose to speak, and cast ridicule on the whole thing, saying that nobody even knew what the amendment was. Lord Cross scribbled down what the amendment conveyed, and sent on the pencilled chit to Lord Randolph. He looked at it, read it through, and went on with his remarks, only breaking off a little later to say, "Things have indeed come to a pretty pass in this House when amendments are passed round from one member to another on dirty little scraps of paper," and screwing up the bit of paper, he flipped it contemptuously on to the floor.

But, quite apart from all this, to a large extent, assumed arrogance, Lord Randolph breathed a new spirit into the Conservatives, roused a genuine

democratic and progressive spirit in the ranks of his party, and, in my opinion, had his health and nerves been equal to his intellectual vigour and capacity, it is within the bounds of possibility that he might have broken down the Capitalist prejudices of his own faction and have entered peacefully upon the path of social regeneration. I say "within the bounds of possibility," but even this with some hesitation; because in this queer country, with its huge mass of ignorance and prejudice, both above and below, it is exceedingly hard to get the people to move, and, no matter how gifted a leader may be, he cannot, unless by some accident he is a despot with a determination to force on obviously needed reforms for the benefit of the next generation, carry out his projects. And Churchill was no Trajan or Diocletian.

I knew Lord Randolph before he achieved notoriety and fame. He was then careless of his health, and singularly indifferent to the effect which he produced upon others. Self-control was at no period the strong point in his character. He had such great confidence in his own judgment at times that it was surprising to note how he hesitated at others. It was generally thought that the only man whose opinion he would ever take in preference to his own was his brother, the Duke of Marlborough, who was unquestionably quite as able as himself and less neurotic. However that may be the development of his political career seems to me to have been almost entirely his own.

Sir John Gorst who, of course, knew him intimately and saw his career in the House of Commons close at hand, which I did not, holds, I am aware, a different view, and considers that he was deeply indebted to others for the information and opportunities of which he took immediate advantage.

But others had their chances at the same time, and were supposed to be at least equally clever men; yet somehow they failed at the critical moment to show that remarkable brilliancy and power of decisive action which gave Churchill the lead; while none of them ever exhibited that very genius of unscrupulous manipulation of the means at his disposal which enabled him to use the group system, then in its infancy, to his own advantage. No doubt he had more than one great family behind him; and that touch of aristocratic arrogance, not to say impertinence, which he not unfrequently exhibited, rather endeared him than otherwise to our, at bottom, undemocratic and lord-loving people. But I believe in his heart he was only too conscious of his own deficiencies, and even regretted the lack of self-control in more than one direction which told so heavily on his nerves.

There was in the man something of Mirabeau in more than one respect, though he had a keener sympathy with the people than that powerful Frenchman ever felt. Gifted with an extraordinarily retentive memory, which enabled him to carry his speeches almost word for word in his head, and a very powerful voice that seemed could scarcely belong to so slight a frame, he was an extremely effective platform speaker, though his speeches read more tellingly than they sounded. The impression that he was short was quite erroneous, as he was fully five feet nine inches in height, and looked taller than he was. In private life he could be very agreeable, and I myself always found him so. Nor did he display, in speaking of himself to me, any of that exceeding self-appreciation of his own powers with which he has been credited. Talking about his first appearance at the Indian Council when he was Secretary of State for India, he declared that he

felt horribly nervous when he took his seat in the Presidential Chair, knowing, as he said, very little indeed about the duties he had to perform, with all these grey-headed and imposing-looking old chaps seated solemnly around him. And my opinion is that he really felt as he said he did.

Of course, being a progressive and even a democratic Tory, Lord Randolph Churchill was not likely to gain the approval of a reactionary old Whig rhetorician like Lord Rosebery, who tries to make up for his own congenital incapacity to handle anything but words by erecting a statue to Cromwell, eulogising Bismarck and proclaiming his admiration for Lord Chatham. But in his short biographical pamphlet on Lord Randolph, he seems unable to comprehend that his criticism to the effect that the subject of his sketch became more democratic, as he became more thoroughly habituated to public life, is really a striking compliment to the natural intelligence of the man whom he belittles. Lord Rosebery also quotes with approval Mr. Chamberlain's statement that I had persuaded him to adopt my Socialist suggestions. I do not believe myself that Lord Randolph needed much persuading, when once he had begun to look into the subject, as he did, he told me, after reading my *England for All.* But I discussed with him fully how a complete social transformation could be brought about peacefully in this country by the adoption of collectivist measures leading onwards by degrees to a general acceptance of the new state of things; and I argued that, whereas the leading Conservatives would oppose such proposals, as a matter of business, if fathered by the Liberals, the Liberals could not afford to resist them, if proposed by the Conservatives, for fear of losing popularity. This view, I believe with Lord Rosebery, Churchill did adopt.

One day, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, he asked to meet me alone at luncheon, and we went up afterwards into Lady St. Helier's drawing-room and talked for a long time. He suddenly told me he thought of resigning. I expressed my astonishment, as this appeared to me a deliberate knocking down of all he had striven to build up, and a forfeiture of his right to take the lead in a great and beneficent movement from the top. Thereupon I set to work to argue out the whole question of social revolution and social reform from the economic standpoint, endeavouring to show that there was no time to be lost if we were to check the increasing deterioration of our population, and create new openings for the rising generation at home. Churchill listened attentively enough and then said: "It is all very well for you to go on in this way, Mr. Hyndman; you have been studying these things all your life. I have to get them up as I go along. And then," after a pause, "you must bear in mind I am only one man in the Cabinet, and cannot hope to impose my opinions upon my colleagues." "Better one than none," I naturally answered, and I again begged him to think very seriously, and then give up the idea altogether. But he gave no indication that his intention would change.

The last words he said as we parted were, "You may rely upon me to do all I can in office or out of office to help on your palliative programme." I thanked him, and we went our ways. When he resigned so precipitately and injudiciously, as all thought at the time, I imagined that his promise to me had no further significance. I was wrong. Months afterwards, in a long speech at Walsall, he fulfilled his pledge as far as was possible, and did his utmost to give a lift to immediate Socialistic reforms such as those the Social-Democratic

Federation had formulated and pushed to the front since 1882.

One incident of an amusing yet, as Churchill seemed to think, of a serious character, I must recall. Lord Randolph was on his trip through India, and it was announced that a meeting had taken place between himself and Holkar, the Maharajah of Indore. I was writing at the time a series of imaginary interviews between well-known people in a journal much read by the literary class, and I thought this was a good opportunity for excogitating one of them. Accordingly, what Lord Randolph Churchill was supposed to have said to Holkar and Holkar might have stated to Churchill duly appeared. In London the interview was read, as it was intended to be read, as a colourable invention of what might conceivably have passed between the two men. As I knew what Churchill's private opinions were, and could form a pretty shrewd guess at what Holkar thought at the back of his mind, I dare say, as then my own thoughts were very full of India, what I wrote was fairly near the mark. For what followed, I admit I was not prepared. No sooner did the paper in which the interview was published reach India, than Holkar sent off a telegram, followed by a special messenger, to the Viceroy to declare solemnly that he never said anything of the sort. That was not bad as a beginning.

What occurred later was still better. No sooner did Churchill get back to England than he went straight to the editor of the journal referred to, and asked him, "Who the —— wrote that infernal interview between Holkar and me?" The editor told him. Half an hour afterwards Lord Randolph's name was brought in to me at home, and I went into the drawing-room to see him. He was furiously angry, and wouldn't see the humorous

side of it at all. Though I had a hard matter of it to keep from laughing myself, I listened patiently to his objurgations. He was much more concerned for Holkar than he was about his own share in the dialogue. He would not even see that the whole thing being purely and obviously quite imaginary and appearing anonymously, nobody could really be hurt. Eventually, however, he took a calmer view of the matter, and admitted that Holkar was not likely to lose a single gun from his salute, or a pice from his savings by what had happened; possibly even that had he refrained from displaying such exceeding eagerness to excuse himself in regard to words he never uttered, his position might have been more dignified.

The last I saw of Lord Randolph Churchill was at Dover on his final journey home. My wife and I were on the Admiralty Pier, not knowing that he was coming by the boat which was then making the harbour. We heard as we went up that he was on board, and in a worse condition than had been represented. This was undoubtedly true, and it was sad to see one whom we had last met apparently in good health and spirits utterly broken down, and obviously done for. A mournful close to a most promising career followed soon after, and with his disappearance the last hope of a useful constructive social policy from the Tory side came to an end.

CHAPTER XXVI

SWIMMING AGAINST THE STREAM

I HAVE referred incidentally above to the fact that I was turned out of the New University Club in St. James's Street for a speech on the Embankment in favour of the unemployed. As I had given up my membership at the Garrick, which I joined in 1874, just before, expenses in connection with the Socialist movement having become so considerable as not to permit of my belonging to two clubs, I found myself clubless in London, which at first was a curious sensation for me. I mention this matter of my expulsion from the New University Club as an example of the furious prejudice stirred up in those days among the educated upper middle class against any one who took the side of the people in earnest.

I was not only an original member of the New University Club, composed exclusively, of course, of Oxford and Cambridge men, but I had rendered, if I may say so, quite unusual service for many years on the Committee, chiefly in conjunction with Mr. Fenton in connection with the kitchens, and Sir Courtenay Ilbert in regard to the library. This was generally known and recognised. Moreover, the club was in no sense a political club, and consequently had no right to consider what took place in the political field. Nevertheless, the members in my absence voted me out by a sufficient

majority. This strange incapacity of University men in this country to understand the serious issues of modern life, or to appreciate any work done out of their own particular sphere in politics, in the Church, or in the law, in football, rowing, and cricket, is peculiar to this country.

Elsewhere a much wider view of the situation is taken by men in the same position, and it is the fact also that, from whatever cause, the aristocracy here, however reactionary and even tyrannous they may be in their public life, are much more courteous in private than the educated upper middle class. My own case is a remarkable example of this. Going to a reception at Lady Stanhope's shortly after my trial at the Old Bailey, when I had thus been unceremoniously and quite illegally turned out from the New University Club, I was naturally a little anxious to see what would happen. I was met with the utmost courtesy, some of my old friends present, who happened to be men of high rank, going out of their way to congratulate me upon my acquittal. That, of course, could not last, or at any rate we felt it could not, so we retired from society of this kind, to paraphrase Disraeli, in order that society should not retire from us, and we were none the less disposed to do this because pecuniary considerations tended in the same direction.

Besides, at this time the conditions in regard to the production and distribution of *Justice*, as already recorded, became very trying. I had my private business to attend to, and we were engaged, in addition to other work, in an earnest endeavour to bring about a thorough reorganisation of London municipal government. Much agitation in this direction had been carried on by Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Firth as members for Chelsea, aided by Samuel Beale and others. But we, of course,

wanted a great deal more from a Metropolitan Council than its Radical advocates would be satisfied with, and in my pamphlet entitled *A Commune for London* I endeavoured to give these wider views of what might be done for our great city. Of course we got no credit for this work, and it is sad to see how more than twenty years later nearly all we did has been turned to the advantage of the well-to-do, the interests of the poor districts being almost entirely neglected. The housing question in particular has been dealt with in a farcical manner. Even the ordinary increase of the population has not been met by the provision of new structures; the buildings erected are wretched affairs quite unsuited to people with children, rents are higher than they were, and the overcrowding is worse than ever it was.

The year 1887 was a very unfortunate year for us. The expenditure of time and money on Socialism, and the prejudice aroused against me on account of my opinions, put us in such a position that we were obliged to sell our house in Devonshire Street, and then and for all the years afterwards our existence has been by no means devoid of care. Socialist work always tends that way. Taking the side of the weak is a very fine thing to read about in a novel, or to see played as a part on the stage, but in actual life it is a very serious and dangerous thing indeed to do. I have found it so, certainly, both in regard to the people of England and the people of India. But trying as the situation has been for us it has too often been worse for others. Two of the most brilliant men I have ever known, in their respective ways, Dr. Geldart the Congregational Minister, and Pickard Cambridge the scientist, having both thrown themselves into the cause of Socialism to such an extent as to cut off their means of living almost

entirely, preferred not to struggle on any longer against the petty degradations to which poverty exposed them, and joined the majority before their time. Many stalwart workers have done the same unnoticed, and others have gone under from sheer despair and overwork: the hopeless conditions of to-day telling most seriously upon men of good physique but sensitive dispositions.

Yet there is some interest and excitement and even, in its grim way, amusement in entering a direct personal protest, at whatever cost, against the terrible system which has humanity in its grip. At one of the periods (1897) when things were worse than usual in India it was decided to raise a fund in England of £500,000 in order to help the suffering inhabitants of Hindustan. An influential meeting was to be held in the Mansion House in furtherance of this scheme, at which the then Secretary of State for India, an old acquaintance of mine in the cricket field and elsewhere, Lord George Hamilton, was to be present and the Duke of Connaught would also attend to support the Lord Mayor in the Chair. Now as we drain out of India upwards of £30,000,000 a year without any commercial return whatever, and this terrible extortion of wealth by way of economic tribute is the chief cause of the impoverishment of the 200,000,000 inhabitants of British Territory and the consequent famine and plague which they suffer from, I thought it was a piece of grotesque hypocrisy that we should pretend to send back half-a-million pounds to those who were starving and dying, when all the time we were taking from them sixty-fold that amount just in the way of business. Nay, we should take a large amount, over and above the £30,000,000 and more regularly extracted, by way of bonus to the English railway shareholders for the transportation

of the unusual quantity of grain to the afflicted districts.

That we should pretend that this dole back of money in charity could be of any great benefit while the original systematic depletion continued as before and was even enhanced, seemed to me such a preposterous piece of Tartufferie that I determined that I for one would raise my voice against the whole thing. I therefore sent an amendment to the Lord Mayor and was invited to go and see him with reference to it. I went. Whether the amendment was right or wrong was not, it then appeared, of any moment. The meeting also, though called for a public purpose, was not, so I was told, a public meeting at all. Besides, it was to be held in the Mansion House and, this settled it, a Royal Duke was to support the resolution. Obviously, it would be quite out of place for me, though at that time paying rates in the City of London, to disturb the otherwise harmonious proceedings in this rude manner. If I did I should certainly be removed.

This did not alarm me at all. The meeting was held and in due course I moved my amendment, or tried to do so, when two or more stalwart constables appeared and, after a nominal resistance, I was escorted out. The resolution to send £500,000 to India in return for the receipt of £30,000,000 was carried, and nobody was allowed to point out the ghastly irony of the whole proceeding. But a certain amount of discussion followed in the press and some day, probably, when India emancipates herself from our ruinous domination, the English people will look back and understand that those of us who persistently opposed the official view had good reason for doing so, and that the Indians had still better reasons for

objecting to being "bled," as Lord Salisbury phrased it.

Throughout these earlier years we carried on a continuous campaign in favour of free speech in the open air, in the parks and other public places, where no real obstruction or annoyance could be caused. Some of these attempts to uphold what we believed to be our rights led to the prosecution of our speakers, and several of them went to gaol. The most remarkable and exciting of these prohibited meetings, apart from the gathering which was to have been held in Trafalgar Square but was prevented by a great display of police and military, was the great demonstration in Dod Street at the East End of London. I suppose even those who were responsible for attempting to stop those meetings would now admit that there was never any reason why they should not have been allowed free course on Sunday, the only day on which we used the street for this purpose. The street was one of factories and warehouses, and there was literally no traffic of any kind. However, the authorities decided to stop us, and we decided to go on. All the Socialists in London sank their differences on this occasion, and a very serious state of things was brought about. I have always thought we got very well out of it.

At that particular time we had a number of retired officers and old soldiers with us. They took control of the demonstration on our behalf and our people were very much better organised and more accustomed to marching together in military fashion than we are to-day. That was the danger. As the demonstration neared Dod Street a great force of police marched down to cut us off and head us back. But precisely at the same moment a very much greater force of our sympathisers, also in disciplined array and obviously

acting under orders, marched from other streets with the clear intention of arguing the matter out with the police forcibly then and there. Of course, even if we had won at the moment, which I believe we should by sheer weight of numbers, there could have been but one end to the matter, in the long run, so far as physical force was concerned; and those of us who would have been held responsible for the conflict, including some of the best-known Socialists and Radicals in London —for the Radicals were with us—must have seen the inside of gaol. Happily at this moment when collision seemed inevitable notification from head-quarters came to the Superintendent in charge, and the meeting was allowed to proceed. We regarded this as a great triumph at the time, and such no doubt it was. But if I am asked what came of it in the long run, I can only say, "It was a famous victory."

CHAPTER XXVII

WILHELM LIEBKNECHT AND JEAN JAURÈS

Of all the Socialist leaders I ever met, Wilhelm Liebknecht, to my mind, most fully deserved the title of "statesman." And I say this certainly without any strong prejudice in favour of his attitude towards English Social-Democrats, as for many years he took what I may call the Engels view of our movement, and steadily supported our worst enemies against us. But his general capacity must not be judged by what he himself afterwards admitted was a great mistake. He was exceedingly loyal to his friends, could not or would not believe anything bad of them, and, being very intimate with Engels, Eleanor Marx and Edward Aveling, he could not at the time understand that they might possibly be quite wrong in their view of us. Yet Liebknecht did us great mischief. He supported first the Socialist League, thus intensifying the misunderstanding between the sections, and then Dr. Edward Aveling. Aveling was a man of very bad character, as the terrible tragedy which brought Eleanor Marx to her end afterwards disclosed to the world. Liebknecht saw most of his drawbacks; but his affection and regard for Eleanor, virtually Aveling's wife, induced him, having seen, to shut his eyes.

I have no belief myself whatever in the *vox populi, vox dei* notion. The counting of noses is

only made use of in order to avoid the resort to brute force. Democracy is either very jealous of merit, or very servile to it, if merit is allied to resolute will and power. Yet, with all the strong feeling against the judgment of their own elected representatives which has always prevailed in our Social-Democratic Party, but for Liebknecht and the influence of himself and his foreign friends, we should probably have kept Aveling out of our body and have saved Eleanor Marx's life, which at the time of her death was of the greatest value to the party both in this country and abroad. So, I repeat, I have no reason to err on the side of excessive appreciation of Liebknecht's capacity.

But he had great abilities, and they were always fully at his command. He possessed faculties of administration, democratic control and tactful management which are rare in any party, and specially rare among Socialists. He was also one of the very few Continental Socialists who understood England well, and who saw that, with all our revolting conservatism at home and unscrupulous imperialism abroad, we might still play a great and useful part in the coming revolutionary period. He, therefore, always maintained an attitude of friendship towards this country, and made a point of keeping himself thoroughly well informed as to what was going on. Though as genuine a revolutionist as ever took part in the Socialist movement, he put his extreme opinions in the mildest and most convincing way, both in speech and in writing. A thorough-going internationalist, he recognised the great value of nationality and the diversity of faculty which the various civilised countries, owing to their different history and stages of development, contribute to the common stock. He was also an ardent advocate of peace, and at a period when the great

majority of his countrymen were infuriated against the French, he proclaimed his admiration for that fine people and, with his friend and comrade Bebel, suffered for his protest against the war of 1870 by undergoing a lengthy term of imprisonment.

Liebknecht was a Socialist when Socialism involved sacrifice and suffering of every kind. Sixty-three years ago to be a revolutionary Socialist was no light matter. Like many other Socialist leaders, Liebknecht was a man of University distinction and high culture and attainments. Yet after '48 he found himself expatriated here in England, in dire poverty and with little prospect of earning a decent livelihood. When he first took refuge on these shores, in fact, he was in great distress, and he told me that so hard pushed at one time were he and a friend, who shared the same room in a poor quarter, that they had pawned even all their clothing; until they had, in addition to their coats and waistcoats, but a single pair of trousers between them. This pair Liebknecht wore when he went out searching for employment, his comrade lying in bed the while he did so; or Liebknecht lay in bed while his partner in hard times took his turn in the seeking for work. At last, when they were in utter extremity, first Liebknecht and then his companion got something to do.

During the years he was compelled to remain in this country Liebknecht learned English thoroughly, and was ever after able to address an audience in fluent and well-chosen language, as well as, of course, to converse with ease and with a marvellous knowledge of the common talk of the day: differing in this respect from other foreigners who have mastered our tongue but speak it almost too correctly. It was his experience of English life and English ways, his acquaintance with French life and French ways, and his sympathy also with

Italy and Italians, whose country and language he likewise knew, which enabled him to command great direct influence at the International Congresses, an influence that was always exerted on the side of peace and good feeling, though never in the sense of compromise, or the whittling away of principles.

Towards the close of his life I got to know Liebknecht very well indeed, and the more I knew of him the more respect and even affection I felt for him. Liebknecht was a descendant of the famous Martin Luther, though I am not at all sure he felt very proud of his ancestor, whose views and action in regard to the revolting peasant farmers he certainly did not share and indeed vehemently denounced. It is scarcely too much to say, without detracting in any way from the splendid services of Marx and Engels, the admirable agitation of Lassalle, the powerful oratory and unshakable persistence of Bebel, and the useful organising faculty of Auer, Motteler, Singer, and others, that Liebknecht more than any other man was the founder of German political Social-Democracy as we now know it. On his return to Germany his one idea from the first seems to have been to consolidate German Social-Democracy into one effective whole.

For this work he was peculiarly fitted in every way. It was quite impossible to make Liebknecht angry; yet he gave no impression whatever of being cold or indifferent. However strongly he might feel upon any matter, his emotions were invariably under the control of his intellect. Yet somehow you felt the emotions were there. He would say and do really dangerous things in the coolest and most unemotional way, as if he himself did not fully appreciate the full significance of them, though really, of course, quite aware all the

time of their peril to himself, and of the effect they would produce upon others.

Of the many able speakers and orators I have heard I do not know one who has possessed in so high a degree the power of clear, lucid, persuasive statement, without a particle of rhetoric, or any outward evidence of passion, as Liebknecht. Yet he was always interesting and nearly always produced the effect he desired. So calm and capable did he appear at all times that people were apt to forget that Liebknecht was perpetually running very great risks in his business-like, unperturbed fashion. It became quite natural for him to incur terms of imprisonment, about which he made no fuss at all, either when he went in or when he came out. True, German political prisoners are treated with reasonable courtesy and consideration. They are not handled as Davitt and others have been treated in this country in the past, or like lady suffragettes are to-day, as if they were the vilest of unseemly ruffians. A German political prisoner is regarded as a political prisoner, and is entitled to decent surroundings and to the use of his books and papers. Continental usages are never so wholly brutal and blackguardly in this respect as those of the British upper classes, who reserve all their sympathy for the victims of the tyranny of others, and resort freely to the physical and mental torture of their political opponents themselves.

Nevertheless, imprisonment and restraint were, in the best of circumstances, exceedingly trying for a man of Liebknecht's characteristic love of freedom, and he felt his periods of incarceration very much. Yet he risked their recurrence without the slightest hesitation whenever he thought it necessary to do so. It is sometimes said that protests ineffective at the time are really useless, and that the sacrifices

entailed by the forcing to the front of unpopular opinions only injure the cause, while too frequently crippling individuals. I am not of that opinion.

When Liebknecht and Bebel bitterly opposed Bismarck's war against France in 1870, and were incontinently clapped in gaol, they, by their action on that occasion, laid the foundations of a definite policy for the International Social-Democracy, as being at all times and under all conditions in vehement antagonism to anything in the shape of aggressive warfare, and set an example of individual courage and conduct in this sense which Socialists of other nations have since been proud to follow. From that day to this the course taken by Bebel and Liebknecht at a time of furious chauvinism in Germany, when the memory of past injuries by France was in every mind, has been regarded by all lovers of humanity as one of the finest instances of self-sacrifice in the cause of peace ever heard of.

It may be also that what is said to have occurred when the German armies were encamped around Paris influenced Liebknecht in his efforts to bring about a united Socialist party in Germany. It is certain that at one period during the siege of Paris there was clear evidence at Versailles that the German army was making ready to withdraw. There was no sufficient cause for this in the movements or success of the French armies, who were completely held in check by the Germans. What, then, was the reason for this unexpected change of plan, shortly afterwards again completely abandoned? For some time before this hesitating policy the Marxist party in Berlin, to which Bebel and Liebknecht, of course, belonged, had been endeavouring to organise a great rising in the German Metropolis, and for that purpose had opened negotiations with the Lassalle Socialist party which was national rather than international in

its leanings and was then headed by Schweitzer. Certain it is that no sooner were Liebknecht and Bebel released from prison than they set to work to endeavour to combine the two great Socialist sections into one effective army of the German proletariat.

It was a great policy but by no means an easy undertaking. We of to-day who are accustomed to regard the great German Social-Democratic Party as by far the best organised, the most highly disciplined, and the most completely equipped of all Socialist parties can scarcely appreciate the difficulties which had to be overcome, with an active Anarchist section still ready to take advantage of and exaggerate any mistakes, before success in this splendid endeavour could be achieved. It was not attained without terrible stress and strain, and some of the most bitter opposition to the whole scheme actually came from Marx and Engels in London. They feared that the Lassalleaner or Schweitzer party, being the more numerous and having the more attractive programme of German Nationalism at their back, would absorb and render futile the wider propaganda of International Social-Democracy. It was a very trying time.

But Liebknecht had, as he assured me, the most complete confidence in victory from the first. In fact he felt more confidence in the eventual triumph of the views of Marx than Marx did himself. If the two parties once came together then, no matter how numerous the other body might be, the gospel accorded to Marx would prevail. And prevail it did. But it required no little coolness and determination on the part of Liebknecht, Bebel and their friends to fight the good fight of Socialist unity in Germany against the two great theorists of modern Socialism. Writing in 1911 when Social-Democracy is by far the strongest single political

party in Germany, when its press is becoming every day a greater power in the land, and at a time when the manifest growth of its voting record is so great that the Government is in serious alarm, and may even hurry on its programme of aggression in order to forestall the period when the Social-Democrats will be able to put a final stop to militarism and imperialism, and compel a return to the unenvied pacific policy of the old German Bund before Prussia and the Hohenzollerns gained their harmful predominance—writing with such results achieved it is difficult to overrate the service rendered to Germany and the world at large by Wilhelm Liebknecht when he did so much to place the party on a sound and permanent footing.

Though now and then we may become very impatient and wish that so powerful a force could be used to anticipate events somewhat; yet on sober reflection we are bound to admit that never in the whole history of mankind has such a tremendous social revolution as that involved in the triumph of organised Social-Democracy been so calmly, resolutely, and, it may fairly be said, scientifically prepared. Heine was right: when the German revolution does come it will far transcend in scope, significance, and permanence the French Revolution of 1789. Four millions of German voters, though not perhaps all thorough Social-Democrats still sympathisers with the Socialists, at least two-fifths of the trained soldiery of the fatherland, and a large and growing proportion of the educated classes feel that the day of victory is slowly but inevitably coming nearer, and that this victory when it is won will be largely due to Wilhelm Liebknecht and his brother-worker, August Bebel.

When Liebknecht had overcome his prejudices against the Social-Democratic Federation and myself, we got to know one another very well.

This change began at the great International Congress of 1896 in London, when I presided at a very stormy sitting, and succeeded to a large extent in calming down Anarchist violence; when, too, at the close of the proceedings one of these same Anarchists, a black sheep among the brethren of that persuasion, I readily admit, took revenge upon the Social-Democratic leader by prematurely communising Liebknecht's watch to his own use. At the principal evening meeting I was chairman, and I had a good opportunity of judging of Liebknecht's admirable powers of exposition in a language not his own. No Englishman of our day could have delivered a better speech in its calm, masterly and persuasive style; and one felt throughout, devoid as it was of any attempt to give prominence to the speaker, that here was a genuine statesman of Social-Democracy.

Perhaps the coolness and solidity of Liebknecht were the more marked by reason of the contrast with the Spanish orator, Pablo Iglesias. What he said, translated by Lafargue, was excellent; but his way of saying it was so impressive that, although the audience did not understand a word of his language, he was interrupted by bursts of applause at several points in his address—a thing which I have only once noted since, under similar circumstances, where the speaker was not understood. I mention this here because we English are apt to underrate the value of appropriate gesture in public speaking, and I never felt this more keenly than when I observed the extraordinary effect produced upon this crowded meeting by Iglesias.

From 1896 onwards my relations with Wilhelm Liebknecht, as already said, became very close, and led to one of the most interesting episodes in

the way of personal intercourse I can recall. This was when Liebknecht and Jaurès both stayed with us at the same time in Queen Anne's Gate. There could not be a greater contrast between two personalities than that between these two able men, whose services have made so deep a mark on the records of Socialism in France and Germany. Liebknecht, cool, able, cautiously daring, and quite devoid of oratorical arts and graces. Jaurès, brilliant, dashing, and apparently rash, though really much more prudent than he looked, attaching, as he well might, great importance to his oratorical powers. The one far more revolutionary and reckless than he seemed: the other much less revolutionary and reckless than he appeared; both highly cultivated and well-read University men of letters, very different indeed from the ordinary conception of Socialist agitators.

In fact, they were two excellent specimens of those who have done the greater part of the really arduous work of Socialism in every country. That work has been done not by the artisans and labourers themselves, but by the highly educated men of the class above. This in every case. Joffrin, Bracke, Debs, Anseele, Quelch, Williams, and the veteran August Bebel, have been quite the exceptions, and even they, all put together, have not developed the originality that might be expected from a rising class. That, as Marx said, the emancipation of the workers must be brought about by the workers themselves is true in the sense that we cannot have Socialism without Socialists, any more than we can achieve and carry on a Republic without Republicans. But a slave class cannot be freed by the slaves themselves. The leadership, the initiative, the teaching, the organisation, must come from those who are born into a different position, and are trained to

use their faculties in early life. So far, several of the more energetic of the working class, when they have obtained their education from the well-to-do Socialists who have been sacrificing themselves for their sake, have hastened to sell out to the dominant minority, and most of the workers, in Great Britain at any rate, have applauded their sagacity, and have voted for the successful turncoats at the polls.

Of the two men I am speaking of, Liebknecht, beyond all question, had the harder life and the less encouraging task. He spoke to me with some bitterness of the manner in which he was grudged the small salary paid him for the heavy work of editing the *Vorwärts* and carrying on the most exhausting toil of platform agitation at the same time, and the petty detraction to which he was subjected. He adjured me, no matter how harassing my private affairs might be, never, under any circumstances, to put myself under obligations to the party. And Liebknecht had a family dependent upon his ill-requited labours, and could easily have taken a high position in the State had he chosen to give up his party.

This last observation applies also to Jaurès, but he has never at any time had to undergo, luckily for him, the privation which usually falls to the lot of pioneers, and which the men who made the movement in France had to undergo before he found it already vigorous and strong. This is said in no reproach to Jaurès, who certainly cannot be blamed for what has been his good fortune due to the date of his birth; but the difference between the layer of the foundations and the builder of the stories above the ground floor is very marked. The Guesdists and the Blanquists and the Possibilists had dug out the basement and put in the supports with the greatest

effort and at heavy risk long before Jaurès and his fellow-Parliament-men came to the front. Liebknecht, on the other hand, bore throughout his long and laborious life the burden and heat of the day.

Such were the two eminent Socialists who came to stay with us in Queen Anne's Gate. A typical educated German of the North, a brilliant French Professor of literature from the South. The contrast was marked in physique, as in mind and disposition: Liebknecht with spare frame and long thoughtful countenance; Jaurès strongly inclined to stoutness and with a jubilant and humorous visage. Liebknecht, a master of several languages for the purpose of conversation; Jaurès knowing no tongue familiarly but his own. Liebknecht the deliberate, convinced enthusiast, consciously influencing others and but rarely influenced by them; Jaurès influencing others almost unconsciously, but affected to a much greater extent than the great German leader by the opinions of those around him. Liebknecht, in short, the student, thinker, philosopher, man of affairs; Jaurès the orator, the man of impulse, the inspired professor whom circumstances had drawn into politics. All who knew them would think of Liebknecht as the man of the Council Chamber: of Jaurès as the hero of the platform and the House of Assembly.

In the latter capacity no speaker of our day in any country has produced such great effects, or has been so ready to produce them, as Jaurès. The French deputies listen to him as if hypnotised, though the majority of them are generally at variance with the opinions he expresses. Hour after hour his cultured and well-chosen periods roll on, broken now and then by storms of passion, quieting down at times into the charm of literary discourse. Too wordy for the matter to suit the

taste of the critical Anglo-Saxon, but so admirably phrased in French that highly educated men and women of the opposite side in politics crowd the Assembly to hear him speak, as they might go to listen to Bernhardt's exquisite intonation and elocution in her prime. More than once he has held his entire political audience, friends and enemies alike, entranced by some marvellously brilliant passage dealing with science and art and literature and music, in their relation to the social and economic life of the time. On such occasions not a sound can be heard in all that large hall where the French deputies sit. Perfect silence reigns throughout, broken at the end only by rapturous applause from all the benches. His hearers recognise only at such a moment that they have been listening to lofty sentiments expressed in beautiful language, and they regard Jaurès the orator, regardless of his political and social heresies, as an honour to the country of their birth.

It would be absolutely impossible for an English speaker, no matter how powerful he might be, to hold the House of Commons in this way on any subject not immediately connected with the matter in hand, unless indeed he had something very interesting to say on racing or football, golf or cricket. The "tone of the House" in London is indeed in this respect as low as it can be. Any style which rises above the level of conversational twaddle is regarded as quite out of place. But with all Jaurès's great eloquence he could not, at any period of his career, have delivered in the French Assembly, when challenged, on the spur of the moment, such a masterly exposition of our views, theories and proposals as Jules Guesde gave under those circumstances: a speech which, reported verbatim, is one of the best pamphlets of

the International Socialist party to-day. To say the truth, I have never considered Jaurès's knowledge of economics and sociology at all on a level with his other acquirements. On the other hand, his power of work is so colossal that quite probably he will one day astonish us all with some wonderful *tour de force* on these subjects.

I once had the misfortune, it was no less, to speak after Jaurès in French. This was at Brussels in the great Hall of the Maison du People. The place was packed with fully 10,000 people, and after one of Jaurès's spirit-stirring orations, his fine voice ringing through the building like a trumpet, he sat down amid a perfect tempest of applause, the audience being worked up to the highest pitch of excitement. The chairman, Emile Vandervelde, when the cheers had subsided, called upon—me! I was never so taken aback in all my life. To have to address that tremendous audience in French, after the ablest orator in that language, was a task that it was far too bad of Vandervelde to set me. However, there was no time to reflect or to hesitate, so I did my best to fight for time. I told the Belgians they had no doubt heard of English "phlegm," and I was happy to say I had come there provided with a good personal supply of that insular commodity, without which I certainly should not have dared to rise to address them after such a speech as that which they had just heard. And so, with a little more chaff of similar character, I contrived to get out in silence what I had to say. But no more of that for me.

Liebknecht and Jaurès took diametrically opposite views about Dreyfus. Jaurès, of course, was one of the most prominent agitators on the side of that unfortunate Jew—Dreyfusard, as the phrase then went, to the backbone. Liebknecht

was the most convinced, not to say obstinate, anti-Dreyfusard I ever met. So my wife and I felt not a little bit anxious at what might happen when two such able and determined men, wholly at variance on the question of the day, were to be thrown together continuously. We need not have been troubled. Liebknecht's cool and pleasant manner, Jaurès's admirable good nature and good-fellowship met every difficulty with ease; though the burning subject was frequently discussed between them, and had a curious habit, as such subjects have, of coming up at the most unexpected times.

Was Dreyfus a German spy or was he not? I agreed with Jaurès that he was not, and, whether he was or not, we argued that he had been most unfairly condemned and tortured because he was a Jew, because he devoted himself to his profession, because he was very clever, and because, above all, he stood in the way of the political intrigues of the clerical military staff. Besides, he was a rich man, and there was no earthly reason why he should have been a spy.

This is not the place to go all over the Dreyfus case again, but it is perhaps worth while to put the other side as Liebknecht put it. "I have been in prison during the whole of the time the trial has been going on at Rennes," he told Jaurès in French, "and I have read every word of the verbatim report in the *Temps* day by day as it appeared. I have not missed a word. I have no prejudice whatever against Jews of any kind. Some of my dearest friends have been Jews, and some of the men I most admire were Jews. Lassalle was a Jew, Heine was a Jew, Marx was a Jew, Kautsky is a Jew, Bernstein is a Jew, Singer is a Jew. I knew them, and have worked in the closest possible intimacy with all of them. Moreover, I am not a

man to hold to an opinion because I have once formed it, if I see reason to change. But the more I read of this Dreyfus business the more satisfied I became that he was a spy." He gave many reasons for this decision. And then he added, "You may believe me implicitly when I tell you that there is a secret but loyal understanding between all civilised Governments to the effect that if an innocent man is by accident arrested as a spy, a notification is at once sent to that effect. I know positively, and as a matter of fact, that the German Government sent no such notification in Dreyfus's case. Why? Because they could not do so. He may have been playing a double game, and leading the German Government on for purely patriotic purposes. I know nothing about that. It is a very difficult thing to prove, as you must see. But that he did give secret information away I have no doubt whatever."

Neither Jaurès nor myself was shaken at the time. But since then I have become not so sure as I was at the moment that Liebknecht was wrong. First, how is it that all Dreyfus's most earnest supporters, including his brave counsel M. Labori, have cut him? Secondly, how did it happen that nearly all those who went to Rennes from England strongly prejudiced in Dreyfus's favour came back more or less against him. One old friend of mine, an officer of distinction, who was quite certain of his innocence when he left for Rennes told me, "All I can say is, Hyndman, the impression the man produced upon me was that if he was not a spy, it was not for want of a natural turn that way."

But our conversations during that, to me, interesting time, covered a very much wider field than the Dreyfus question, wide as that was, with all its innumerable complications and side

issues. The relations between Germany and France, between France and England,—then by no means so happy as they are now,—between Germany and England, the Colonial system and the changes coming in Eastern Europe and in Asia were all discussed, while Liebknecht gave us most interesting accounts of the old men of the movement, from the days of 1848 onwards.

One thing I noticed then and recall vividly now. Liebknecht was much more afraid of the German Government, and much more opposed to its external policy than was Jaurès. He knew Prussian policy and Hohenzollern ambitions too well to be hopeful. He saw pan-Germanism and unscrupulous militarism coming to the front to an extent which Jaurès then and always failed to appreciate. I remember well his saying, "Strange as it may seem to you, Germany as a whole has not long recovered from the Thirty Years' War. She is now getting proud of her growing strength which, since the war against France, has been turned into an industrial, prior to developing in a military, direction. With the exception of us Social-Democrats, Germany to-day is a Germany of war not of peace, and unless we make way very rapidly you may live to see some extraordinary changes." I do not say that Liebknecht foresaw what has since occurred, or that he anticipated the direct challenge to British naval power which has now been thrown down; but he certainly took a much less favourable view of Germany as an influence in favour of peace than it was then the fashion to take in our political circles.

Liebknecht was an old man when he died in harness, from sheer overwork which he ought not to have undertaken. He sent me his framed photograph signed shortly before his death, which I shall ever cherish as a memento of a noble

character who devoted his great abilities throughout his life to the service of mankind. Jaurès, happily, is still with us, and though I not unfrequently differ much from his policy—and cannot for the life of me comprehend his pro-Germanism, his support of the English Capitalist-Liberal Party, or his defence of *sabotage*—I shall never cease to respect and admire his indefatigable work in our cause. It has been one of the great privileges of my long life to have enjoyed the intimate friendship of two such men.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF 1889

The year 1889, the centenary of the commencement of the French Revolution, a date which some of us had hoped might be signalised by an organised declaration against capitalism in every European metropolis, saw only a divided International Congress in Paris. The French Socialists themselves were so thoroughly at loggerheads that their two sections, the Guesdists and the Possibilists, the one side led by Jules Guesde, the devoted and thorough-going advocate of out-and-out revolutionary Socialism, the other by Dr. Paul Brousse, the equally persistent champion of immediate practical reforms, could not meet in one hall without the certainty of bloodshed, or at any rate of severe contusions, following. A spirit of fraternity so marked by brotherly hatred had about it something of the ludicrous. But we Socialists when we mean business are not keen to note any humorous touch in our own proceedings. So we solemnly held our International Socialist Congress to bring about the unity of the workers of the world—"Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains," are the concluding words of the Communist Manifesto—in two separate Halls purposely chosen at some distance from one another in order to avoid the possible consequences of fraternal greetings.

I thought it all excruciatingly funny; but it did not become me to say so or to look so. Wherefore, being myself a part of the grandiose make-believe, I composed my countenance and adjusted my beard to the gravity of the occasion. But we of the Social-Democratic Federation, who alone then represented Socialism in Great Britain, were in the company of the Possibilists in the Rue Lancry, and not with the Guesdists in the Rue Rochechouart. This was regarded by our Guesdist friends as downright abnegation of the true faith as it is in Marx; for it was well known that we held by that economic saviour of society, and our place should have been with the fanatical propagandists of the pure doctrine. Faction feeling ran very high. I shall never forget our lamented comrade Costa, who afterwards himself became Possibilist enough to accept the appointment of Vice-Chairman of the Italian National Assembly, meeting me by chance on the Boulevards, and finding that the French language did not adequately express his Socialist sentiments towards me, denouncing me at the top of his voice, in the choicest Italian, as a renegade and a betrayer. He collected a crowd, but, I rejoice to recall, did not upset my temper, and we parted in comparative peace to meet on excellent terms at a later date.

I still believe we did right to join with our friends of the Paris Municipal Council who were doing excellent work; though I should be the last to deny that Guesde, Lafargue, and their friends have done splendid service to the cause by upholding the red flag of revolutionary Socialism on all occasions. Even as it was, the International Congresses of 1889 made a new and hopeful departure; and they certainly ought to have done so in justice to the assembled delegates. For the weather—it was the month of August—was

broiling hot, and a few anarchists who got in among us, Dr. Merlino for one, did not tend to reduce the temperature. I can stand as much of disputation and oratory as most men; but on this occasion I am ready to admit that rhetoric and the thermometer together overcame me, and I was heartily glad when, after a week of it, we raised our last cheers for the Social Revolution, and went off to sup in peace. We have made enormous progress everywhere since then, and, great differences as there still may be between French Socialists, they are nowadays a unified party, and can discuss important questions vigorously and even bitterly without any breaking away.

And so I come within twenty years of the present time—years of which I may some day try to render an account. For the moment I shall content myself with saying that it is rarely given to any one to be so fortunate as to witness within his own lifetime such a great and general advance towards the realisation of what he has striven for as that which I can look round me and see to-day. Thirty years is a long period in the life of a man: it is nothing in the life of this nation. And I can still hope that, when I have finished my little share of pioneer work, and have passed over to the majority, England may lead the world in the constitution of a Co-operative Commonwealth.

There can be no doubt that what I wrote in 1881 is, if that be possible, even more true to-day than it was then. Great Britain is the country of all countries in the world where the ideals of scientific Socialism can be realised more peacefully and more speedily than anywhere else. Only ignorance, and consequent lack of comprehension and initiative, on the part of the wage-earners of every grade, prevents us from at once entering in earnest upon the period of Collectivist and

Socialist transformation. The economic forms are ready on every hand for the complete social revolution to the benefit of all. Not only the Government Departments, the Government being to-day by far the largest employer of labour, and the Cities and Towns with their municipalised ownerships, but the railways, mines, trustified factories, warehouses, banks, stores, and the like, have reached the collectivist, non-competitive stage under capitalism which, to all who are not actually determined not to see, show that, whether we like it or not, we are on the very threshold of Socialism. The problem of the land itself can only be solved by the socialisation of capital.

This it is which makes me more convinced than ever that compromise is not only unnecessary for Socialists but is in every respect harmful. It strengthens the power of resistance in the decaying elements of society, while it blights the enthusiasm and enfeebles the determination of the co-ordinating forces growing up from below. It is the conception of what shall be that breathes life into what is. The mere machinery of politics is useless without the forceful energy of intelligent idealism to provide the motive power. Not being in control of the social elements of wealth-production ourselves we cannot reason as if we were Emperors or administrators partially possessed of the power to reorder affairs by endeavouring to harmonise all conflicting interests. Under such circumstances a small minority which understands has for its sole duty the leavening of the vast mass of those who are still incapable of apprehending the facts around them. The reproach of sectarianism carries with it no odium for us. Truth must ever be sectarian: error alone can afford to be catholic. The experience of more than thirty years of agitation has taught me that only those who have grasped the

complete economic and historic facts of social evolution can be relied upon to judge of the situation at any given moment, or are able to take advantage of the great changes which, unconsciously for the many, the development of human society has brought about.

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THE END

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